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
Malginant 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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