

## 69 Boyz F/ 95 South "5th Element"

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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

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