

# twelve

## Michu

One, two, Jurassic crew  
What we 'bout to do brothers have no clue  
Three, four, tear down the door  
And give the party people what they came here for  
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Yo, my pleasure principle from the streets of South Central  
Ghetto hip-hop, non-stop fundamental  
Urban curb servin', vocabulary surgin'  
Rebel with the turban and the street corner sermon  
I keep it working for certain, close curtains  
Renegade bought up a troop when I'm dispersing  
That body rock moving, ghetto baby music  
We eat together with the inner city coolness  
Yo, who's this? Slicing a rhyme in square bits  
Burning through open skin like newly prepared grits  
It's tuna fish, I'm bringing the bad news  
And changing your bathroom if you thinking that cash rules  
Pumpernickle blow words like snot speckles  
When shots echo, some duck and hide like Doc Jeckyl  
Like Don Rickles, I'm kicking rhymes that stop heckles  
Correcting all them bombaclot specials  
Yeah, I got my mind on my money for those that comprehend  
And my money on whatever I think I look fresh in  
Questions, is he stepping authentic?  
Controller of the panic, break a senate lieutenant  
Spit it, yo, despite your critic comments  
Knowing it ain't a hotter verse than Zaakir Mohammed  
Whether last or first, or bottom or top  
Now is it stop hip-hop or hip-hop don't stop?  
You need to protect your neck  
You the kind of brother that be chasing checks  
Me and my crew crash through and get enough respect  
Basic bet takers I'm beyond your average thinker  
Breakin' mc down, like my name was Dr.Shrinker  
Passion fake MC's, wearing mink MC's  
On the brink MC's, you need to think MC's

Bout to sink MC's, don't even speak MC's  
Cause half the shit you kicking sounding weak MC's  
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And give the party people what they came here for  
I razor sharp with mindset, sunset 'til sun

I admit, I used to bite people's shit when I was young  
Back in 83rd, before my style was preferred

Now my connection with the word is preferred  
Primo, my AC, 310, the first confidential, inscribed my initial  
The Z double A K I and R

Submerge in submarine words near and far  
'Cause I'm too hot to handle, too cold to freeze  
And I'm a diss any nigga that sounds like me

Yo yo, breeze through the trees, feel the flavor at ease  
Degrees of melodies, typewriter MC's

They on their Q's and P's within my vicinity  
Department of correctional rhyme ability

Keep the biters on lock, rock no silk  
Still shock, rhyme around the clock

From dawn to dusk, my raps is mack truck

You schmucks is out of luck, I'm ready to run amuck

Aye yo I'm lampin, I'm lampin, I'm cold stone lampin

High pitch, beat drumsticks like Lionel Hampton

The champion, fly shit, the anthem

Five eleven with dark skin and tantrum

Handsome never, not even as a kid

The girls used to say "Yo his nose is too big!"

Yo, you'll get bruised, kid ghetto blues, you'll never refuse shit

The show's good, pinching MC's like rosewood

I'm shrinking you rap characters into dye-cast miniatures

I'll blast ten of you while my rhymes harass senators

Through TV monitors, brains and glass dinner jaws

Verbal vinegar for you biters down at the salad bar

The combat that's making your mom mad

I'm feeling a congrats for burning his mom bad

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