

## Jurassic 5 "Quality Control"

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Next we are havin' a very very big group  
By the Limo, I like the Limo

Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol  
Your mind, body, and soul  
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode  
Big, bad, and bold B boys of old

Many styles we hold, let the story be told  
Whether platinum or gold, we use breath control  
So let the beat unfold, intro on drum roll  
We be the lik like E, Tash, and J Lo  
We harass niggas like we was the po po  
We can rule the world without Kurtis and still Blow

Finesse, from S P to Casio  
Your jams ain't deaf, you ain't fresh, you're so so  
If you don't know us by now you'll never know  
You set that mood when we groove and prove a show  
The name of the game is survive and prove your flow  
You can't out take Jurassic syllable  
'Cause it's survival of professional radio  
Stop and comprehend and heed the words of my pen  
Survival of professional poetical Highlanders

Soup, you plan on rocking something fierce? Oh, am I  
Zaakir's the name, the A K A super  
The verbal acupuncture from the dope old schooler  
I used to be the brother for others that used to dumb  
on  
Now they be the lovers of brothers they can't front on  
Put me in the mix, L P 12-inch

S P, the elegant, poetic pestilence  
I'm carbonated, the Fanti-confederated  
Highly commemorated, and the most celebrated  
For connecting it word like verb subject to the predicate  
Plus I got the etiquette  
To keep it moving, and showing cats how it's done  
'Cause it's the verbal combat, position number one

We keep it beaming like a beacon

If it's clearance that you're seeking  
Whether black or Puerto Rican  
People back us when we're speaking  
We got the kind of rhymes that get you ready for the weekend  
To the mass amount of legions that came for party pleasing  
Our temperature is freezing, all kind of different regions  
The rhythm is the reason you're checking for what we've done  
Please son, our thesis, will rip your crew in pieces  
Your rhymes ain't right, homeboy, you ain't in season

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Yo, yo, well it's the angelic man relic clan repellent  
My plan parent manuscripts withstand bullets  
Flashing like a Japan tourist, we command pure hits  
While you cramming to understand these contraband lyrics  
My fam submits to pray, 5 times a day  
Climbing into your mind with live rhyme display  
J 5 finds a way to remain supreme  
Coming verbally Hardison as if my name was Kadeem

Ayo my team Dreamworks without Spielberg or spill words  
Communicate from the earth throughout the universe  
I transmit, transcripts, transcontinental lyrics  
Deeply rooted in the spirit  
Up, I love the power of words, nouns and verbs  
The pen and the sword, liquid stick on award

No folklore or myths in my penmanship  
The Panther Scholar Warriors is what I present, uh  
Verbally decapitating those against a  
Jihad [Foreign Content] words make sense  
You gots to get up on your vocab, you gots to have vocab  
Letters makes words, and sentences makes paragraphs

Quality control  
Small 7 Tuna fish in the dock fish roll  
Like producers of the highest quality rather  
Can I do smart

Yo, I make the pen capsize, the verbal with the planted  
eyes  
Planning knives every pair that I utilize  
Spit juice, crack blood from your tooth  
Inflict truths, speak Allah's 99 Attributes  
You baby M C's drink Pedialyte  
My underground doesn't like you, the media might  
But we the defeat will change that  
As we bridge gaps in this lyrical grudge match,  
brothers we slug back

Yeah, we bless tracks with the help of a raw rap  
Inprinted like poor tracks all over your brain rack  
My mental maneuver will clear and steer right through  
ya  
We Grand like Puba, understand that we move ya  
Ayo, my rhythm reveal roller coaster real deal  
Revolutionize with active build  
I plant my dreams in the field and wait to harvest my  
skills  
For the starving M C, hungry trying to get the meal

Ayo my quality control, captivates your party patrol  
Your mind, body, and soul  
For whom the bell tolls, let the rhythm explode  
Big, bad, and bold B boys of old

We are goin' to take a trip back in time  
Are you ready to get into time machine  
OK fasten your seat belts  
Are you ready? Let's go

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