

# Akinyele, Outta State

[Extra P] Yeah.. yeah.. everything's real!

Chorus: Akinyele

I got all my life to live  
and I got so much love to give  
But I gotta survive, and make papes outta state  
I'm ready to make papes outta state, man  
I got all my life to live  
and I got so much love to give  
But I gotta survive, and make papes outta state  
I'm ready to make papes outta state

[Akinyele]

Ak to the Nel to the LE, I'm tryin hard as hell  
to pick my future before my future picks me  
Twenty-one years of AGE, not with minimum WAGE  
Don't ever seem like I'ma get paid rhymin on the STAGE  
College, I always dreamt of tryin it; the only problem here  
I don't seem to meet financial aid requirements  
Locked writin rhymes in the crib -- when would I get out?  
Seems like I'm pushin yo a hip-hop bid  
At home the vibes don't feel right  
My parents keep lookin at me as if I'm some type of parasite  
My moms seperated from her spouse  
The oldest of two kids, it's my job to play man of the house  
That means gettin off my ASS, makin immediate CASH  
That broke shit, save it for an orthopedic CAST  
I get road maps, learned the interstate  
Shit I'm headed out state to make papes; man

Chorus

[Akinyele]

I'm ready to get up on a scam trip  
The I-95 outta state to make the damn loot flip!  
First I need a crackhead with a credit card  
So he can head uptown and purchase me a rented car  
Just make sure that it's black  
And take off the rearview mirrors cause it ain't no lookin back  
I'm goin one deep, in the driver's seat  
Throwin the vegetarian book cause I'm ready for beef  
I got a three-hundred and fifty-seven, faren-degrees-heit  
of HEAT, better known as a burner on the STREET  
Cool, I got the keys to the CAR  
Accelerate on the gas, and have the rubber burn up  
on the TAR, I'm out to get money real FAR  
I hear my moms voice, {singing} "I'm wishin on a star!!"  
But I got to go far ma! {sing} "But I could wonder where you are!"  
On the streets just DELIVERIN, packages  
so I can just relax and get some type of LIVIN  
Think that it is when it ISN'T  
Easy to see a family, suffer from poverly, as bein GIVEN  
Man, like heck, and when I get back  
I'ma rip up them welfare checks  
I got a new nine to five mom, so don't wait up late  
My job's located outta state

Chorus

[Akinyele]

I reached my destiny and my goal  
I done flashed right past the dumb-ass highway patrol  
If everything goes well I'm in it to win it

I'm tryin to find a hotel so I can rest up for a minute  
A round of crackheads gonna show me -- neighborhood clowns  
fear me up and down cause they really don't know me  
But all my hits, I see them scopin out the clip  
They wanna get open, I can let shit rip!  
Whatever is broke got to be fixed, twenty dimes and nicks  
Step into my house made of bricks  
My man gave me work, home on credit  
You think that I'm comin back? Tch, black he can forget it  
Cause I got moves to BAKE, no time to be FAKE  
Bad enough gotta watch out for a SNAKE called JAKE  
Money nonstop, kept in the hush  
At twelve o'clock, I'ma catch, huh, the midnight bus  
And watch the dough flow like water  
I'm not Taco Bell but hell I'ma make a run for the border  
I feel odd, like a extraterrestrial left alone  
A calling card number, so I could phone home  
to let my people know my mission went great  
on my great escape to outta state

Rest in peace to my little brother Donnie Boy  
Rest in peace to my man Rakim  
Rest in peace to my man, named Understanding  
Rest in peace, umm, to Atiba  
Rest in peace to my man Wilson from Exena Street  
Rest in peace, to all my other peeps  
Also rest in peace, to my man T-Bone  
You know I ain't forget you  
Yeah yeah, and I'm.. and I'm.. and I'm..  
and I'm.. and I'm OUT!! \*echoes\*