

Kelis F/ Pusha T

"Concrete and Clay"

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Now I'ma say this once again open up your mind
Shot heard around the world came from our fresh
rhymes
The contribution to showbiz, mixed with entertainment
Resurrected rhymes, not the same old same
Now if you like what we came with
And you feel you can sang wit it
Peep the verbal language and the way we arranged it
Now entertainment to make the people applaud
I'm not trying to say my style is better than yours

I'm from the graduating class of one-nine-eight-eight
L.A. Unified School M A H
A gangbanger from the streets taught me how to break
In South Central L.A., ay yo, can you relate?

I'm Chali 2na
The one who puff the buddha keep the Snapple in the
cooler
Used to go to junior high with Son Doola
Old skoola - a permanent, element, in ya tournament
Tellin it prevalent never delicate when we burnin it

Now from L.A. to the U.K. we attempt to rock a party
The rhyme and the music you don't hear that no more
hardly
I can say it's partly, all our faults smarty
J5'll bring you more than the shakin of a body

Ay yo a child is born but no state of mind
But when I first heard it, put words to rhymes
I went from hypercars, to powder blue All-Stars
To hangin on monkey bars catchin spiders in jelly jars

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
So uh, let's take it back to the concrete streets
Original beats with real live MC's
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-a-hat tricks
Just that classic, rappin from Jurassic

I bring the noise plus the funk, entertainin like a dunk

From a snotty-nosed prima donna millionaire punk
But uh, I heard a hunch, that somebody might munch
Cause J5 go together just like parties and spiked punch
Your crew's captain crunch, and I'm the seven seas
Bombin on MC's, crushin crews with ease
Brother please you know my steez is 100 degrees
With no era bring it live like the Trio of Terror

Trio of Terror no mascara, at last your brass surpass
pleasure
We the last treasure set to entice the cash bearer
Mask wearers who bite my reflection like glass mirrors
Be trash pickers who need to consider the past clearer

Now what you thought was old and out of date
We brought it back alive and changed the shape
We put it on wax for those who think that
The 5 we energize has been extinct

[Chorus]

We takin it back like battles in hallways and bathrooms
And battles in the back of the classroom
And in the bungalows game of death with flows
Lunchtime rhymes you had to prove and show

Never the school type, couldn't pronounce the words
right
The class jester, I was flunkin every semester
The summer hit, had it burnin in '86
Class cuttin and runnin wit all the neighborhood
derelicts

Within the concrete jungle [huh!] we remain humble
Akil and Akir, bounce, flip and tumble
Uh, we never fumble, break down or stumble
Hot mumbo jumbo, just bring it when we rumble

We push it like the Daytona
Fresh rhymes we blaze on yas
Strictly from California old skool public diplomas
We spittin from every corner we flippin it when we
wanna
Beneath the concrete be street word on ya

[Chorus]

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