

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

[Akil]
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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