

# Jayou

## Lyricist Lounge

Yeah, testing, testing, one two  
Uhh, one  
Press the panic button, God  
We be the crew, guess who, the Jayou  
R A double S I C  
We're in the place to be, it don't stop  
We got the rhythm that makes your fingers snap  
Crackle, pop pop, fizz fizz  
We're known to give a show plus handle our bizness  
Stress stress, we'll destroy  
We're known to make noise as the original B Boys  
In the flesh, greater to the depth  
Creates the ill scenes when we manifest, yes  
I feel the vibe, I feel the vibe too  
'Cause it's the butter from the crew  
'Cause we original, who?  
Wanna tussle? Flex for the muscle?  
While we kick the style that busts your blood vessels  
With the rhythm the ninety-six stylism  
Pick up a pill and feel 'em kill 'em with your vocalism  
Yeah, I shoot the gift puffin' another cold spliff  
Fools are coming quicker than Anna Nicole Smith  
Malinant metaphors and ganja stay herbs  
We conjugate verbs and constipate nerds like you  
I'm here to end the conspiracy, fearlessly  
So you can really see the real MC's at hand  
I'm tuna fish on the stickshift  
The eclectic hectic, desperate to set trip  
And for the niggaz who feel, that they're 24 karat  
Plus, the way you're livin' get your underwater baptism  
Believe it or not, it's the rugged and raw  
Put a bullet in the head of four in Mount Rushmore  
Yeah, release the beast from within', baptize gins  
Keep company with friends that repel sin  
I'm out to win ain't no pretendin', fuck the first amendment  
My speech was free, the day that my soul descended  
Earthbound, we break sound barriers  
Some niggaz can rhyme, but they got no character  
So we preparin' you for war, don't give up the fight

Because we can't afford to bite  
And grab a mic and get loose, produce the juice that keeps  
The head on collosion with the new world order opposition  
Competition, none, there's only one in the universe  
That knows the final outcome  
We got incarcerated minds, men, women and enzymes  
Vibin' off the rhymes sent from the divine essence  
Presence, effervesence, not to be contested  
Some miss the message, go ahead and bless this  
So don't mistake us for a crew that used to hit  
We on some underground certified wild style shit  
We be the crew, guess who and it'll be  
The Jayou, ninety-five A.D.  
Be be causin' ramifications, physicians  
Sendin' brothers on grammar vacations, if they don't listen  
Competition, bustin' shots on people basin  
But we can delete constipation  
Jurassic 5, MC's  
And we got the cure for this rap disease  
So come on everybody let's all get down  
'Cause, I'm down by law and I know my way around

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