

Manhattan Transfer F/ Smokey Robinson

"Longevity"

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With or without the mic when my mind gets phonetic
The mouth gets kinetically energetic, its simple as your
alphabetics
My words you mark and never mock, long as my name
has been Jean-Jacques
I keep you open like your pupils in the dark.

Dogs bark, at the gate, to negate what I create
Still I write rhymes, regardless of the stop signs,
In tough times or nice times
For shade or for sunshine
Throughout time, all times have been the right time, to
recite mine
To mankind
Who wants mine, come get mine
You best combine minds
Before you cross that fine line
And say who is so called inclined
Press rewind
You'll find if you're blind, you can't see
How this defines and redefines M U S I C
Who I be
H I P H O P, you know we
As them strangers
That some wish they could be or not to be
Impossibly
As it transcends from hte pen, to the key to the mind
You will find an emcee, good enough to envy
As long as I'm alive
It'll send me to that next shit
That some just can't get wit' or F with
My almadada tolf you that "it don'y quit" kid, it don'y
start until it
all seems to be so easy

Chorus: Easy, Emcee is my ambition, The incredible,
lyrical and
original emcee is my ambition

Who in their right minds thinks they can put a stop to
hip hop

If it don't stop till I stop
And I don't stop till it stop
Fake emcees that soak props like rag mops must get
dropped
Risin' to the top of the bottom
That's how I got 'em
If your hearts glass ceiling is my mind's glass floor
Whose style do you suppose
Reaches higher plateaus
While you kick those sellout flows
In hope to sell out shows
But get your spots taken easy as the wind blos
J remains repin all the heads whole steppin
Whose style shall be the illest
With or without the weapon
With or without a doubt I maintain with just the facts
Improving skills with or without the record contracts
And yet still
If that beez the case my presence was a gift in its own
right
So I remain strong
Long as
Hands cap on
Snare drums tap on
J's word stays bond
And cornballs who rap get snapped on
Live lyrics will be just that
Just phat
Just right for all those who feel my flavors tight
I'm dedicated to the flow
The only way the true lyricist could ever make it seems
so easy

Chorus

As I reserve the right to renovate the Raw Shack with
lyrical
scaffolds
Heads are battled as tracks are travelled
You're unraveled
Or should I say unrapped in this world where mics get
checked and
all cornballs get slapped
Alright rhymes get rewritten
No bullshittin
Perfected
JL run point and stays on it
Mastered styles look back and laugh at first drafts
Freestyles make toes wanna paydownponit
Do anything but lay down on it
Anesthesiatics get trapped like rats in attics

To craftmatics
but then transform like skilled wax to insomniacs with
my name in
your almanacs infact
I let my glory be that never ending story
Like those that still inspire since seven albums before
me
Cause yo
From this old school comes a new degree
Yet to be mastered till longevity seems to be so easy

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