Akala, Shakespeare

Nigger listen, when I spit on the riddem, I kill 'em
Raw like the Ball of Brazilians
You don't want war, 'cos the kids brilliant
Blood, I'm the heir to the throne
Not William, Akala, smart as King Arthur
Darker, harder, faster
Rasclaat, I kick the illest shit
It's like Shakespeare with a nigger twist
Lyricist, I'm the best on the road
Nitro flow, oh so cold, I'ma blow yo
Keep the hoes, I only want dough homes
Nobody close, I'm alone in my own zone
No no love for the po-po
Loco when I rock mics solo
I hope that you know, where you don't go there
Want it with Bolo? Must be coco
It's William back from the dead
But I rap bout gats and I'm black instead
It's Shakespeare, reincarnated
Except I spit flows and strip hoes naked
No fakin'-test my blood bruv
Its William, back as a tug 'cuz
So real the shit I kick now
Plus I don't rite, I recite my shit now
Straight from the top, expert timin'
On top of that now, the whole things rhymin'
No more tights, now jeans saggin'
If I say so myself, I'm much more handsome
Don't ever compare me to rappers
I'm so quick-witted that I split em like fractions
My shit, I tell em like this
It's like Shakespeare with a nigger twist
I get you pumped up
Feelin' like you drunk, drunk
When my beats bump, bump
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts blood, now
All the shit I kick, so crazy
There ain't no ifs and maybe's
Spit poetry so shady
For lords on road and my hood ladies
Pumped up, feelin' like you drunk drunk
When my beats bump bump
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts blood, now
All the shit I kick, so crazy
There ain't no ifs and maybe's
Spit poetry so shady
For lords on road and my hood ladies
I'm similar to William but a little different
I do it for kids that's illiterate, not Elizabeth
Stuck on the road, faces screwed up
Feel like the world spat 'em out and they chewed up
It's a matrix, I try and explain it
But on a real thoe still ready blaze 'em
No contradiction just face it
They so enslaved, they are worse than a agent
I grace stages, sharp as razors
Don't get cut 'cuz, keep ya distance
No artillery, tryna' be militant
Y'all dudes killin' me, think that ya killin' it
It's embarrassing watchin' you babblin'
Keep spittin' ya darts, mine is javelins
The hood Tiger Woods too milly
Number 1 for so long, it's just getting silly
Shit kinda like Bruce wit da knuckles

Like the first time ya ever saw Ali shuffle
You don't trouble, left layin' in a puddle
Bruv you are havin' a bubble
I'ma whole different kettle of fish
Thou shall not fuck with dis
My shit, I tell 'em like this
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For lords on road and my hood ladies
To be fair, no MC close to the man
Little just come youth's jumpin' out of they pram
Everybody badman, behind a mic stand
It's not creative, one bag of hype
And if you buss a ting, where's the mash?
Move so much food? Where's the cats?
These dudes ain't real, they just rap
I don't spit what I don't know
Just the facts, no talks of rocks I ain't sold
Shots I ain't blown, my business ridiculous
Sick with it, quick witted
Companies head to head an liquidate it
Welcome to illa state, meet ya fate mate
Talk truth but we don't play games
Move sick, look sample techno
Never pull a ting, if it ain't gonna let go
That's that, rap track, clap ya like a black gat
Back chat, crack back
I'm the nigger, that's that
The rest of these kids is irrelevant
Don't compare me to him
That's just beggin' it, I'm on my own shit
Dicks ain't spit, it's no democracy, dictatorship
So dicks hate my shit, I'm sick, raise ya spliff
I'm swift, blaze em quick, my hits, major shit
I flip phrases quick, my sick razor shit
Give thick grazes quick and chicks say he's Cris
It's not a rumor that kid Akala
No, not Ackala, beg ya pardon
Don't get it twisted
Your on the sideline like a mistress
I'm the whizz kid with the sick shit
My shit, I tell 'em like this
It's like Shakespeare with a nigger twist