Brain

Jungle Brothers

[check me out]

[check it out, yo]

I got so much funky shit inside my brain
I couldn't explain, couldn't explain
You wouldn't understand, I couldn't explain

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{Mike G}

Explanation of the funk essential trapped in my brain
Couldn't do it, make me wonder how a world maintain
Got emcees frontin' total masquerade
Screamin' toast had to touch them up with my blade
Cut is caught brothers still fallin' to this day
And all is face say why'd have to be this way?
Five 'cent is the culture
Make me pop you like a vulture
Amplify my mic and let the rhyme take the clutcher
The rains of the rhythms with some boom boom cat
Not enough to break your back, just so you react.
My counter act's my counterpart
Takin' your heart
You made a move to pull my plug now that ass got sparked
All I seeing and knowing is my business and I divide to multiply
And give thanks to most high
24/7 brothers got to make a living
Overcome the odds is the only decision
Cast like my pawn with your third eye vision
Slip up in the brain raise a sharp incision
Streets full of clowns trying to rob your part
When the herb come knocking send them home with a not
I got my house pumped
Crunch a problem with my luck
Coming soft to the hole and get your whole game stuffed
As we sway the dance halls from heaven to hell,

As the sun do shine, JBeez rock well.

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{Afrika}

Cut you short and escort you to my innermost thoughts
Dreams of fighting for my freedom in the most high courts
But jump shots get blocked and dreams get shattered
And when the day turns night, souls get bruised and battered.
Cheap labor for a favor from your cotton picking neighbor,
Got to work your ass off just to show you got flavor,
Life savers won't help you when your breaking your back
And Uncle Sam keep talking about raising his tax
I look at heaven and see myself rolling in seven or eleven
So I can recoup this suit that I'm spending
Pray to God with divine intervention all my life
Repent for my sins because I don't want strife
Release from contracts to make new contacts
The game gets played but still remains the facts
That I got to wake up and see the brood of charades
'Cause I'm still living in the modern age slave trade
Rapping on holy water,
Looking for divine order
Life goes on, but still the rhyme gets shorter
Seal my fate, there's no escape
But still I'm straight,
I'm back on track, shaking off the dead weight
The time has come, for me to free my soul
Grab hold of my heart and take full control
'Cause no matter what happens when times get hard,
I still stand my ground and use the force of God

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{Sammy B}

I'm about to shine like a dime,
It's time to give me mine,
My props, cause I'm about to take you to the top,
Non-stop with the body rock
I make you forget about your seat and start smiling
Brothers buck wilding
And JBeez is always styling
We bring the raw,
The real hardcore,
Giving you more than what you bargained for
Son, so your ass is best to run when
You see me coming
I'm taking it back to the essence,
Soul tracks I'm blessing
Pass the mic over here,
So I can test it,
Check one check two,
We's about to set it,
When the Brothers rock the party, you'll never forget it,

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