

## Various Artists "Concentration"

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Yea, yea, yea, yea, oh yea  
It's the late night hype Mack B dog in the house  
Chillin', like a big ol' pimp  
Right about now at 3:01 in the mornin'  
Everything else on is probably pretty faulty and  
repetitive

So if you're goin' through your radio  
When you get down to that you know, far left hand side  
To keep it tuned to Mack B dog 'cuz you know  
I'm keepin' it extra, extra funky, know what I'm sayin'?

Concentration, concentration is the name  
Keep the rhythm or you will be out the game

We bust shots like German lugers  
On intruders, violate we activate the ill style shooters  
So Lateef, wassup? Let your lyrics heat seek, all right  
And yo, get on the mic and fuck the microphone  
technique  
Check it out, here we go now

Look what we've got, Akil, Lateef and Mark 7 deliverin'  
the presences  
J 5 Quannum, Zakir, Gab, Lyrics Born natural as the  
elements  
I jump down and customize my lyrics to synchronize  
And educate the young, dumb, deaf and blind

And drop a seed in they minds so they can open their  
eyes  
Realize and recognize we livin' in the last times  
I pull a spark of shining light out of the glorious fate  
Create the lyric arsenals that verbal warriors make  
Escape hell temporarily, merrily vibes carry me to  
heavenly states  
Inevitably rockin' steadily

Yea, I represent the underground MC  
Even though I move around I'm still down with MC's  
Now pound for pound I go the round I is down, as you  
see

I'm from the group, jayou, the J 5 MC's, yea

Concentration, concentration is the name  
Keep the rhythm or you will be out the game

Oh god, it's so real, then yet it's surreal  
Flowin' like soy milk, over sweetened cereal  
Y'all melt, like toys built from cheap material  
Reevaluate yourself, it ain't about the here and now

I hold it def for 6, blazed my way up out an orphanage  
Assertive it, poetic scripts blast murderous  
The earth shaker, I crack a nigga out his windbreaker  
The verbalier, rhythmic fly commentator

Yo, now if you stumble on a phonograph  
To listen to the flavas that you got to have  
With lyrics that be perfectly handcraft  
All the way from the bay to L.A.

We're tryin' to give you all different points of view  
To show you our poetic words that we use  
From the MC's that you're bound to choose  
All the way from the bay to L.A.

Concentration, concentration is the name  
Keep the rhythm or you will be out the game

Look what we've got Akil, Lyrics Born, Zakir, Gift Of  
Gab  
Lateef, Mark 7, Chali, Cut Chemist, Nu-Mark XL and DJ  
Shadow  
The rhyme ambassador that mastered the ceremony  
So passengers fasten up these average cats'll never  
catch up to us  
Yeah I hot dog the ball behind the yes, yes, y'all  
Fuck hangin' on the shore tryin' to ball

No, I don't jitterbug with lyrically idiotic litterbugs  
They shit and bug the shit out of me eat 'em up for  
dinner so  
We imburse to disperse, wish your last was your first  
bit  
Consume the whole room and you wonder where the  
earth went  
So I reduce the risk, spit words like a journalist  
And burnin' it in unofficial mic tournaments

I'll play off night watchin' trife 'cuz we might utilize  
The mic as a rightful for the eyes on the prize  
So try to conduct yourself in a manner that's wise

Ain't that right? Right, right, true, right right, tell 'em  
why

We bust shots like German lugers on intruders  
Violate, we activate the ill style shooters  
J 5 Quannum kick it live  
North with the South, civil war with the rhymes

We bust shots like German lugers on intruders  
Violate, we activate the ill style shooters  
J 5 Quannum kick it live  
North with the south other crews flatline

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