

# Akinyele, Messin' With My Cru

Messing with my cru  
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We will kill you  
We will kill you  
You don't have a fucking clue  
(Clue)  
What we came to do  
What we came to do  
You don't have a fucking clue  
What we came to do  
What we came to do  
Ha, I roll on your doo like bamboo  
Man listen, Aknel stay in condition like shampoo  
There ain't a man who can handle  
Once I back slap you or clap you  
Bullets in your skin like a tatoo  
Now back to reality, you ain't as bad as me  
I get down for my clan till they call me your majesty  
Nigga fat as me still fuck with strategy  
My dick stuck way up where her blatter be  
But that don't matter see, I'll serve your ass like Andre Agassi  
Fuck tennis, you dealing with a straight menace  
Wailing on your ass like Venice  
Well uh, got it sewn like a tailor  
Float like a sailor, truck like a trailor  
Scope with the [Incomprehensible]  
All the above I've done the like Australia  
Straight bailing you out, one call from jail  
Aiming you out like Master P, that's what we be a about  
I got ammunition for those dissing  
This ain't R&B, that's why I'm skipping all that rip shit  
I land one with the hand gun  
You could go ask Charles and he'll tell you  
I'm the motherfucking man, son  
My gun had bust many mans, watch many mans  
Get swept the fuck off, there feet like dust pans  
You get touched, man, messing with us man  
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Ha, I'm untouchable like Elliot Ness  
My foot will lay you down to rest  
And bless you with that Russell Simmons saint  
And say thanks for coming out and God bless  
Bow, fuck that bullet proof vest  
I got hollow pistol leave you with the bullet infested in the chest  
It's the Aknel, you know I rock well  
I keep the gun point cocked like fucking barbells  
Who the hell want to touch this veteran  
Murder is the medicine, fine I'll stop the pedaling  
Bullet in your brain leave your head in pain  
On the ground you'll be laying reaching for exceteran ceteran, ceteran  
But fuck that headache 'cuz you headed for a wake  
I threw the gun in the lake, so they don't see me upstate  
Now they don't have a clue and shit  
Around the way I see your name written on the walls

Like rest in peace in you and shit  
Your crew they ain't doing shit  
Your mom's talking about the city had you suing it  
Ha, I got the name Michael inbreded on the mack 11  
They send punk niggas on the highway to heaven  
You want to see God hit you with about seven  
You want to see God hit you with about seven  
Like you shop in Pennsylvania, your blood straight redden  
Get it redden Pennsylvania, you want to shoot a fear one  
I might swing my hands like Macarena  
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