

## Get Down

## Jungle Brothers

10th round,  
And still catching that beat down  
So I retreat back to my old stomping ground,  
Regroup and lounge,  
Put on a couple of pounds,  
And make plans to create the raw, homegrown sounds  
Without love and support,  
I might come up short,  
But I dare not resort, to the low-life sport  
Young bucks nowadays,  
Even kids my own age,  
Making front page  
By getting locked in the cage  
Pumping, self-destruction  
And self-reduction  
Souls get sucked into the evil corruption  
The odds are against me  
And the world won't present to me  
Bad thoughts on my mind  
But I won't let it tempt me  
Organized confusion, negative illusion  
I throw up my guard to combat intrusion

Say what say what say what

'cause I'm a jungle brother True blue 'cause I'm a jungle brother True blue  
'cause I'm a jungle brother True blue 'cause I'm a jungle brother True blue  
Now if I worry too much about all my have nots  
I might not recognize just what I've got  
I've got control of my soul and I gotta firm hold  
And if I keep on holding, I'ma reach my goals  
When I'm walking through the streets  
I see all sorts, big wasn't lying about them drugs and sports  
Gotta keep my head up and everything is alright  
'cause if I want to get this cash, I got to be game tight  
Baby girl is at home and she's screaming daddy  
Momma don't know, just might think I'm out pimping in a nice caddy,  
But it ain't like that  
Trying to keep that rogue status up off my back  
So when the loot come through,  
I do what I gotta do,  
'cause indeed I'm jungle brother, just to stay true blue.

'cause I'm a jungle brother True blue 'cause I'm a jungle brother True blue  
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Ya

For all my peoples out there, in the nyc  
Jbeez is the initial, got to keep it official,  
Ripping up the game plan, and send it off like a missile  
Business is intact, now we come back strapped  
So if something go down, we rearrange contracts  
Coming bite and exact  
To take your mental out the shack  
Dunk your cookie in my milk  
And let it soak in my rap  
On the mic I talk about the blight

To reach new heights  
Put up a fight with everything in sight  
That blocks my light  
Label my generation  
X marks the spot  
We make it hot  
We don't stop  
To bust back, we just keep  
Busting the Bulletproof brain cells  
The name spells out success  
That will remind you of the place where the jbeez rest

Stay black and rhyming  
Till the day that I'm dieing  
Death defying  
Shaky eyeing  
And God I'm relying  
Test up my import, make a million or more  
Keep the radio rocking, fill up the dance floor  
When we come to the jam  
No glissening gimmicks  
Break it off on your right  
See my style has no limits  
Handle bi like a true blue jungle gi  
Make the ladies reply with the wink of an eye  
Rhyme writing, counter lighting  
Emcees like this make hits for competition  
Like slitting your wrists  
Each sequel's so lethal  
That no other can equal  
Spark it up for the jam  
But rock it on for the people

'cause I'm a jungle brother True blue 'cause I'm a jungle brother True blue  
'cause I'm a jungle brother True blue 'cause I'm a jungle brother True blue  
Every day, all day, it goes down like this