

Mood Music

Akir

[Akir:]

Yeah, uhh
It's yours truly Akir, one of the prizes
Southpaw whattup~!
We takin over this year man
Mood Music, yo, yo

Aiyyo my music for the moodiest sidewalks
I talk ebonics, smoke chronic, and drink {? }
Until I feel bionic off the hydroponic
Some niggaz never mastered phonics foolish states for how they act around us
Some people ask about us, I never try to be somethin that ain't me
Never plan to be Tupac, Biggie or Jay-Z
Even though they lives are amazing
To share they occupation never want the fans all dazed and
If I was shoppin at, Macy's, want to have a wife and babies
Supportin 'em from endeavors that consistantly pay me
Real estate investments and a big Mercedes maybe
Somethin, a little shady, not too Johnny-Come-Lately saved me
As I come in when I breeze you as you can't rotate me
Or a autographed picture of a mixtape ease
Into things only to show and prove for kings of rings
When I get I handle my business live it like a king
So bling bling ain't a thing to be braggin
Niggaz with things steam for a chance at your baggage
Not to be cling cling to a cop that he raggin
Or locked in Sing-Sing for somethin that just happened
I'd rather hold you captive like a pirate ship captain
Plus a nice package so I'm goin ghetto platinum
Niggaz know I'm stackin but I'm passin out ratchets
Tryin to span the classes like elastic with my classics

[Chorus: scratches]

[Mic Geronimo:] "I subdue the microphone and left in in submission"
"I'm on my team, my hustle and my grind you know? "
[Fat Joe:] "Cause I'm a money getter" - Big L, "Enterprisin, advisin"
[Inspectah Deck:] "Set the microphone on fire"
"I subdue the microphone and left in in submission"
"Gassed 'til they witness me, known for my imagery"
"Cause I'm a money getter", "Enterprisin, advisin"
[Royce Da 5'9":] "Leave me in the deck too long, I blow up your box"

[Akir:]

Yo, yo, aiyyo they ask me how I'm doin with the music
Enthused I'm turnin down development deals
It confuse minds, a new find, the kid intoxicatin like moonshine
Cinematic dramatic reactions with my line
Pictures of an eye shot, away from a nine glock
From his sly pops to his son in a pine box
Watch his soul escape out his eyes while the spy rocks
Never saw it comin like I run into your crime spot
Direct reportin live from the block where crime's hot
It is I Ak', here to flow and just love it
You chick jock my dick in public, hit the show uncovered
My music so you dub it, all type of people love it
So my style is hard to f**k with, cousin
Got the street buzzin all type of budget budge in

Not part of my thuggin against the current, gummin
Yo you must be buggin beats bangin 'til your brain gets bludgeoned
It's nothin, write until my fingertips sunk in
Seven years in the makin don't fake all of a sudden
Got my niggaz in the back if you just see me frontin
Still humpin like an X-rated old time function

[Chorus: with ad libs]

[Akir:]

First things first, I never try to be like Nas
See I'm my own man, respect to that nigga though pah
It's the same thing they used to do to him and Ra'
Take it as a compliment and nod as I hit the top
Thinkin I would stop like the blinkin lights on the top
Of a cop car, undercover brother, son of a bad mother-
-f**ker hittin the curbs, utter these words
Ridiculous, for my chicks, in the thick of it
Niggaz in the sticks and shit, convicts on they long shifts
In a tight predicament, kids takin bong hits
Typin on the internet, entertainment introspect
A little pain while bangin sex, is the closest I can get
To describin into vibe of this, while I'm scribin hits
I think about those survivin in these wild environments
Perspirin, tired still hopin that they hirin
How can I get mad at niggaz bootleg piratin?
But if you like it and you find it again, bring a friend
And make amends when y'all niggaz both drop ten
Why pretend like I'm on when I ain't I still hustle for cash money
Family's gas money in the tank, while I
Shit, prices are high, off of seven-two
Pretend you and your man got five, whattup pop?
You gon' buy? Shit cause here comes 5, I gotta dodge
Tryin to eat and stay alive, I'm tryin to deal with these fines

[Chorus x2: with ad libs]