

# Kj-52, Say What You Want

First off tell me what's your name dude who are you  
Man I'm you I'm KJ Five Number 2 man  
How can that be man you aint me man  
I'm 52 what are you KJ Five Three man?  
Nah see I'm the rapper that yo u used to be  
Before you sold out and started rapping so pathetically  
I came from the past to battle me?  
That's right because you forget what means to be an emcee  
Oh I get it cause I'm popular now  
And I got a dove award I forgot the underground  
You think I forgot how to throw it down  
And I can't hold my own that's what your saying to me now?  
Yeah that's right and what I'm saying is  
You're a biter you write your songs for youth group kids  
Dear slim a gimmick everybody's knowing this  
Oh you think so we can find out about this

You can say what you want yep  
But I really don't care I really don't care

First of all fools like you get devoured  
You aint wack you like wack to the 7th power  
I'm a go ahead and expose all ya gimmicks  
And leave ya blown out like a tire with a hole in it  
You don't get it battling me that's risky  
Your last CD was wack but it made a nice Frisbee  
You can't be expect now not to get exposed  
When your style's such a copy I could pick it up at Kinkos  
How you gonna run up in the place  
When your eyebrows look like they exploded off your face  
Knowing your rock the pair of same socks for 3 days  
Dude is so white he probably bleeds mayonnaise  
I'm sorry don't get all mad  
Cause your teeth look like you just brush em with a brillo pad  
Don't be sad that's not what I mean

I mean it smells like an animal went and died between ya teeth but..

I'm all up in your atmosphere  
and I'm blowing out your mind like sticking dynamite in your ear  
Yeah don't even try to step  
When the rhymes are so tight you could use them for spandex  
you should know when to quit  
cause I aint feeling you like I chopped off my fingertips  
see I aint even bluffing  
I could take you without saying ....  
how you gonna get all up on it  
When your forehead so big I could write my next song on it  
I didn't mean it dog gone it  
I meant the junk is so big I could pull out a paintbrush and draw on it  
Don't be looking at me strange  
When your hair is so greasy I think it needs an oil change  
Fo sheezy I'm the real 52  
Welcome to the city of wackness population only you

You gonna have to shut your mouth  
So you can finally see what the kj is all about  
Yeah no doubt I'll be the first to admit it  
That since I started now a days I rap a lot different  
But c'mon man you got to be kidding  
I cant stay the exact same way now be realistic  
Music evolves that's being artistic  
There's just one thing that stays consistent

Its just Jesus first in every single lyric  
Hopefully that's apparent I care less if ya feel it  
Label what I do as nothing more than gimmicks  
In fact label me a sell out in fact I agree with it  
Sold out to Christ sold out my life  
Plus I sold out the show I did last night  
And if I sold out to doing God's plan  
And that makes me a sell out that's what I am then