

Front Steps

Akrobatik

Yeah, hot summer morning
Summer but, ain't summer vacation yet
What them shorties doin on the block still?
Psst, 93 degrees
I ain't chilled on my front steps in a minute
Let me kick it

Yo, I travel round the world doin shows and such
But no matter where I go, you know I'm never losin touch
with home base, that's where I rest my head
Sometimes I be in Paradise and yearn for home instead
And this morning I'm here chillin right on my front steps
And I'm watchin all the shorties tryin to flex they reps
Like I got the hottest bike and I got the newest kicks
And it's cool 'til you throw some crime up in the mix
I'm been tellin little Corey even since he was six
Just cause your mom's a chickenhead, don't get caught up with these tricks
Now he's only thirteen and he's caught in a fix
Quittin school and findin work to raise a seed in the bricks (damn)
But I gotta believe he'll be aight
Cause he's young and down to work and plus his family's tight
Aiiyo there go my niggaz from (AH!), here come my niggaz from (YO!)
Get over here while I twist this dro
Yeah ma, we see ya shakin your head, don't get it twisted
We all got jobs but right now we gettin lifted
To build on the stress of the world (yo Kev match this)
Tryin to tell the shorties these ghetto survival tactics
But look at you with your stetch pants shakin that ass
But soon as one of us step up to you, you startin actin gassed
Like baby girl be cheddar or baby girl is out
That's exactly what the fuck we right here talkin about

- 2X

Whether you on the dance floor shakin your hips
Or your coolin on your steps makin beats with your lips
Or even at the car wash shinin up the whip
Turn this shit up, see that Mr. Akrobatik rips

Yeah, morning turns to afternoon around my spot
You don't have to search for proof to see it's "Ghetto Red Hot"
Cats know they should be in school, but still they not
Instead they learn that crime is only crime if you get caught
It would be better if there was a pops around
To say ignore them dirty looks instead of "pop the clown"
But right across the street you could see Big Kent
No job, loungin on the fire escape bent
Don't support his kids and his girl pay his rent
If his seeds turn foul, it's not by accident
Old men always diggin in my trash for cans
Can't help but tell myself it's cause they lacked a plan
Makes me thank God that I got a crew that's tight
That even when we fight, don't lose sight of what is right
Night's right around the corner, my niggaz is about to go
But for now we just coolin outside puffin some dro

Yo, night strikes, the temperature drops
Everybody's more on they toes, crooks and cops (*police sirens*)

Off in the distance is sirens and light flashes
I contemplate what's goin on, while makin blunt ashes
I'm think to myself like 'HEY!'
It's been a minute since I sat on the steps all day
Hopin to hear somebody drive by bumpin Ak
But my people all confused by the commercial attack
Yo, one day I'll move from the city I love
But no matter when I rest the Bean I'm always thinkin of
Prayin that the black folk get it together
Unity, financial stability, whatever
Cause all I really see when I'm on my front steps
Is the possibility a whole generation slept
While I'm here I'll do my best to reverse that flow
But for now I'm just coolin right here puffin some dro

Yeah