

Concrete Schoolyard
Jurassic 5

[Capo 8] or transpose -4 to match recorded version

This is a very easy song to play just 4 chords all the way through.

	Bb	Cadd7	G#	Eb	
e	--0-----3-----3-----3-----	-----	-----	-----	
B	--2-----3-----3-----2-----	-----	-----	-----	
G	--2-----0-----0-----3-----	-----	-----	-----	
D	--2-----2-----0-----0-----	-----	-----	-----	
A	-----3-----2-----	-----	-----	-----	
E	-----3-----	-----	-----	-----	

A Cadd7
Now I m a say this one time boy and that s my word
G# **Eb**
We rockin shots and not fire through the Hindenburg
Bb
The contribution is clear
Cadd7
You add water to bone
G# **Eb**
And get the Jurassic 5 on the microphone
Bb
Now if you like the tone
Cadd7
And how the harmony s done
G# **Eb**
And the sucka mc s die before they ve begun
Bb
Well I d like to know if
Cadd7 G
You ve got the notion
Eb
Cause we re number one
A Cadd7
I m not trying to say my style is better than yours
G#
I m just on some other shit
Eb **Bb**
I m all about the beats and the lyrics
Cadd7
So when you hear it you can feel it
G# **Eb**
The vibe is energized by the presence of my spirit
A Cadd7
No interference we persevere
G#

The purpose is clear

Eb

We re here to leave your ear hurtin severe

Bb

You re lurking in fear

Cadd7

Cause we take it back like robbin loxly

G#

Eb

Rockin from country sides to spots where hard rocks be

A

Cadd7

I often wonder if these MC s even know how it feels

G#

Eb

To dedicate they whole life to this mic of steel

Bb

Its not about the bills

Cadd7

That s not keeping it real

G#

Eb

A lot of tight rappers out here ain t got no deals

A

Cadd7

We appeal to the brothers with flow finesse

G#

Eb

Cause it s the 100 watt blood shot game of death

A

Cadd7

Cause we re protected by the covenant of words and beats

G#

Rewind and feel the heat

Eb

Recline and take a seat

So ah...

Chorus x2:

A

Cadd7

Let s take you back to the concrete streets

G#

Eb

Original beats with real live mc s

Bb

Playground tactics

Cadd7

No rabbit in a hat tricks

G#

Just that classic

Eb

Rap shit from Jurassic

Now I walk from Tranzania

Earthquake Transalvania

And on my way I kicked a whole through the wall of China

Just to get the right blend

Cause its schizophrenic of the pathway to livin

I fell into the deep end

You shouldn t have told me

The pyramids can hold me

So now a contest is what you owe me
Pull out your beats pull out your cuts
Give us a mic, whatup
And we goin tear shit up
I m on some old and forgotten
Sun up to sun down
Like picking cotton
The nutty professor science droppin
Rockin Robbin s hood
From New York to Compton
Me and my three sons
Jabari, Shakir, and Kahsum

Chorus 2X

Hey, I m 2na-Fish from U-N-I-T-Y
Do or die
Anti-illuminiti, why
Do the liquid from my vocals
Make the ghetto start swimming
Forever winning I m in it
Like Medolark Lemon
I get goose bumps
When the baseline thumps
A sucka MC freestyle
He had mine for lunch
Marc 7even get you open like an attachÃfÂ©
Briefcase in this case
The victor is no way
Ah, ah the tool spinners
Cooking the full dinner
Killing the first born of lyrical Yul Brenner s
When is it the academy
Rattling your anatomy
That ll be J 5 so kill all of your fake flattery
That ll be the day
When labels pay our way
2na what you say
when MC s come to play
Man fe dead
Cause we take it back like Spinal Tap
Preparing your intellect before your final nap
So ah...

Chorus 2X

You got beef now watch how I settle it
I ll fuck around and arrest your whole development
I m eloquent
When it comes to digital display
I m ready for the world while you earl off the Tanqueray
Tactics, my shits Jurassic 5
Fingers of death while you exhale and inhale

With a deep breath with my Chop-Sui style
Cause I m a lyrical chef
I gets mines to the death
Cause I be cookin
From here to Brooklyn
Your shits annoying like fat-ass Bookman
On Good Times
When I rhyme
I hit the designated area
I hope you got your shots cause this is lyrical malaria
Spreading, beheading fools with the punishment
I live in America but fuck this government
A hundred and fifty times over silk with lead
While y all drink the similack
My rhymes are breast-fed
No artificial nipples
I flip the real skills
I thought I told you once
I kick the lyrical windmills
And backspin Benedict
Strictly for my benefit
I step on toes when I flow don t get offended
Come and get with it
Comprehended when I kick it
I represent the real
From the beginning to the end of it

Thats the rhythm all the way through, so enjoy!