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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Hey, I'm 2na Fish from U N I T Y
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 Lemon
I 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 way
Ah, 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 flattery
That'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 nap
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