

I Am Somebody

Jurassic 5

Yo, raise the level, bass bottom to treble
Forever keep it ghetto
Funk and heavy metal
F*ck the devil
Unify the rebel
Whistle like a kettle
With a fly acapello
Smooth and mellow
Locked load and settle
Shine through times with rhymes bright like yellow
Taste and swallow, lead and never follow
Break it like a bottle
Inspire like a role model

Say, "I am" (I am) "Somebody" (Somebody)

Yo, my soul, bounce rock and roll
Tumble with the rhythm
Heat the mic when it's cold
I was told "Be Bold"
Whether platinum or gold
Keep it solid
Do the knowledge
Til' I reach my goal
My hunger-pain thunder
Lumberjack the fifth wonder
I never slumber cuz I keep it on the under
My post beat for people in the street
Ghetto M-U-S-I-C (We bring the heat)
That African soul
Clap black power impact
Who said ghetto rap was all about a dope sack?
A pimp slap or a big black gatt
Fuck around and get jacked
For your rhymes where I live at
Uh, I'm not a gangsta but I boogie wit beats
No gang affiliation in my lyrics or speech
But still I keep it straight hood-hop techniques
South Central Fundamentals J5 emcees
And it's on!

Who's to say if I choose to make moves today
Whether I win or lose or I end up on the news today
Amuse but never confuse
Still got dues to pay
You abuse elegant rules when you use clich's

They got you sittin' on the edge of your seat

Creatin' beef

Mark of the beast
Code on the street
Cease and de cease

Never the least

Let me repeat
The situation gets sticky like the badge on police

We individually driven in the beginnin'
We winnin'
Six men and a venomous independent decision and clear vision
Pretendin' was never a possibility
I got to kill it
Because I want to be it
The poet to win a Pulitzer Prize
Who wouldn't survive?

The fullest of vibes

Deliberate surprise

When bullets the size

Of quarters arrive

And slaughter your lives

We trying to counteract that

Unifying these ballers and backpacks
With Knowledge-&-Fact-Tracks

Yo, my soul, infiltrate birth control
And control guns Huey P used to hold
I breathe life and through the 60's
Voted most likely to get busy
Inner city flash jiggy burn
Phillies and things
And we boogie to the bang
Sunshine and rain
Why you cats be talkin' that pimp crap in jail
I corresponded with a nigga who can barely spell
I know the situation oh so well (so well)
I done seen it in 3D
It ain't hard to tell
Why you bang for your turf chain girl or your man
I be banging for Islam in a spot in Sudan
Cuz I can't solve or stop or put foot to this
The hottest brother on the block couldn't cook to this
J5 drop the verse beat hook to this
And if you want a fly jam you should look to this
So...

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