

Black Hell Breaks Loose

Akrobatik

(Peep game), it's that brother known to get the party live
(Peep frame), 6 foot 1, 245
(Peep the name), Akro, turn your rap show to shrapnel
And send your ass back to your Advil gel capsules
Been had ill raps bro, they hood influenced (uh)
+Black Dialogue,+ try me dog, I'm good and fluent
I'm from the land of the hoods and truants
Call me a diamond in the rough
Not your bounty boy, rhymin in the buff
Shinin in the toughest visibility
A dark vicinity, skills (skills) have reached a vinity, like the holy trinity
Y'all fittin to be the next recipients of that gritty shit
That witty city shit, that if you sleep on you an idiot
Silly with spittin consonants and rhymin vowels (uh)
And roll with a chick that pop shit to Simon Cowell
Prefer backwoods to white owls
Rip tracks in your hood on the night prowl
Show your white towel, for surrender
You could never be a contender
Big Ak holds the belt, when I go for self (uh)
And I keep it on a shelf next to seven MC's skulls
So throw your hands up now and represent people (what?)

[Verse 2 - Willie Evans Jr.]

(Peep game), Willie Evans Jr., what up dummy?
(Peep frame), 210 pounds, kinda chunky
(Peep the name), The AB's, but hey we save these
beats on a Ziploc, to rock fools with the (FUNKY)
A lot of niggaz with nail brains get hammered in my woods
Cause I'm good with them words, the rhymer of the words, heard me (uh)
I should have told 'em not to ride the green horse
Now they fiend of course, froze they cold, whole crew is sherbet (uh huh)
Bouncin heavy with a brick
Niggaz say they ready but they rockin teddies, all excited tryna bite slick
Might thicken your gums, then again you fuckin bums
Fight for radio bans and promote that shit for income (uh huh)
Hold it like I flop quads and short stack (short stack)
And drop odd lyrics, shorts rhymin on horseback
For real though it's Boca time (ha ha), that's word to Ak
Listen yo, I'm serious, these cats crackin like cold bass, uh
It's facts like the industry is what it is and I'm "what it do," without the
metal mouth
Welcome to the southeast, at least
You ain't gotta be a Bush about it man
You can hear that your ass whack from everybody, DAMN!

[Verse 3 - Therapy]

(Peep game), Therapy, I got next, the triple threat
(Peep frame), yeah best, I'm 'bout a buck sixty wet
(Peep the name), the +Brothers Alias,+ break is death
When I double up, decks take a breath
I uppercut cassettes, while you pump it up, step
I asthma attack a task scan
Unfamiliar masked man, kill you in the black lands
Steal 'em with the backhand (whack), it separates the jaw piece
Spit then split mic wires, electrocute your audience

Your DJ's a bastard and I custom built his casket
Dose your promo, acid, gas, liquid and toss matchsticks
Hazardous fire to leave you hangin chain Lazarus
Kindly remind you no one checkin here for that shit
The A in Ak split, the rhythm like a bad marriage
is to be, funky accident, I perplex your practices
You see through, I'm 'ceitful
Bump you up and braille read you
You land a single blow, I will bow beneath your feet duke
The one and only, outrageous, Phil Baroni
Out the Yukon'll you, you phony and I'm on to you
I'm gold Regal, I peeped you and I stole your tables
Hit you with the jump cables and made your mouth's long as navels (OH!)

[Outro - Cuts by Therapy]

"Now, now that's the way that it goes"

"Huh, b-b-b-b, Whoa"

"Ba-ba, yo"

"Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-back in the whip"

"Uh, rhyt-rhyt-rhythm, rhyt-rhyt-rhyt-rhyt-rhythm of this shit"

"Hip-hip-hip-hip hop"

"To, to, to get you back, back, back in the whip"

"Rhyt-rhyt-rhyt-rhyt-rhythm"

"Rhythm-rhyt-rhyt-rhythm"

"HUH, rhyt-rhyt-rhythm, rhyt-rhyt-rhythm of this shit"

"Gotta be live"

"Hip-hop-hip-hip-hip-hip-hip-hip-hip-hip-hip hop"

"HUH!"