

# Concrete Schoolyard

Jurassic 5

Now I'm a 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 sucka mc's die before they've begun  
Well I'd like to know if  
You've got the notion  
Cause we're number one  
I'm not trying 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 lurking in fear  
Cause we take it back like robbin loxly  
Rockin from country sides to spots where hard rocks be  
I often wonder if these MC's even know how it feels  
To dedicate they whole life to this mic of steel  
Its not about the bills  
That's not keeping it real  
A lot of tight rappers out here ain't got no deals  
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 covenant 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 mc's  
Playground tactics  
No rabbit in a hat tricks  
Just that classic  
Rap shit from Jurassic  
Now I walk from Tranzania  
Earthquake Transalvania  
And on my way I kicked a whole through the wall of China  
Just to get the right blend  
Cause its 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  
Hey, I'm 2na-Fish from U-N-I-T-Y  
Do or die  
Anti-illuminiti, why  
Do the liquid from my vocals  
Make the ghetto start swimming  
Forever winning I'm in it  
Like Medolark Lemon  
I get goose bumps  
When the baseline thumps  
A sucka MC freestyle  
He had mine for lunch  
Marc 7even get you open like an attach'  
Briefcase in this case  
The victor is no way  
Ah, ah the tool spinners  
Cooking the full dinner  
Killing the first born of lyrical Yul Brenner's  
When is it the academy  
Rattling your anatomy  
That'll be J 5 so kill all of your fake flattery  
That'll be the day  
When labels pay our way  
2na what you say  
when MC's come to play  
Man fe dead  
Cause we take it back like Spinal Tap  
Preparing your intellect before your final nap  
So ah...  
You got beef now watch how I settle it  
I'll fuck around and arrest your whole development  
I'm eloquent  
When it comes to digital display  
I'm ready for the world while you earl off the Tanqueray  
Tactics, my shifts Jurassic 5  
Fingers of death while you exhale and inhale  
With a deep breath with my Chop-Sui style  
Cause I'm a lyrical chef  
I gets mines to the death  
Cause I be cookin  
From here to Brooklyn  
Your shifts annoying like fat-ass Bookman  
On Good Times  
When I rhyme  
I hit the designated area  
I hope you got your shots cause this is lyrical malaria  
Spreading, beheading fools with the punishment  
I live in America but fuck this government  
A hundred and fifty times over silk with lead  
While y'all drink the similack  
My rhymes are breast-fed  
No artificial nipples  
I flip the real skills  
I thought I told you once  
I kick the lyrical windmills  
And backspin Benedict  
Strictly for my benefit  
I step on toes when I flow don't get offended  
Come and get with it  
Comprehended when I kick it  
I represent the real  
From the beginning to the end of it