

The Influence

Jurassic 5

Yo, I create off drum drops and ate away blacktops
Grab the mic so you don't react
The double X Polo shirt with the hat to match
In fact, we verbally vibrate your track

Then crush your confidence like plastic condiments
Build you up to break you down like forgotten monuments
The question is this: will they return with the hot shit?
Or keep it on the low flow

Yo, and for you confused bastards, Tuna the blues master
Quick to grib the mic, crews fast and soundclashing
Critical mass, pinnacle blast have been deflected
Hypodermic vocals I flash get you infected

I don't sip on brew, so this Bud's for you
Speak when spoken to whenever you come through
My vibes fill you, Internal Revenue
You rhyme prostitute for little or no loot

Cause a lotta these kids think that commercial
Is rocking fly suits and jewelry
But we can rock shows with no rehearsal
With the Rebels of Rhythm and Unity

Yeah, cause I'm nice, smooth, hard as a bone
Since I pick up the microphone I'm hotter than brimstone
The razor sharp crossbow accurate
We drop the multiverbal miligram suppliment

Plus in bed, theological word advance
Been Too Legit To Quit before the Hammer pants
The parent to the pen converts words to song
Stay blacker than the New Year Harlem Renaissance

No comp, we paint a darker picture, in your sector
Perfect verbal architecture, sparking lectures
Lyrics infectious, fuck your Lexus
If you ain't giving God your praise then it's useless
Like when MC's try to make hits and them shits flop
Running races like they was Penelope Pitstop
Develop these hits rock bottem, the disk jock got 'em
Souped up, but his rhyme is beating his loops up

Like dah dah (dah dah)
Bah dee dee dee dah dah (Dah dee dee dee dah dah)
Bah dah dah dah dee dee dee dah dah

I can see clearly now, top of the pile with my style
Check the profile, it shifts like sundial
Crisp like young smiles, we rip and run wild
Intent to rock crowds, some bite like rottwilds

Your game is disconnected, misdirected
Disrespected, when we come in, expect some next shit
The J-U-R-A, classical forte
Get low down & dirty like the eel moray

My heart pump the rhythm of the militant street life
Soldier of composure up under the street light
The coat style, prototype, professional
Media light shine bright, now kill all the
Bullshit, cheap talk and lip service
Jealousy and envy and undertone cursed in your verses
Serve the purpose of a nigga living nervous
Unsure and uncertain but about to short circuit

Like dah dah (dah dah)
Bah dee dee dee dah dah (Bah dee dee dee dah dah)
Bah dah dah dah dee dee dee dah dah
Ayo my gift of gab should be sold in bags
Boost up the price tag, make a wack rapper mad
Rely on my right side, securing our tape tight
Tasty tangibles to your mandible and clavicle

Yo, easily 2na be, cleverly swelling my treasury
Vocal pedigree for you critics who try to measure me
But easily I'm about to run you down my resume
Had a bundle of struggle from birth to my present day

Yo, your love don't compute, perhaps you need a boost
A magical flute, some nose candy to toot
Before you get loose, express and tear the roof
You claim you got the juice, but you lame and out the loop

So I associated myself with fossilized figures
Crack the summer sizzler, hit the real live niggas
My influence is gunshots and trauma units
Street trends, with material word friends

Like dah dah (dah dah)
Bah dee dee dee dah dah (Bah dee dee dee dah dah)
Bah dah dah dah dee dee dee dah dah [Repeat 2x]