

Akinyele, The Bomb

It's the bomb, baby
The bomb, baby
With no ifs, no ands, no buts, and no maybes

(Verse 1)

I walk through the projects with stress in my hands
A bad young man from the Lefrack lands
They say I got an attitude, that's rude
Because I walked over Elvis' grave in some blue suede shoes
PUNK, I got some some stuff that'll bust through your pest LUMP
Clearing cells CHUMP, you know the Ak shit BUMP
But every now and then they say (he's wack)
But deep down in your hear you and them dudes from Ridley's don't believe that
Everyone's down with the Ak brother
Every place I go people be like UDDA UDDA, UDDA
Trying to get the slang down pat, using verbs and syllables, shit
But I'll flip the style like half a brick
So give me space like NASA, one deep like a bachelor
I turn shit over like a spatula
You know how it goes by now, word to God
Lyrics are so hard they'll be Kevin Costner's bodyguard
Move over Whitney Houston, I'm not losing
By the way woman, yo, my name's not Susan
It's the Akenyel, I rock well and with more clientel
Then a guy with long caps of crack to sell
I take poetry and start illin' with it
Homicide police be looking for me from the way I be killing and shit
You niggas can't push along, with the Ak song
Because thise shit here's the bomb!

Chorus

(Verse 2)

I catch wreck like an automatic tec
Ripping rhymes as if it was written with Gilletes
Rapping over slamming tracks
My hand's compared to a drug called crack
Because it don't take much to get your ass smacked
So you can save bullshit
Word is bond get your shoehorn
Because I got a style that fit
See Akenyele be cold cuttin' brothers up like a DELI
Keeping my cool like Arthur FONZARELLI
I kick more black ass than Jim KELLY
Down with easy shit, this nigga TELL ME
They give me mines from state to state
And gettin' so much props, my career should be real estate
So now it's time to face up
But if you play your jaw like a sneaker yo it's bound to get laced up
For the MC's that LOST IT
I'll treat your rock rhymes like a frisbee, watch the Ak TOSS IT
Selling out it what ya CAUSED IT
Charlie Angel rapper make like Farah
And get rinsed down the FAUCET
Becasue I'm coming at 'em
So save your devilish tricks for eve if you don't know me from Adam
My lyrics are hotter than summer school
My image, far from an air conditioner beacause I never blow my cool
No thumbs up, nor a COLLAR
I won't scream or HOLLER
I make MC's sit their five DOLLAR ass down
Because all they do is scream and speak in tounges
RAH RAH RAH, but I bust your motherfuckin' lungs

Burning up charts with the rhymes I spark
Cardiology is the word because it comes from the heart
Brain is on steroids, keeping the lyrics strong
Huh, this shit here is called the bomb!

Chorus

(Verse 3)

I keep the mic like glass, because I slash
Thirsty rappers' ass on a Friday night without no hockey mask
I make Jason meet his doom
I hit him with the bass from the room that goes
Ba-do-doom-do-do-DOOM
You can't fuck with it beacauce I'm a little to exquisite
For y'all snake-ass lizards
Check my style right before you freestyle
My style's hostile, Teddy Ted heard it he said "Oooh child"
I'm quick to damage you amatures some of you pros
Know on the downlow that I'll assassinate your character
To think that they can get with this
With all those dreams you fuck around and put Freddy out of business
Becasue I'm a rapper's worst nightmare
Bringing tears for fears, I'm more bad news than the BEARS
Say a lot for success, I won't DARE
I'm not Shadow Stephen so I cease to be just another Hollywood
SQUARE
I rope 'em like a lasso, you'd better dash yo
Don't stand around and be another Dennis Leary asshole
You'll get chopped like vegetables
I leave plenty many hanging like testicles, huh
Doing what I half to
To get room to breathe even if it means knocking out your asthma
This Ak flow ain't no fad
I be smoking niggas like cigarettes because they style is just a fucking
drag
I done blew up the World Trade and Vietnam
Huh, beacuse this shit here is the bomb!

Chorus