

# Quality Control

## Jurassic 5

Next we are havin' a very very big group  
By the Limo, I like the LimoAyo my quality control, captivates your party patrol  
Your mind, body, and soul  
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode  
Big, bad, and bold B boys of oldMany styles we hold, let the story be told  
Whether platinum or gold, we use breath control  
So let the beat unfold, intro on drum roll  
We be the lik like E, Tash, and J Lo  
We harass niggas like we was the po po  
We can rule the world without Kurtis and still BlowFinesse, from S P to Casio  
Your jams ain't deaf, you ain't fresh, you're so so  
If you don't know us by now you'll never know  
You set that mood when we groove and prove a show  
The name of the game is survive and prove your flow  
You can't out take Jurassic syllable  
'Cause it's survival of professional radio  
Stop and comprehend and heed the words of my pen  
Survival of professional poetical HighlandersSoup, you plan on rocking something fierce? Oh, am I  
Zaakir's the name, the A K A super  
The verbal acupuncture from the dope old schooler  
I used to be the brother for others that used to dumb on  
Now they be the lovers of brothers they can't front on  
Put me in the mix, L P 12-inchS P, the elegant, poetic pestilence  
I'm carbonated, the Fanti-confederated  
Highly commemorated, and the most celebrated  
For connecting it word like verb subject to the predicate  
Plus I got the etiquette  
To keep it moving, and showing cats how it's done  
'Cause it's the verbal combat, position number oneWe keep it beaming like a beacon  
If it's clearance that you're seeking  
Whether black or Puerto Rican  
People back us when we're speaking  
We got the kind of rhymes that get you ready for the weekend  
To the mass amount of legions that came for party pleasing  
Our temperature is freezing, all kind of different regions  
The rhythm is the reason you're checking for what we've done  
Please son, our thesis, will rip your crew in pieces  
Your rhymes ain't right, homeboy, you ain't in seasonAyo my quality control, captivates your party patrol  
Your mind, body, and soul

For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode  
 Big, bad, and bold B boys of oldYo, yo, well it's the angelic man relic clan repellent  
 My plan parent manuscripts withstand bullets  
 Flashing like a Japan tourist, we command pure hits  
 While you cramming to understand these contraband lyrics  
 My fam submits to pray, 5 times a day  
 Climbing into your mind with live rhyme display  
 J 5 finds a way to remain supreme  
 Coming verbally Hardison as if my name was KadeemAyo my team Dreamworks without Spielberg or spill  
 words  
 Communicate from the earth throughout the universe  
 I transmit, transcripts, transcontinental lyrics  
 Deeply rooted in the spirit  
 Up, I love the power of words, nouns and verbs  
 The pen and the sword, liquid stick on awardNo folklore or myths in my penmanship  
 The Panther Scholar Warriors is what I present, uh  
 Verbally decapitating those against a  
 Jihad [Foreign Content] words make sense  
 You gots to get up on your vocab, you gots to have vocab  
 Letters makes words, and sentences makes paragraphsQuality control  
 Small 7 Tuna fish in the dock fish roll  
 Like producers of the highest quality rather  
 Can I do smartYo, I make the pen capsize, the verbal with the planted eyes  
 Planning knives every pair that I utilize  
 Spit juice, crack blood from your tooth  
 Inflict truths, speak Allah's 99 Attributes  
 You baby M C's drink Pedialyte  
 My underground doesn't like you, the media might  
 But we the defeat will change that  
 As we bridge gaps in this lyrical grudge match, brothers we slug backYeah, we bless tracks with the help of a  
 raw rap  
 Inprinted like poor tracks all over your brain rack  
 My mental maneuver will clear and steer right through ya  
 We Grand like Puba, understand that we move ya  
 Ayo, my rhythm reveal roller coaster real deal  
 Revolutionize with active build  
 I plant my dreams in the field and wait to harvest my skills  
 For the starving M C, hungry trying to get the mealAyo my quality control, captivates your party patrol  
 Your mind, body, and soul  
 For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode  
 Big, bad, and bold B boys of oldWe are goin' to take a trip back in time  
 Are you ready to get into time machine  
 OK fasten your seat belts  
 Are you ready? Let's go

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