

Concentration

Quannum MCA's & Jurassic 5

Yea yea yea yea, oh yea
It's the late night hype mack b dog in the house
Chillin, like a big ol pimp
Right about now, at 3:01 in the morning
Everything else on is probably pretty faulty and repetitive
So if you're goin through your radio
When you get down to that, you know, far left hand side
Keep it tuned to mack b dog, 'cause you know
I'm keepin it extra extra funky
Know what I'm sayin?[chorus]
Concentration, concentration is the name
Keep the rhythm
Or you will be out the game We bust shots like german lugers
On intruders
Violate we activate the ill-style shooters So lateef [wassup?]
Let your lyrics heat-seek [all right]
And yo, get on the mic and fuck the microphone technique [here we go now] Look what we've got
Akil, lateef and mark 7 deliverin the presences
J 5 quannum
Zakir, gab, lyrics born natural as the elements
I jump down and customize
My lyrics to synchronize
And educate the young, dumb, deaf, and blind
And drop a seed in they minds, so they can open their eyes
Realize and recognize we livin in the last times I pull a spark of shining light out of the glorious fate
Create the lyric arsenals that verbal warriors make
Escape hell temporarily
Merrily vibes carry me to heavenly states
Inevitably rockin steadily Yea, I represent the underground mc
Even though I move around I'm still down with mc's
Now pound for pound I go the round
I is down, as you see (? ? ?)
I'm from the group, jayou, the j 5 mc's, yea[chorus] Oh god, it's so re-al, and then ya, it's ser-i-al
Flowin, like soy milk, over sweetened cer-e-al
Y'all melt, like toys built from cheap material
Reevaluate yourself, it ain't about the here and now I hold it def for 6
Blazed my way up out an orphanage
Assertive it, poetic scripts blast murderous
The earth shaker, I crack a nigga out his windbreaker

The verbalier, rhythmic fly commentatorYo, now if you stumble on a phonograph

To listen to the flavas that you got to have

With lyrics that be perfectly handcraft

All the way from the bay to l.a.

We're tryin to give you all different points of view

To show you our poetic words that we use

From the mc's that you're bound to choose

All the way from the bay to l.a.

[scratching][chorus]Look what we've got

Akil, lyrics born, zakir, gift of gab

Lateef, mark 7, chali, cut chemist, nu-mark

XI, and dj-shadowThe rhyme ambassador that mastered the ceremony

So passengers fasten up these average cats'll never catch upYeah I hot dog the ball behind the yes yes y'all

Fuck hanging on the shore trying to ball ? ? ? ?No, I don't jitterbug with lyrically idiotic litterbugs

They shit and bug the shit out of me eat em up for dinner soWe imburse to disperse, wish your last was your

first bit

Consume the whole room and you wonder where the earth wentSo I reduce the risk

Spit words like a journalist

And burnin it in unofficial mic tournamentsI'll play off night watchin trife 'cause we might utilize

The mic as a rightful for the eyes on the prize (? ? ?)

So try to conduct yourself in a manner that's wise

Ain't that right? right right, true, right right

Tell em whyWe bust shots like german lugers

On intruders

Violate we activate the ill-style shooters

J 5 quannum kick it live

Orth with the south, civil war with the rhymes

We bust shots like german lugers

On intruders

Violate we activate the ill-style shooters

J 5 quannum kick it live

North with the south other crews flatline

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>