

5th Element

KJ-52

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Who am I? The one that gets laced tight
The one you wear, hit a flare on the same night
That you hit an uprook, I'm the one in the closet next to one sock
The one you rock on the cardboard box, walking to the one block
You know the one spot peeps get the one shot
Got one thought on the task at hand
You can ask your man, I'm part of master plan
Only b-boys and b-girls, they understand
Whatever you say now, ya wish is my command
Name it, I'll be the footwork to your head spin
Follow your lead, go anyplace that ya legs bend
At ya cipher session, I'm ya best friend
I got a twin, we's a pair clocking size 10
Head's a shell, three stripes on side
Laces large, on your feets I reside
Keep me clean, keep me laced and I'll be alright
I be the first element up, in here, tonight
Who am I? See, I'm the one that you be gripping tight
The one that makes you sound real good when you be flipping right
And I'm the one causing fights up at the open mic
I'll make ya sound real stupid if you don't hold me right
I got MC's fending for me all day and night
I could care less if ya on me if ya black or white
See, all that matters when you rock me don't be coming wack and
Don't hold me to the speaker or I'm a feedback and I'm used for rapping, every now and the used for [unverified]
Back and forth, in ya crew, in a freestyle fashion
I get rocked, ripped, flipped on and blasted
I'm spoke on, choke on, hit on, spit on and mastered
I've outlasted, been used to tell truth and lies
Used to kill the youth and used to open up they eyes
I come in all kinds of sizes, heard all kinds of voices
Sometimes, I'm plugged in, you know sometimes, I'm
cordless
Keep me clear, keep me close and I'll be alright
See, I'm the second element up in here tonight
Who am I? I got two heads and they always spinning
I got two arms that the deejays, they use for ripping
Plus, a fader in my middle that they always gripping
I'm completed with the two records used for mixing
They pulling tricks and cutting up, ya know they scratching
Remixing beat, juggling just while they mix and match

And all kinds of beats till it's the heat that I know ya catching
And I'm the one that started hip-hop in case ya asking I got knobs and faders in a mad abundance
I come in many names but most time it's 1200
When I get played now, you know that you truly love it
Now, clean the needle on my arm or I'll be sounding busted I'm disregarded, treated like I ain't legitimate
I'm making music, you don't see me as an instrument
And it takes true skills to get on me and be ripping it
Nobody sees my contribution, they ain't getting it You know there's one thing that really now makes me mad
You used to blow me off but now I'm the latest fad
I'm the thing that every rock band they got's to have Now, people say my name and they be like Now, what is
that?
Keep me running, keep me spinning and I'll be alright
I'll be the third element up in here tonight Who am I? See, I'm hiding in your backpack
You tear my tip off, replace it with a fat cap
I'm 12 oz. of steel concealed in a knapsack
Ya pull me out, ya shake me up and then attack that Wall or train while ya steady throwing up your name
Leaving these end to end burners, ya getting ghetto fame
Now, me and my brothers, ya know we come in many colors
Steady beautifying the walls of a ghetto culture Toys and suckers, now, you know they getting dissed quick
I'm going all city, all up in ya district
Ya hold me with control, so I never drip thick
I'm tagging up ya spot, nobody misses it See, I'm the brush to a modern day type Di Vinci
I'm the new urban renewal for ya block's committee
I've spoken words of the youth of an inner city I'm vandalism but to others I'll be called graffiti
Keep me shaking, keep me spraying and I'll be alright
I be the fourth element up in here tonight Who am I? See, I'm the God that you don't know about
I gave you breath up in your lungs that you can't go without
See you know the facts of my story you been told about
I'm always reaching out for you but you just keep on holding out I know your doubts, I know you're thinking
that I ain't real
See, I know you forgot about me when you got ya last record deal
See, I know the way you feel, I walked the earth just like you
And like a child up in his Father's arms, I long to hide you Many times, I invite you while standing here right
besides you
But you walk right past, you ignore my hands here given to guide you
I gave you gifts, I gave you talents that you just used to gain your wealth
But you took my gifts and talents only for you, just to glorify yourself I was beaten and bruised, crushed, now,
for your iniquity
Stripped naked, I was spit upon just for you to live eternally
Yet you blaspheme me, you make moves without asking me Then you blame me for your troubles and
calamities, you kidding me?
Keep me first, keep me in your life and it's gonna be alright
See, I'm Jesus Christ, the 5th Element, up in, here tonight

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