

Twelve

Jurassic 5

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 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 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 bombacot 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 One, two, Jurassic crew

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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 One, two, Jurassic crew
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