

Long Road to Glory

Jurassic 5

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

J U R A S S I C F I V E
He who is without sin cast the first stone
Blast the verse, no matter the class, I'm vers'tile
Kickin' it for you hypocritic berzerk ohms, I'm hopin' at worst
Hopin' the words that touch home and clutch domes
Ya' think, electrical sockets and wet feet
How you infinitely get sleep the minute we get deep
Ladies and 'gents peep one hundred percent heat
Up undersea mistreats, now I'll leave you mince meat
Yes, I'm from unity
My last name sits in the middle of opportunity
(Huh)
With two-laid plans and new-made fans
My crew raid lands and punch like the Kool-Aid Man
It was a long road to glory
Battle for territory
Just to be called the masters of the ceremony
Marathon, Decathlon
Word-play, Mega-bomb
Metabolism with the rhythm
Keep it goin' on
It was a long road to glory
Battle for territory
Just to be called the masters of the ceremony
Marathon, Decathlon
Word-play, Mega-bomb
Metabolism with the rhythm
Keep it goin' on
The epitomy, five-hundred thousand so convincingly
Street ministry, J-5th-a-tune infantry
Finna be, about to be
The best kept commodity, twelve incher LP
We're representin' properly
Now possibly the knock could be
That old school philosophy
That if it doesn't rock a beat
It's not considered property
Remember me, remember us
Ice Cold, Cold Crush, 1920 Gold Rush
Rollin' up, hold up

Now ain't no need for you to be surprised
 When we implement and improvise
 With each and every verse that I
 Get busy with, lacing it with murder talk
 Turn a 'sault, Tom-A-Hawk
 Razor sharp, tribal walk
 Fresh gear, we're makin' our beds
 And we're doin' lots of things
 That we never did
 We went to Paris in the spring-time
 Bahamas in the fall
 We thank Alla, we're doin' it all
 It was a long road to glory
 Battle for territory
 Just to be called the masters of the ceremony
 Marathon, Decathlon
 Word-play, Mega-bomb
 Metabolism with the rhythm
 Keep it goin' on
 Pick a paragraph and phrase it, mentally you save it
 Kick it to the world and suddenly they crave it
 That's the way it is, in this verbal warfare workin' hard for the love
 But there ain't no wars here
 Years been puttin' on a play with your foot in
 'Cuz you'll be comin' back like the brother Dwight Gooden
 Seven's back again, slappin' men and askin' them
 If they really wanna fuck wit' the style we tappin' in
 Hey yo, I just couldn't wait to grab a piece of my own cake
 So I can elevate and hold my own weight
 My mind state be the ghetto, street corner heavy metal
 Black like the pot and tea kettle
 My street credibility, minus negativity
 Multiplied energy, what attends a few
 Ability sililoque of a real MC
 Tastin' the grammar, J5 slamma jamma
 It was a long road to glory
 Battle for territory
 Just to be called the masters of the ceremony
 Marathon, Decathlon
 Word-play, Mega-bomb
 Metabolism with the rhythm
 Keep it goin' on
 (Oh, here we go)
 Metabolism with the rhythm
 Keep it goin' on
 Marathon, Decathlon
 Word-play, Mega-bomb
 (Oh, here we go)
 Metabolism with the rhythm
 Keep it goin' on
 Marathon, Decathlon
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