

# In The Flesh

## Voice Of The Beehive

It's the J U R A  
Capital S another S I C  
5 MC's in the flesh  
Bound to catch wreck, hit the deck  
'Cause we'll pop the trunk  
Plus the tape on your cassette  
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I'm from the crew called Jurassic  
Stretch like elastic, live and on plastic  
Step and get that ass kicked  
From here to there, MC's beware  
I represent that real ghetto urban warfare, ah yeah  
What you say when you see me in your town  
Bucking off some rounds  
Of that underground sound  
You need to open your eyes, realize and recognize  
Throw your hands in the air lick a shot for J5  
I'm all the way live, I socialize with the wise  
Underprivileged spiritually deprived  
At times in the flesh, airwaves getting checked  
The vibe is energized by the way I spit my dialect  
I be the brain cell buster  
Old school style kicking hustler  
That'll rush ya like a wrestler  
Elliot Ness ya, bow to my pressure  
Step to J5 you're getting played like Fester  
I be the ever handy  
Hard like rock candy  
Down with Mork and Mandy  
Won't date Sandy brown eyes  
Tale of the physical trait  
Intoxicated by the bomb as I start to sedate  
Your mainframe, all speaking on running this thang  
Five J's in the house and the styles to blame

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A prehistoric B-boy making beats in my cave  
They call me 2-na, as in fish in sea  
Self efficiency, that's my mission see  
Got me wishing we all  
Could've puffed a spliff first, shoot the giff first  
And 2-na Fish becomes a gift horse  
Look me in the mouth  
Tell me what you see  
No matter who I am  
I am you as you see me  
You is still Nity  
COM squared and shit  
I was put here to see  
If you came prepared and shit  
I'm red as shit  
My head is split from every crazy  
Lazy kid we thought was chill  
They was Swayze  
Soon as they got a taste  
Of what the U N I was like  
They eyes was like blam  
From the surprise and fright  
Now it's the vocal enhancement  
Vintage reigning rocks  
A hundred mines swing  
Dig a few chains of black gold  
Plus block the seven holes that froze  
A nigga soul and bust blood through his toes  
For acting like his shit was mega heavy weight  
But he couldn't escape  
The way we wet him down, like it was Watergate  
Infiltrate flavor crack skull and stone  
Rip through the carcass spit blood and bone  
For all those, who feel their crews forever tight knitted  
When raps emitted, Islamicly transmitted

Is the brother a color?  
Yes, the color's darkly tinted  
No acts or gimmicks  
And where the bullets imprinted it's whipped  
It hibernates until it stretch the yellow tape  
For Mister Doc, key is caliber career, yea  
With so many rhymes, it can't a crew make me  
Rock for 32 times like John Wayne Gacy  
You need to put your hands together  
'Cause J5 is in the house  
Because we're guaranteed to keep it live  
When we kick the party vibe  
We came to catch wreck  
We got the fossilized flavor  
For you fools who slept  
And plus we got you sucka crews in check  
Now come correct Nu-Mark  
Hit 'em with the perfect blend  
'Cause it don't stop rockin' till I say when  
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