

## **C-Murder F/ Silkk the Shocker**

### **"The Jungle, The Brother"**

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{Mike G}  
Cope the circumference,  
To get the duckets  
When I touch this, deluxe this  
NYC's throughout my bloodstream  
So when I steam  
All I dream is cream  
Wrap my seed in jewels  
Stay a brother the all means  
ACGO the weather  
my crazy clique is too clever  
You should know to come better  
'Cause we taking loss never  
Post the notes of exotics  
Take you back to the tropics  
Cause you led on a tour by the three black prophets

WE ROCK THIS

{Africa}  
SLap you wit the mo bat sound track-slap!  
JBs is official back on the matt  
Got the Mike G  
Got the Sammy B  
Got the A to the double to the B  
Like Earth Wind and Fire  
Never will retire  
This time around, ya gonna call messiah  
On the live wire bouncin like a rubber tire  
Ninety seven  
Gonna go to heaven and higher

We known throughout the jungle as the Jungle Brothers  
(x3)

The jungle the jungle the brothers the brothers

{Africa}  
We represent the jungle,  
{Mike G}  
we represent the brothers.

{Africa}  
Coming at you live  
{Mike G}  
like New York Undercover.

{Africa}  
Lightweight styles  
{Mike G}  
Will only get smothered

{Africa}  
It be like that where I come from, my brother

Streets filled with heat  
These blocks are hot seat  
Ghetto warriors with skills to compete.  
Lift you off your feet  
Paint you with the feet  
Give you something new every time that we meet.  
I'm on the front pages  
My microphone gauges [What?]  
Blastin in your faces  
Straight up jungle funk  
Is what we use to lace this

we jungle we jungle we brothers we brothers

{Mike G}  
Brothers maintain  
No joke with the focus  
Pop up on your ass presto hocus pocus  
Crush all that bogus  
Put your style unnoticed  
Believe what you heard 'cause you know that I want this  
Flow over tracks like boats on water  
Have ya walk the plank if ya get out of order  
Gotcha, caughtcha sweeping up the street  
Check out what I boughtcha - a batch of new beats.  
Excites your crowd at the Madison Square  
Garden we keep ya head bobbin'  
Make ya act retarded when ya see the JB's is on the set  
You get more than what you bargained for  
Your listening pleasure  
So come out with that loot and buy my record at the  
store.

The jungle, the brothers  
The jungle, the jungle, the brothers, the brothers (x 11)  
We jungle, we jungle, we brothers, we brothers

