

Future Sound

Jurassic 5

Yea

Turn me up though

Uh Huh, Yea

Come on

Anyway

A 1,2 what cha gonna do

2,3 what's this gonna be... come on now

Yea Yea uh, a come on now

Let me hear you, Let me hear you

Uh yea

Provoke emotions when I'm boastin and braggin

Just imagine gun clappin' linguistic assassin

Bout to shake the world up, slam it to the floor up

You heard of us, real niggaz we blow the world up

Rip off the planet, take it for granted when I manage

With that home team advantage, automatic rhyme bandit

Bout to hand it , Cause you cram to understand it

When I land it open handed

I'm a transatlantic slave, with that old black magic

Got to have it from the demo, to the master

Some brothers try to strike, but light the fire of disaster

I'm the chainsaw massacre, brain ball acid dust

Down shift, pump your brakes, ease off the clutch

We fuck it up, when we conduct, load your pistol up

Put this verbal dick in your mouth, until I bust a nut

And let this jam tell you who the fuck I am

Original black man from the Billali Sudan

It's like that y'all, so go head and get up

Sample (Be bad)

This is the future sound

Without further ado, you don't see us, but we see you

Either you're here to teach

Or you're here to be taught

If you don't plan to get away

Then you plan to get caught

I was born to lead, that why I run don't walk

South-central MC what the fuck you thought

I set my first verse up, similar to a stake out

The minute that they break out, they send jake out

But I'm super laxative and I don't need no practice kid

You're probably wondering what track this it

Uh, so carry on with that twisted ass street rap

I ride for peace, but I will contradict that

And bitch slap any rapper that act, uh
Like he really want it I'm a have to mishap

So act like you want it, but don't get loud
And you haven't seen a style this vivid in awhile

I rebuild cause I'm a rebel
My education and rhythm is on a higher level
Smash til the dust settles

Yes, yes, yes y'all
Mic test, test y'all
Freestyle lyrics being thrown straight at y'all
And we hype so and we might just flow from the get go
Hey yo Soup, let 'em know

I'm one of the last cats, (That's right) puttin' the flavor back in the rap
And make a sun roof straight to your cap
Now the original black, now watch how the herbs react
I play the block, where I learned to rap (tell em)
Ain't nothing to it, I keep the word play fluent
And tone will run through like the emperor Jones
Now the inventor of poems and lymrics outstanding pitch
Regardless if your feeling my shit
Yo, I stay prime and plus I'm never outdated
In time I break atoms from the way that I rhyme
Now I created a line with no miscues, fake no moves
So here's the rhyme I couldn't wait to use
I represent, and put the pressure on your local event
And drop heavy when the vocal commits
To hit you with the hits, from the colonial prince
The master of the ceremonial
It's like that y'all