

Rekless Abandon

Akrobatik

Grrr, Grrr
I'm rattling this cage - rattling it
C'mon
It's A to the K all day
With my homies from around my way

[Akrobatik]

Ak's not the brother you want to f*ck with
The type of cat you need a turbo U-Haul truck to hit
The dreaded linebacker frame's back in the game
With a loaded clip of lyric slugs I'm packin' for lames
Everybody dressin', rappin', lookin', actin' the same
Inspect as I inject the real back in your veins
Adversaries' capillaries bust - they allergic
To the word perfect wordsmith with the absurd gift
To move the herd swift away from the wolves in sheep's clothing
I do it with this mic I keep holding
Ak spits fire, feel the heat scalding
And live in fear of the career I keep molding
Like ceramic sculptures, goddammit vultures
Swooping in to manhandle my culture
But f*ck that, I give the game CPR
Carefully planned rhymes circulating through its lifelines
You're busted like a BP pipeline
If you think you can f*ck with my new CDs tight lines
I'm not just another nigga with a gripe I'm
Experienced, vintage, high percentage shots
Point blank range on the beat
You're mad, 'cuz my joints make change on the streets
Check the archive, my catalogue dates back to analogue
Feeling like the champ right now - raise the banner, dawg
When I'm finished, put my jersey in the rafters
AK-47 musical massacres
I shine like a beautiful Acura
Better yet, I shine like beautiful Africa
I wanna burn an L with Mandela
So he can say 'Ak, you're an intelligent black man, fella'
I'll tell him 'sir, I'm not worthy'
Then I'll rip a show in Johannesburg absurdly
Give Akro the World Cup
Because I kick that shit that makes you rappers all curl up
Into the fetal position - like fiends
But no cookin', no needle, just listen
You thought you was the shit but you were really just pissin'
Everybody off, because your flow was batty soft
The rhyme shotty made 'em carry all the bodies off
The flow's murder, your career - no further
Ransacked - y'all niggas is Tampax
Summer's Eve douchebag niggas with nan stacks
I'll end it off sayin' peace to my man Smacks

Eddie Jackson - wish I could bring my man back
This is Ak - 1,2
Now what the f*ck you gonna do

Yeah

[Reks]

Such a Star studded lineup, the booth light up
The truth writer sight of cyclops fire
I a sire won't retire like run vocal spitting like Pun, Kool G, uzi on a loose leaf
More Kool Keith than Chief Keef
East beast bars beat what more you want geez
This epic on a record mass most respected lyric weapons
Giving lessons on sentence stretching sit and recognize the wreckage
Etch a sketch spit scribble you out it is about time I rap with Ak
Slap wack cats silly this is very legendary for the city
You miss it its a pity pinching pennies penciling witty commentary
Way before i knew to middle finger Tom and Jerry
I was buried in the five star college ruled parallel lines
Running laps around obstacle courses trying to get that flow flawless
Said f*ck the law amidst the lawless
Thinking deeper ala barbers overhead bobbing in the mirror
Momma said to go to bed shoulder shrug to them older heads

[Chilla Jones]

Y'all rappers been hermaphrodites
Since Joe was slapping Mike for not keeping his afro tight
Me and Akro write sharp as an Exacto Knife
Don't even act, you ain't trying to re-enact no fight (nah)
Cats don't like the fact Jones write
I don't gotta rap like I move packs of Snow White (never)
You mad 'cause you been wack your whole life
Well, your style gotta be more current so get your flow right
Your biggest feat, for me, would be a lowlight
I got a holy feel with the mic, but don't bite
Yipes - I'm back in a zone
I don't care about a crown, I don't rap for a throne
I don't gotta boast, mostly the stature is grown
And you don't gotta say shit when your status is known
I ain't the one to match with to match wits
Sound like I'm stuttering, right?
But I'm sick when I rap, it's a tumor cats get
They gonna die, whether tomb or casket
You three deep? Ak, gimme two more caskets
I reign supreme no matter who forecasts it
Jones