

The Jungle Brothers F/ The Roots

"Brain"

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[check it out yo] (etc...)

I got so much funky shit inside my brain
I couldn't explain couldn't explain
You wouldn't understand I couldn't explain

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{Mike G}
Explanation of the funk essential trapped in my brain
Couldn't do it make me wonder how a world maintain
Got emcees frontin total masquerade
Screamin toast had to touch them up with my blade
Cut is caught brothers still fallin to this day
And all is face say why'd have to be this way?
Five 'cent is the culture
Make me pop you like a vulture
Amplify my mic and let the rhyme take the clutcher
The rains of thr rhythms with some boom boom cat
Not enough to break your back, just so you react.
My counteract's my counterpart
Takin your heart
You made a move to pull my plug now that ass got
sparked
All I seeing and knowing is my business and I divide to
multiply
And give thanks to most high
24/7 brothers got to make a living
Overcome the odds is the only decision
Cast like my pawn with your third eye vision
Slip up in the brain raise a sharp incision
Streets full of clowns trying to rob your part
When the herb come knocking send them home with a
not
I got my house pumped
Crunch a problem with my luck
Coming soft to the hole and get your whole game
stuffed

As we sway the dance halls from heaven to hell,
As the sun do shine, JBeez rock well.

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{Afrika}

Cut you short and escort you to my innermost thoughts
Dreams of fighting for my freedom in the most high
courts

But jump shots get blocked and dreams get shattered
and when the day turns night, souls get bruised and
battered.

Cheap labor for a favor from your cotton picking
neighbor,

Got to work your ass off just to show you got flavor,
Life savers won't help you when your breaking your
back

And Uncle Sam keep talking about rasing his tax
I look at heaven and see myself rolling in seven or
eleven

So I can recoup this suit that I'm spending

Pray to god with divine intervention all my life

Repent for my sins because I don't want strife

Release from contracts to make new contacts

The game gets played but still remains the facts

That I got to wake up and see the brood of charades

'Cause I'm still living in the modern age slave trade

Rapping on holy water,

Looking for divine order

Life goes on, but still the rhyme gets shorter

Seal my fate, there's no escape

But still I'm straight,

I'm back on track, shaking off the dead weight

The time has come, for me to free my soul

Grab hold of my heart and take full control

'Cause no matter what happens when times get hard,

I still stand my ground and use the force of God

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{Sammy B}
I'm about to shine like a dime,
It's time to give me mine,
My props, casue I'm about to take you to the top,
Non-stop with the body rock
I make you forget about your seat and start smiling
Brothers buckwilding
And JBeez is always styling
We bring the raw,
The real hardcore,
Giving you more than what you bargained for
Son, so your ass is best to run when
You see me coming
I'm taking it back to the essence,
Soul tracks I'm blessing
Pass the mic over here,
So I can test it,
Check one check two,
We's about to set it,
when the Brothers rock the party, you'll never forget it,

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