Long Road to Glory

Jurassic 5

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

J U R A S S I C F I V EHe who is without sin cast the first stone
Blast the verse, no matter the class, I'm vers'tile
Kickin' it for you hipocritic 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 deepLadies 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 ManIt was a long road to glory
Battle for territory
Just to be called the masters of the ceremonyMarathon, Decathalon
Word-play, Mega-bomb
Metabolism with the rhythm
Keep it goin' onIt was a long road to glory
Battle for territory
Just to be called the masters of the ceremonyMarathon, Decathalon
Word-play, Mega-bomb
Metabolism with the rhythm
Keep it goin' onThe 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 propertyRemember 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 walkFresh 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 allIt was a long road to glory
Battle for territory
Just to be called the masters of the ceremonyMarathon, Decathalon
Word-play, Mega-bomb
Metabolism with the rhythm
Keep it goin' onPick 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' inHey 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 jammaIt was a long road to glory
Battle for territory
Just to be called the masters of the ceremonyMarathon, Decathalon
Word-play, Mega-bomb
Metabolism with the rhythm
Keep it goin' on(Oh, here we go)
Metabolism with the rhythm
Keep it goin' onMarathon, Decathalon
Word-play, Mega-bomb(Oh, here we go)
Metabolism with the rhythm
Keep it goin' onMarathon, Decathalon
Word-play, Mega-bomb

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