

Akrobatik, A To The K

feat.B-Real

[Intro - Akrobatik - talking]

("In the cityyyy, well there"")

Uh, yeah, yeah (yeah)

What up y'all?

Yeah

Back in effect

One, two, one two

Yep

Uh, let's do it

Yo, front row

What's up, what's up (uh, what up)

Yeah, back row, what's up

What's my name y'all (yeah)

Akro

[Verse 1 - Akrobatik]

Just when they said it couldn't be done, I am back (uh)

Witness the reappearance of your radio interference (um)

I've been given clearance to smash the airwaves

of these program directors and all of their slaves

I'm sendin 'em to their graves (uh)

My indie hustle got too much muscle for them to even try an' tussle

As we struggle through the jungle I'm pullin you out the rubble

I'm trouble with the lyricals, somethin like Je-sus with the miracles

I can't turn water into wine

But I can drop a hard rhyme that's slaughterin your spine (huh)

Calm under pressure like Tom Brady, 4th and 10, runnin short of time (huh)

My skills are borderline insane

Follow them and flatline your brain (brain)

So just bounce to the beat bitch (bitch)

Peep this unique shit (uh)

Ak murder jams and it ain't no secret

Yes, uh

They call me

(Akrobatik) - w/ ad libs

A to the motherfuckin K homeboy

A to the motherfuckin K (A TO THE K!)

A to the motherfuckin K homeboy

A to the motherfuckin K (A TO THE K!)

A to the motherfuckin K homeboy

A to the motherfuckin K

Uh, yeah, yeah, uh, yeah, yo

Not the gun, but the MC son

[Verse 2 - Akrobatik]

If there is your introduction, then where the fuck you been?

It's been years since my records first started to spin

I'm from the era where you had to work your hardest to win

A lot of records drop, you never heard the artist again

But in my heart is the desire to win

I'm on fire again

Ignire the mic and let it strike my opponents

Blazin through your stereo component from the moment that you press play

It's feelin like the start of your best day

Shit is hella dope, that's what my heads our West say

Hey, ask my homey B-Real from the Hill

Ak got skills plus somethin you can feel

I got pop appeal but I keep it concealed

Like an automatic weapon, but that's not what I'm reppin

I'm reppin no half steppin, that's the lesson

The new era begins now, no more stressin

Let's go (yeah)

Back home they call me

- w/ ad libs

What, yeah, yo

Not the gun, but the MC son