

## **Kelis F/ Pusha T**

### **"Long Road to Glory"**

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(All)

J-U-R-A-S-S-I-C-F-I-V-E

(Chali 2-na)

He who is without sin

Cast the first stone

Blast the verse

No matter the class

I'm vers'tile

Kickin' it for you hipocritic berzerk ohms

I'm hopin' at worst

Hopin' the words that touch home

And clutch domes

Ya' think

Electrical sockets and wet feet

How you infinitely get sleep

The minute we get deep

Ladies and 'gents peep

One hundred percent heat

Up undersea mistreats

Now I'll leave you mince meat

Yes I'm from UNITY

My last name sits in the middle of opportunity (Huh)

With two-laid plans and new-made fans

My crew raid lands and punch like the Kool-Aid Man

Chorus:

(All)

It was a long road to glory

(All)

Battle for territory

Just to be called the masters of the ceremony

Marathon

Decathalon

Word-play

Mega-bomb

Metabolism

With the rhythm

Keep it goin' on

(2X)

(Soup)  
The epitomy  
Five-hundred thousand so convincingly  
Street ministry  
J-5th-a-tune infantry  
Finna be  
About to be  
The best kept commodity  
Twelve incher LP  
We're representin' properly  
Now possibly the knock could be  
That old school philosophy  
That if it doesn't rock a beat  
It's not considered property  
Remember me  
Remember us  
Ice Cold  
Cold Crush  
1920 Gold Rush  
Rollin' up  
Hold up!  
Now aint no need  
For you to be surprised  
When we impliment and improvise  
With each and every verse that I  
Get busy with  
Lacing it with murder talk  
Turn a 'sault  
Tom-A-Hawk  
Razor sharp  
Tribal walk

(All)  
Fresh gear  
We're makin' our beds  
And we're doin' lots of things  
That we never did  
We went to Paris in the spring-time  
Bahamas in the fall  
We thank Alla  
We're doin' it all

Chorus

(Marc-7even)  
Pick a paragraph and phrase it  
Mentally you save it  
Kick it to the world and  
Suddenly they crave it  
Thats the way it is  
In this verbal warfare

Workin' hard for the love  
But there aint no wars here  
Years been puttin'  
On a play with your foot in  
Cause you'll be comin' back  
Like the brother Dwight Gooden  
Seven's back again  
Slappin' men and askin' them  
If they really wanna fuck wit' the style we tappin' in

(Akil)  
Hey yo, I just couldn't wait  
To grab a piece of my own cake  
So I can elevate  
And hold my own weight  
My mind state be the ghetto  
Street corner heavy metal  
Black like the pot and tea kettle  
My street credibility  
Minus negativity  
Multiplied energy  
What attends a few  
Ability sililoque  
Of a real MC  
Tastin' the grammar  
J5 slamma jamma

Chorus

(OH) (Here we go)  
Metabolism with the rhythm  
Keep it goin' on

(scratching)  
Marathon  
Decathalon  
Word-play  
Mega-bomb

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