

# Kj-52, 5th Element

Who am I? The one that gets laced tight  
The one you wear, hit a flare on the same night  
That you hit an uprock, 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 emcees fiending 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'ma feedback and  
I'm used for rapping, every now and the used for passng  
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 whie 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? Se 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 DiVinci  
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 allright  
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 allright  
See I'm Jesus Christ, the Fifth Element up in here tonight