

Jurassic 5, Long Road To Glory

[All]

J-U-R-A-S-S-I-C-F-I-V-E

[Chali 2-na]

He who is without sin
Cast the first stone
Blast the verse
No matter the class
I'm vers'tile
Kickin' it for you hipocritic berzerk ohms
I'm hopin' at worst
Hopin' the words that touch home
And clutch domes
Ya' think
Electrical sockets and wet feet
How you infinitely get sleep
The minute we get deep
Ladies and 'gents peep
One hundred percent heat
Up undersea mistreats
Now I'll leave you mince meat
Yes I'm from UNITY
My last name sits in the middle of opportunity (Huh)
With two-laid plans and new-made fans
My crew raid lands and punch like the Kool-Aid Man

[Chorus:]

[All]

It was a long road to glory

[All]

Battle for territory
Just to be called the masters of the ceremony
Marathon
Decathalon
Word-play
Mega-bomb
Metabolism
With the rhythm
Keep it goin' on
[2X]

[Soup]

The epitomy
Five-hundred thousand so convincingly
Street ministry
J-5th-a-tune infantry
Finna be
About to be
The best kept commodity
Twelve incher LP
We're representin' properly
Now possibly the knock could be
That old school philosophy
That if it doesn't rock a beat
It's not considered property
Remember me
Remember us
Ice Cold
Cold Crush
1920 Gold Rush
Rollin' up
Hold up!
Now aint no need
For you to be surprised

When we impliment and improvise
With each and every verse that I
Get busy with
Lacing it with murder talk
Turn a 'sault
Tom-A-Hawk
Razor sharp
Tribal walk

[All]
Fresh gear
We're makin' our beds
And we're doin' lots of things
That we never did
We went to Paris in the spring-time
Bahamas in the fall
We thank Alla
We're doin' it all

[Chorus]

[Marc-7even]
Pick a paragraph and phrase it
Mentally you save it
Kick it to the world and
Suddenly they crave it
Thats the way it is
In this verbal warfare
Workin' hard for the love
But there aint no wars here
Years been puttin'
On a play with your foot in
Cause you'll be comin' back
Like the brother Dwight Gooden
Seven's back again
Slappin' men and askin' them
If they really wanna fuck wit' the style we tappin' in

[Aki]
Hey yo, I just couldn't wait
To grab a piece of my own cake
So I can elevate
And hold my own weight
My mind state be the ghetto
Street corner heavy metal
Black like the pot and tea kettle
My street credibility
Minus negativity
Multiplied energy
What attends a few
Ability sililoque
Of a real MC
Tastin' the grammar
J5 slamma jamma

[Chorus]

(OH) (Here we go)
Metabolism with the rhythm
Keep it goin' on

[scratching]
Marathon
Decathalon
Word-play

Mega-bomb

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Keep it goin' on

[scratching]
Marathon
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