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