Rites Of Passage

Akir

[Intro:]
Oh shit yo, this block party is def
Yo they got honeys, they breakin, they deejayin
Yo, yo they even freestylin
Yo Akir, yo c'mon, yo get 'em!

[Akir:]
Well sometimes I rhyme slow, sometimes I rhyme quick
Jumpsuits and fly kicks, Kangols with dope knits
And of course, the freshest chick to complete, my outfit
Cops be buggin out, so we split after we spit our hottest shit
My rhyme of reason cause a conflict
Shorties catch attention with a blow-
pop lick, and turn they bop with a twist
Flick and throw the stick, havin me stiff
I gotta get but scared to use it cause my parents still riff
Music tradition, took knowledge, it cause friction in my livin
Black, diction on a GT's throwin life too easy
Front on my bike, like a CB, quarter waters
And the folks doin 'ports what my first dude bought
Game is a sport, Dominican, handball courts
Hold a jiggy in my Jordan cause my day's too short
Steady, holdin our fort, Washington, New York
And all my visits is short, I still need the support

[Chorus: Akir]
Aiyyo hip-hop, yo it runs in my veins
Until the day my words no longer convey
To the day my CD no longer plays, the crowd'll still be amazed
Even then my name still gon' reign, yo
Aiyyo hip-hop, yo it runs in my veins
Until the day the music drives me insane
To the day they drop me into the grave, the crowd'll still be amazed
Even then my name still gon' reign...

[beat changes]

[two men whispering to each other and spray-painting for 21 seconds]

[Akir:]
Yo, yo, he take a swig of raw Remy, creative juice loose
Street smart, apple-shaped heart, Timberland boots
Greg beat boost, chronic induced
While my larynx short fuse, antagonize by a limited juice
Tippin the ladders, bottle full throttle, time's gettin monotonous
Through New York metropolis, runnin through chic populars
Tired of makin sense/cents while my dollars don't work
Broke but rock riches religiously, horses on shirts
Catchin feelings for this rap shit, every song hurts
Connectin pieces of the puzzle in the struggle I learnt
Everyone that I found, one either drowned or burnt
Addicted to chicks, friction, herbals and tables that turned
What is the sound of underground without, people around
What is New York without, Uptown holdin it down
I'm doin shows for no dough, reside beyond no do's
And those are the flows with no way to expose it though

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Akir talking to a club bouncer]
Yeah, see it's bad from the startin (you can't cut up in here)
Yo, I'm on the guest list (what's your name?)
A.K.I.R. (you ain't on the list fam)
Fuck is you talkin 'bout yo?
(You ain't on the f**kin list, get to the back of the line man!)
Nigga it's my motherf**kin party!
(I'll knock you little niggaz the f**k out!)

[beat changes again]

[Akir:]
Father Time is passin me by, the illegitimate child
Masterpiece in music is torn, shout as a thug's wild
Playas threw a wet one in, fillin heavens in the Benz
And in my measurement, been on time to find the rest of it
Shit ain't the same, life's no longer a game
Uncle Penny-Bags rock through rags and platinum chains
The clique name I boast up, taggin up, on a poster
Owing these, smokin trees while we post up
A young buck feelin old as f**k
Steady laughin at the world, passin the buck, still we stuck
Sleep now, or forever die restless
I fence with a number 2 pencil and indent kids

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