

# 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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