

Outta State

Akinyele

Yeah.. yeah.. everything's real!

I got all my life to live
and I got so much love to give
But I gotta survive, and make papes outta state
I'm ready to make papes outta state, man
I got all my life to live
and I got so much love to give
But I gotta survive, and make papes outta state
I'm ready to make papes outta state

Ak to the Nel to the LE, I'm tryin hard as hell
to pick my future before my future picks me
Twenty-one years of AGE, not with minimum WAGE
Don't ever seem like I'ma get paid rhymin on the STAGE
College, I always dreamt of tryin it; the only problem here
I don't seem to meet financial aid requirements
Locked writin rhymes in the crib -- when would I get out?
Seems like I'm pushin yo a hip-hop bid
At home the vibes don't feel right
My parents keep lookin at me as if I'm some type of parasite
My moms seperated from her spouse
The oldest of two kids, it's my job to play man of the house
That means gettin off my ASS, makin immediate CASH
That broke shit, save it for an orthopedic CAST
I get road maps, learned the interstate
Shit I'm headed out state to make papes; man

I'm ready to get up on a scam trip
The I-95 outta state to make the damn loot flip!
First I need a crackhead with a credit card
So he can head uptown and purchase me a rented car
Just make sure that it's black
And take off the rearview mirrors cause it ain't no lookin back
I'm goin one deep, in the driver's seat
Throwin the vegetarian book cause I'm ready for beef
I got a three-hundred and fifty-seven, faren-degrees-heit
of HEAT, better known as a burner on the STREET
Cool, I got the keys to the CAR
Accelerate on the gas, and have the rubber burn up
on the TAR, I'm out to get money real FAR
I hear my moms voice, "I'm wishin on a star!!"
But I got to go far ma! "But I could wonder where you are!"
On the streets just DELIVERIN, packages
so I can just relax and get some type of LIVIN
Think that it is when it ISN'T
Easy to see a family, suffer from povery, as bein GIVEN
Man, like heck, and when I get back
I'ma rip up them welfare checks
I got a new nine to five mom, so don't wait up late
My job's located outta state

I reached my destiny and my goal
I done flashed right past the dumb-ass highway patrol
If everything goes well I'm in it to win it
I'm tryin to find a hotel so I can rest up for a minute
A round of crackheads gonna show me - neighborhood clowns

fear me up and down cause they really don't know me
But all my hits, I see them scopin out the clip
They wanna get open, I can let shit rip!
Whatever is broke got to be fixed, twenty dimes and nicks
Step into my house made of bricks
My man gave me work, home on credit
You think that I'm comin back? Tch, black he can forget it
Cause I got moves to BAKE, no time to be FAKE
Bad enough gotta watch out for a SNAKE called JAKE
Money nonstop, kept in the hush
At twelve o'clock, I'ma catch, huh, the midnight bus
And watch the dough flow like water
I'm not Taco Bell but hell I'ma make a run for the border
I feel odd, like a extraterrestrial left alone
A calling card number, so I could phone home
to let my people know my mission went great
on my great escape to outta state

Rest in peace to my little brother Donnie Boy
Rest in peace to my man Rakim
Rest in peace to my man, named Understanding
Rest in peace, umm, to Atiba
Rest in peace to my man Wilson from Exena Street
Rest in peace, to all my other peeps
Also rest in peace, to my man T-Bone
You know I ain't forget you
Yeah yeah, and I'm.. and I'm.. and I'm..
and I'm.. and I'm OUT!!