

# Concrete And Clay

Jurassic 5

Now I'ma say this once again open up your mind  
Shot heard around the world came from our fresh rhymes  
The contribution to showbiz, mixed with entertainment  
Resurrected rhymes, not the same old same  
Now if you like what we came with  
And you feel you can sang wit it  
Peep the verbal language and the way we arranged it  
Now entertainment to make the people applaud  
I'm not trying to say my style is better than yours

I'm from the graduating class of one-nine-eight-eight  
L.A. Unified School M A H  
A gangbanger from the streets taught me how to break  
In South Central L.A., ay yo, can you relate?

I'm Chali 2na  
The one who puff the buddha keep the Snapple in the cooler  
Used to go to junior high with Son Doola  
Old skoola - a permanent, element, in ya tournament  
Tellin it prevalent never delicate when we burnin it

Now from L.A. to the U.K. we attempt to rock a party  
The rhyme and the music you don't hear that no more hardly  
I can say it's partly, all our faults smarty  
J5'll bring you more than the shakin of a body

Ay yo a child is born but no state of mind  
But when I first heard it, put words to rhymes  
I went from hypercars, to powder blue All-Stars  
To hangin on monkey bars catchin spiders in jelly jars

[Chorus: repeat 2X]  
So uh, let's take it back to the concrete streets  
Original beats with real live MC's  
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-a-hat tricks  
Just that classic, rappin from Jurassic

I bring the noise plus the funk, entertainin like a dunk  
From a snotty-nosed prima donna millionaire punk  
But uh, I heard a hunch, that somebody might munch  
Cause J5 go together just like parties and spiked punch  
Your crew's captain crunch, and I'm the seven seas  
Bombin on MC's, crushin crews with ease  
Brother please you know my steez is 100 degrees  
With no era bring it live like the Trio of Terror

Trio of Terror no mascara, at last your brass surpass pleasure  
We the last treasure set to entice the cash bearer  
Mask wearers who bite my reflection like glass mirrors  
Be trash pickers who need to consider the past clearer

Now what you thought was old and out of date  
We brought it back alive and changed the shape  
We put it on wax for those who think that  
The 5 we energize has been extinct

We takin it back like battles in hallways and bathrooms

And battles in the back of the classroom  
And in the bungalows game of death with flows  
Lunchtime rhymes you had to prove and show

Never the school type, couldn't pronounce the words right  
The class jester, I was flunkin every semester  
The summer hit, had it burnin in '86  
Class cuttin and runnin wit all the neighborhood derelicts

Within the concrete jungle (huh!) we remain humble  
Akil and Akir, bounce, flip and tumble  
Uh, we never fumble, break down or stumble  
Hot mumbo jumbo, just bring it when we rumble

We push it like the Daytona  
Fresh rhymes we blaze on yas  
Strictly from California old skool public diplomas  
We spittin from every corner we flippin it when we wanna  
Beneath the concrete be street word on ya