

# Concrete Jungle

## James Flanders

Ladies and gentlemen, Sunz of Man  
Uhh, Jungle of Concrete  
Yo, yo  
In the jungle, we gotta rumble with the wees  
Ain't nothin' sweet, we gotta eat  
In the jungle, yeah, we rumble with the wees  
Ain't nothin' sweet, we gotta eat  
In the jungle, yeah, we rumble with the bees  
Ain't nothin' sweet, we gotta eat  
In the jungle, yeah, we rumble with the wees  
Ain't nothin' sweet, we gotta eat  
Yo, we come from starvin' days, runnin' up in Dr. J's  
Rock away, so the mega trades, diggin', pockin' days  
Yo, the aids wasn't in, calm braids all trimmed  
Army suits snatched and Timbs, you's a friend, snatch a gem  
I spent a lifetime of doin' crime, hustlin' dimes, guzzlin' wine  
Smugglin' wives, one of a kind  
Under the sunshine, movin' as one mind, the genuine  
Star child, Allah's style, many say their barber's wild  
When I element the foul, prowl, upon the weekend of sweet  
I gotta eat, generate with the heat, demolish beats  
Collectin' sheets, war with beast, Islamic warrior  
Livin' the mass hysteria, the bomb shell of America  
Swell competitors, explicit lyrics from the editor  
Realistic predator, the rhyme writer, climb heights  
Rhymes ignite, MC's reputation, blown out of sight  
On the mic device, my crew get nice, we shoot dice  
Doin' callistetics, young diplomatics with automatics  
The Asiatic, fuck a fanatic, I split his attic  
You don't want no static  
I make you carriage for the rabbits  
In the jungle, we gotta rumble with the wee  
Ain't nothin' sweet, we gotta eat  
In the jungle, we gotta rumble with the bees  
Ain't nothin' sweet, we gotta eat  
We've got to take what we want, let these others rappers front  
Yo, take that, you ain't goin' get it laid back  
Best record what I say, ain't no time to playback  
That's right platinum hits, yo, before the age at

Gather millions, acapella in the streets, today crack  
Fuck opinions, I'm hittin' to the nights endin'  
A new beginnin', takin' over men and women  
Thoughts used for sinnin', neighborhood no grinin'  
Thug religions, expeditions, startin' for a mil  
Stick the student for his intuition

Beyond college, street knowledge, got to eat knowledge  
Off the tree of life, while seek wallets  
Money ain't, credit cards, some trust for their Gods  
In the Wizard of Oz, you get it all to get robbed  
Price is on the food and the earth's precious jewels  
Ain't the golden rules from the golden black jewels  
Steppin' out the furnace, only run with fast learners  
Burn cash and we stash burners

We be the underground childs, mainstream now  
Sort of like Apocalypse, bloaw, blaow  
Take what you own, must return to your home  
Claim back your throne, we're on a higher zone  
Black Lazurus, plus we're not havin' it  
Pass the diamonds on the wrist  
We're on some take the earth shit

Demolish every tool, that y'all niggaz work with  
The barcode, bio chips be short circuited  
Here in' this jungle, jungle, jungle boogie  
I'm livin' through, your crew on the subject  
The loot, I'm new improved  
Plus my time piece is bullet proof

I need a bulldozer or crane, that stains like in vain  
You be the blood and I be the drainin' on  
Forgot to burn your proper on, with the tool stone  
Written, founded dead on this spot  
You emergin', believe I'm the surgeon

Rhymes leave your brain on all right, double scenes  
Back hand, slap you, clap important thoughts  
[Incomprehensible], what it slap right back, back  
You was seen, soak the zeen  
Self esteem, so common, even suckers die

Major League, total assassinator, rhyme complicator  
The devil and the sword bring death, feed Jamaica  
Rain or hurricane, step on my house  
Into the house on severe pain', strong like a pyramid  
Nothin' but various parts of the house that Jack built  
The little house on the praire, I huff and I puff  
And I blow your brain to a seizure  
Before you step to me, you should of called off

Ceaser's father, mercy words, I'm no joke  
I cancer smoke, I reply, "Your brain' and told"  
I live for my tech 9, Uzi, grenade, all 'cause of one rhyme  
    You better believe, sleeves, I buck you chicken  
    Make you love us, I grab your mic [Incomprehensible]  
        Around your neck to bug it  
    In the jungle, we gotta rumble with the wee  
        Ain't nothin' sweet, we gotta eat  
    In the jungle, yeah, we rumble with the wee  
        Ain't nothin' sweet, we gotta eat  
    In the jungle, yeah, we rumble with the bees  
        Ain't nothin' sweet, we gotta eat  
    In the jungle, yeah, we rumble with the wee  
        Ain't nothin' sweet, we gotta eat

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