

**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.

	<b>Bb</b>	<b>Cadd7</b>	<b>G#</b>	<b>Eb</b>
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-illumaniti, 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 shifts 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!