

Jurassic 5

"Yellow Brick Road"

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* - first and last quotes are from NPR's KPBS broadcast of "Culture of Hate."

middle quote is from a speech Spiro Agnew made on May 22, 1970.

[Intro] *

"What we have to do is deal with it when these individuals are young enough, if you will, to be saved. Not in a religious sense, but not to constitute what this country, at times calls (yeah) their throw-away children."

"We seem to be approaching (c'mon!) an age of the gross." { *burp* }

"We all have this idea that we should, move up a little bit from our parents' station and each generation should do a little bit better."

[Verse 1]

Aight c'mon, let's cut the bullshit enough, let's get it started

Let's start addressin this issue and open it up
Let's take this shit back to the basement and we can discuss

statements that's made on this tape and this whole origin of
the music that we all know and love, the music we all enjoy

The music you accuse me of tryin to destroy
Let's rewind it to eighty-nine, when I was a boy
On the Eastside of Detroit, crossin 8 Mile into Warren
In the hick territory, I'd like to share a story
This is my story, and can't nobody tell it for me
You have well informed me, and I'm well aware
that I don't belong here, you've made that perfectly clear

I get my ass, kicked damn near everywhere
From Bel-Air Shoppin Center just for stoppin in there
From the black side all the way to the white side
Okay there's a bright side, a day that I might slide

You may call it a pass, I call it haulin my ass
Through that patch of grass over them railroad tracks
Oh them railroad tracks, them old railroad tracks
The good old notorious, so well known tracks

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

So let's go back, follow the yellow brick road
As we go on another episode
Journey with me as I take you through this nifty little
place
That I once used to call home sweet home

[Verse 2]

I'd roam in the streets so much, they'd call me a drifter
Sometimes I'd stick up a thumb just to hitchhike
Just to get picked up, to get me a lift to
8 Mile and Van Dyke, or steal a God damn bike
From somebody's backyard, and drop it off at the park
That was the halfway mark, to me Kim had to walk
Back to her momma's, from Chalmers, after dark
To sneak me in the house, when I'm kicked out my
mom's
That's about the time, I first met Proof with Goofy
Gary on the steps at Osbourne, handin out some flyers
We was doin some talent shows at Centerline High
I told him to stop by and check us some time
He looked at me like I'm out my mind
Shook his head, like white boys don't know to rhyme
I spit out a line, and rhymed birthday with first place
And we both had the same rhymes that sound alike
We was on the same shit, that Big Daddy Kane shit
With compound syllables sound combined
From that day we was down to ride
Somehow we knew we'd meet again somewhere down
the line

[Chrous]

[Verse 3]

My first year of ninth grade, can't forget that day of
school
It was cool, 'til your man MC Shan came through
And said that "Puma's the brand, cause the Klan makes
Troops"
It was rumors, but man, God damn, they flew
Must have been true, because man, we done banned
they shoes
I had the new ones, the Cool J, ice lamb, suede too
But we just threw them in the trash, like they
yesterday's news
Guess who came through next, X-Clan debuted

+Professor X+ ("Vanglorious") exist in a state of
+red, black, and green with a KEY, SISSIES!+
Now with this bein the new trend, we don't fit in
Crackers is out, with "Cactus Albums," blackness is in
African symbols and medallions, represent black
power
And we ain't know what it meant, me and my man
Howard
and Butter would go to the mall
with them all over our necks like we're showin 'em off
Not knowin at all we was bein laughed at
"You ain't even half black; you ain't 'posed to have that
homey, let me grab that, and that Flava Flav clock
we gon' have to snatch that," all I remember is meetin
back at
Manics's basement, sayin how we hate this
How racist but dope the X-Clan's tape is
Which reminds me, back in eighty-nine me
and Kim broke up for the first time, she was tryin to
two-time me
And there was this black girl at our school who thought
I was cool
cause I rapped, so she was kinda eyein me
And oh, the irony, guess what her name was
Ain't even gonna say it plus, the same color hair as
hers was
And blue contacts, and a pair of jugs
The bombest God damn girl in our whole school
If I could pull it, not only would I become more popular
But I would be able to piss Kim off at the same time
But it backfired, I was supposed to dump her
But she dumped me for this black guy, and that's the
last I
ever seen or heard or spoke to the "Ol' Foolish Pride"
girl
But I've heard people say they heard the tape, and it
ain't that bad
But it was, I singled out a whole race
And for that I apologize (apologize) I was wrong (was
wrong)
Cause no matter what color a girl is she's still a ho

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Shut the fuck up, you fuckin pieces of shit!
Get the fuck away from me you big fuckers!

