

## 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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