

Quality Control

Jurassic 5

Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol
Your mind, body, and soul
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode
Big, bad, and bold b-boys of old
Many styles we hold, let the story be told
Whether platinum or gold, we use breath control
So let the beat unfold, intro on drum roll
We be the Lik like E, Tash, and J-Ro
We harass niggas like we was the po-po
We can rule the world without Kurtis and still Blow
Finesse, from SP to Casio
Your jams ain't def, you ain't fresh, you're so-so
If you don't know us by now you'll never know
You set that mood when we groove and prove a show
The name of the game is survive and prove your flow
You can't out take Jurassic syllable
Cause it's survival of professional radio
Stop and comprehend and heed the words of my pen
Survival of professional poetical Highlanders

(Soup, you plan on rocking something fierce?) Oh, am I
Zaakir's the name, the A.K.A. super
The verbal acupuncture from the dope old schooler
I used to be the brother for others that used to dumb on
Now they be the lovers of brothers that can't front on
Put me in the mix, LP 12-inch
SP, the elegant, poetic pestulence
I'm carbonated, the Fanti-confederated
Highly commemorated, and the most celebrated
For connecting it (Word!) Like verb subject to the predicate
Plus I got the etiquette
To keep it moving, and showing cats how it's done
Cause it's the verbal combat, position number one

We keep it beaming like a beacon, if it's clearance that you're seeking
Whether black or Puerto Rican, people back us when we're speaking
We got the kind of rhymes that get you ready for the weekend
(To the mass amount of legions that came for party pleasing)
Our temperature is freezing all kind of different regions
The rhythm is the reason you're checking for what we've done
Please son, our thesis, will rip your crew in pieces
Your rhymes ain't right, homeboy, you ain't in season

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Yo, yo, well it's the angelic man-relic clan repellent
My plan parent manuscripts withstand bullets
Flashing like a Japan tourist, we command pure hits
While you cramming to understand these contraband lyrics
My fam submits to pray, 5 times a day
Climbing into your mind with live rhyme display
J5 finds a way to remain supreme
Coming verbally Hardison as if my name was Kadeem

Ayo my team Dreamworks without Spielberg or spill words
Communicate from the Earth throughout the universe
I transmit, transcripts, transcontinental lyrics
Deeply rooted in your spirit
Up, I love the power of words, nouns and verbs
The pen and the sword, liquid stick on award
No folklore or myths in my penmanship
The Panther Scholar Warriors is what I present, uh
Verbally decapitating those against a
Jihad-fee-sabeel-illah words make sense
You gots to get up on your vocab, you gots to have vocab
Letters makes words, and sentences makes paragraphs

Yo, I make the pen capsize, the verbal with the planted eyes
Planning knives ever pair that I utilize
Spit juice, crack blood from your tooth
Inflict truths, speak Allah's 99 attributes

You baby MC's drink Pedialyte
While underground doesn't like you, the media might
But we the elite will change that
As we bridge gaps in this lyrical grudge match, brothers we slug back

Yeah, we bless tracks with the help of a raw rap
Inprinted like poor tracks all over your brain rack
My mental maneuver will clear and steer right through ya
We Grand like Puba, understand that we move ya

Ayo, my rhythm reveal rollercoaster real deal
Revolutionize with active build
I plant my dreams in the field and wait to harvest my skills
For the starving MC, hungry trying to get a meal

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