

Great Expectations

Jurassic 5

Uh, no doubt, it took ten years, for me to pressure cook my fears
No my front line rhymes moving up from the rear
My dream slash career appeared ever so clear
Now I'm able to touch, smell, feel, speak, and hear
My fans cheer, my time is finally here
The past depart the present cause the future is near
Anticipation, magnified my motivation
Direct my energy to touch nations
Been entertaining since niggas was really banging
Dancning at the old folks parties, pancaking
I've been waiting for my time to shine
From Catholic school John Muir Jr. High
From Manuasa to rocking at the Good Life
We paid the price to keep rhyming and rip shit on the mic
Yo, cause if you only knew what we been through
The struggle and the pain to maintain and continue

Expectations, on our committee Unified relations
We Rebel our Rhythm through tribulations
And treble and bass the situation with dedication

Yo, go get your ticket, your seats snacks and beverages
While we get wicked all in your brain cracks and crevaces
Servicing bulletins to you critical puritans
Who be shouting in my vicinity doubting my capability
(Expect) no defeat, my whole fleet be scorching
Keep across your vision blurred from heat distortion
The proportions better that precaution
While we shake the portion fakes are lost in, never flossing
(The antidote for your mood) We sloppy dope and I'm hoping
What I wrote get you open like a Fallopian tube
In my crew we include brothers who worthy
Rebels indeed, J's from LA, I'm from Shahee
Plus never vexed, flipping for Allah cause he blessed us
With the talent, to make Jurassic your next guest
Rocking since the '84 Fresh Fest, yes

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Ayo my story starts in the NJ state
And gets deep like a movie Bruce and Demi make
I moved to the land of sand and ill earthquakes
I didn't know this was the place I'd get my piece of the cake
Or the piece of the pie, U-N-I-T-Y
Every Thursday night at the Life we kept it tight
That's right, that's where we dwelled and the rhythm rebelled
We a blast from the past like the shotgun shells
No a mocho males with raps about a beer
(Our mission is to persevere) So haters play the rear
We toured the stratesphere from London to the Square
You swear you're prepared to diss what we have here
Indeed time ticks as rapid rhymes rip
Earth and time split in time to find it's
Just another manic Monday, and one day
We'll shine, too, so my crew say

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Yo, whether you love to hate it, if it's in or outdated
If I've been overrated or maybe your most favorite
You expect me still to write my verse on time
And I expect you not to front when you hear my rhyme
Don't expect me to smile cause it's in good taste
I know cats that's no mistake smiling in my face
And don't expect to try and guess if I'm mad or not
Or if I'm cold or hot, you would know if not
And don't expect me to come and just bite my tongue
It's kind of hard to forget what some brothers have done
But my mother always said you can forgive and forget
And expect that most promises won't be kept
I guess I gave credit where it wasn't deserved
To brothers must have preferred to not keep their word
The bigger the burden, the bigger the uncertain
No expectation for my creation, great expectation