

# Too Chill

Akrobatik

Ha, uh, uh, yeah, uh

No need to overexert

I just cool out and let my vocals and the beat do the work

Yo, the rhyme wizard (who?), payin suckers a visit

I'm about to stack bank (what?), like the '78 Blizzard

Mad rappers come off flat like snow shoes

They need to fix their shit with Cool Edit or Pro Tools

I bring it effortless and your posse of niggaz hate it

But I'm chiller than Martini & Rossi refrigerated

When I flow raps (what?), I'm comin off the top like Sno-Caps

And then I toss writtens, to leave you frostbitten

You'll search for ice packs like you was hit by Tyson

I'm the first nigga to bring rap from Boston to Iceland

What I throw y'all, hits harder than snowballs

With rocks hidden in 'em (hidden in 'em), lyrical hypnotism (hypnotism)

Will put you in a trance, so MC's don't have a chance (have a chance)

I bowl 'em over like a Colorado Avalanche

I leave 'em coughin and wheezin

As if them cats was left ass naked in climates below freezin (freezin)

So what you enter my center for?

I storm hard like Cappadonna's verse on +Winter Warz+

Forty below, storm trooper to face ya

Control crowds (control crowds), that's harder to move than glaciers (glaciers)

You know the steez of the nicest beat rocker (rocker)

I freeze your beef like a meat locker son, I'm too chill

- w/ ad libs and scratches

"Too chill, too chill, too chill, too chill"

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"Sub-

zero degrees can't freeze the cool breeze" - Butterfly of Digable Planets

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Your teeth chatter, when I spit my data

But it freezes before it reaches ya, hits the ground and shatters

You shakin from the fear or the hypothermia?

Expose you to my elements, delirious it's turnin ya

Lyrical cryogenics will leave your bones numb (numb)

And it entertains the people, so the people goin to come

To see my light that ass up like the Winter Festival

Flow so cold that many think I'm kin to Eskimos (no doubt)

Plus my breeze is ever flowin

Hit you with a flurry, even in places it's never snowin

And other rappers hatin on somethin that's this nice (this nice)

It's only 'cause they skatin on thin ice (thin ice)

But when they fall through (through), I still drop joints on all you (all you)

Loungin the crowd with a cold, tall brew (cold, tall brew)

Enter in my turf, you rather go to Siberia

You be shittin on yourself like you had diphtheria

I'm chillin in the freezer in your dorm cafeteria

So run and cop that Akro material (material, 'terial)

I'm +Cold As Ice+ like M.O.P.  
+A Kid In The Ghetto+ like Ed O.G.  
Knockin immature MC's from tricycles  
Hittin 'em with darts that's sharp as icicles  
Yo, does Akrobatik burn? No question (question)  
But sometimes you gots to chill and now I'm takin that suggestion

- w/ ad libs and scratches

"Too chill, too chill, too chill, too chill"