

Katie Newton

"The Essence"

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Mc's "yes yes y'all"
Dj's (scratch)
Writers (spraycans shaking)
B-boys make some noise

Dj scratches

"You may be asking yourself, how can your record
teach me?"

"The essence"

"Let me tell you, that this moment, right now,
can be the turning point in your life"

How many, stories must be told
Before the people know
It ain't enough we owe
Plus makin' speakers blow
Bass out
To turn the whole place out
Kicks and snares, dance around the track
That's laced how it should be
Could we, take you on a tour
To a place you probably never seen before
I mean it's more to me then poor
Brothers cursin', over beats at another person, more!
Then using our clothes to clean the floor, much more
Then vadalisin' a wall, though it may seem to y'all
It's all worthless
I testify with pride and provides a purpose
And outlet for the youth to express
Whatever they feel, is the truth
Now let's see it's me Yeshua da Po, with Dynamic
Syncopation
Dropping you an invitation
"You are cordially invited to experience a natural
phenomenon
the party's on and will end well, who knows,
dressed to impress doesn't mean new clothes"
(styles, styles)
Styles, man it's all it comes down to
You fine as ill, combined with skill your bound to
When cats with nothing but that surround you

A sound
You never heard throwin' clever words around
To set a turbulent effect, throughout your dark process
Till it calls out next, an all out test
Of strength between, your mind body and soul
You find you can hardly control the rhyme from definin'
your role
And place on this face of this earth
I for one manifest through verse
But first
You gotta step inside, a fly universe (a fly universe)

Mc's "yes yes y'all"
Dj's (scratch)
Writers (spraycans shaking)
B-boys make some noise

It takes the breaks, concepts and skills
To create the great jams cats wait to feel
Some turn fake, and straight make a mill
Others like me, might be broke
But provoke
A real movement, improvement
On this artform, I was one of the few sent
To rock on tracks
Bringin' it to you and yours
In this purest form through raps, caps
Crossfaders perhaps
When breakers could take the time to make a
statement
Fate sent me a sign the first time
I saw a crowd gather Å"round
To see the birth, of this brand new sound

Mc's "now who's down"
Dj's (scratch)
Writers (spraycans shaking)
B-boys make some noise

Mc's "one two, one two"
Dj's (scratch)
Writers (spraycans shaking)
B-boys make some noise

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