

# Concrete Schoolyard

## Jurassic 5

Now, I'ma say this one time, boy and that's my word  
We rockin' shots and not fire through the Hindenburg  
The contribution is clear, you add water to bone  
And get the Jurassic 5 on the microphone  
Now, if you like the tone and how the harmony's done  
And the sucker MCs die before they've begun  
From shore to shore and from sun to sun  
We use the pen not the gun 'cause we're number one  
I'm not tryin' to say my style is better than yours  
I'm just on some other shit  
I'm all about the beats and the lyrics  
So when you hear it you can feel it  
The vibe is energized by the presence of my spirit  
No interference, we persevere, the purpose is clear  
We're here to leave your ear hurtin' severe  
You're lurkin' in fear 'cause we take it back like Robbin Loxly  
Rockin' from countrysides, spots where hard rocks be  
I often wonder if these MCs even know how it feels  
To dedicate they whole life to this mic of steel  
Ain't not about the bills, that's not keepin' it real  
A lot of tight rappers out here ain't got no deal  
We appeal to the brothers with flow finesse  
'Cause it's the 100 watt blood shot, game of death  
'Cause we're protected by the covenants of words and beats  
Rewind and feel the heat, recline and take a seat  
So, ah, let's take you back to the concrete streets  
Original beats with real live MCs  
Playground tactics, no 'rabbit in a hat' tricks  
Just that classic rap shit from Jurassic  
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Now, I walk from Tranzania, earthquake Transalvania  
And on the way I kicked a hole through the Wall Of China  
Just to get the right blend  
'Cause it's schizophrenic of the pathway to livin'  
I fell into the deep end  
You shouldn't have told me the pyramids can hold me  
So, now a contest is what you owe me  
Pull out your beats, pull out your cuts  
Give us a mic, whatup, and we goin' tear shit up  
I'm on some old and forgotten, sun up to sun down  
Like picking cotton, 'The Nutty Professor', science droppin'  
Rockin' Robbin's Hood from New York to Compton  
Me and my three sons, Jabari, Shakir, and Kahsum  
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Do or die, anti-illumaniti, why?  
Do the liquid from my vocals  
Make the ghetto start swimmin'  
Forever winnin', I'm in it like Medolark LemonI get goosebumps when the baseline thumps  
A sucka MC freestyle, he had mine for lunch  
Marc 7even, get you open like an attache  
Briefcase, in this case, the victor is no wayAh, ah, the tool spinners cookin' the full dinner  
Killin' the first born of lyrical Yul Brenner's  
When is it the Academy rattlin' your anatomy?  
Gotta be J5, so kill all of your fake flatteryThat'll be the day when labels pay our way  
2na, what you say when MCs come to play?  
Man fe dead 'cause we take it back like Spinal Tap  
Preparin' your intellect before your final napSo ah, let's take you back to the concrete streets  
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