

Akbar "5Th Element"

Visit "[5Th Element](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We got all the elements comin together on this track
right here

Earth

Water

Fire

Wind

[VERSE 1]

I peeped your whole style, low profile
I know now why these rappers act so wild
They lack discipline, hardheads ain't listenin
The gods said drop em a line like a fisherman
My only rule of thumb is to school the dumb
Deaf and blind, cause some got left behind
You gotta crawl before you can walk
Look before you leap and on these streets always think
before you talk
And if the shoe fits wear it
If you got some new shit let me hear it
If it's wack, that's a demerit
Points deducted, meaning you can't fuck with
Me, the crew or none of my peoples who I grew up with
Me and my niggas we go back like triggers
Since real we deal with actual facts and figures
Like 1 plus 1 makes 2
You can make that money but don't act funny and let
that money make you
I tell you straight up and down
Before you put on your big red puppet nose and start to
clown
I can splurge ya fast, merge ya past
Be kind and gentle or hurt your ass
Now I'ma give it to ya however you want
One rhyme'll hit your set and wet your ally front
But don't front, you know I got just what you want
It's forth and down, now should I run and kick the punt?
Throw me the bomb, I'm goin deep
Open your ears and close your eyes but don't sleep

[VERSE 2]

My name is often mispronounced
I'm simply known as the man who came make your

system bounce
Feed me clips, then read my lips
My think thank's a data bank that spits computer chips
The spot-blower, pull out the flame thrower

Perform live, survive the storm like Noah
For all partygoers and rap fans alike
Who pack stands, don't let me get my hands on the mic
Cause ain't no tellin what I might do
See, I'm not like you, how does that strike you?
You beat us? Oh, you funny
My click forever stick together like new money
My joint kicks like '86
The mic and two wheels of steel, just the basics
Feels like I'm Uptown, 136
Take me back home, give me heels three clicks
See, I been doin this for more than a couple of years
So come into my house, let me take you up the stairs
Into my work den where I keep my drafting pen
I drop hip-hop, we open shop after 10
Wanna be an MC, gotta come to shop
Learn the trade and then get paid to rock
But if it ain't broke, don't fix it
If it ain't dope, remix it
If the MC's wack, tell him step back and let me kick this
Watch the show, chill, I got this
When I rock this the crowd's hostage
I drop gems while your stones are semi-precious
None can compare to the glare of my raw essence
I shine while you lackluster the track muster
Saved ya cause you'se a wack buster, we black hustlers
Breakin bread at the roundtable
Catch wreck when we connect mics and sound cables
We sat down to devise a scheme
And formed a double team to bubble more cream than
the Jolly Green
Forever I'm a vandal, too hot to handle
Still hangin out like toes in a sandal
I'll never forsake the funk or fake the vibe
I'll never take a dive, never take a bribe
I won't play the backseat or accept a wack beat
You can check my rap sheet, my mics attract heat

Visit [Akbar](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.