# Akbar "No Suckas Allowed"

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(No suckers)

## [VERSE 1]

I leapt over giants beats, did death-defying feats With the underground sound that keep supplyin the streets

The fiends form a line that'll wrap around the block
Pumpin around the clock, I'm always down to rock
Somethin that'll motivate your flock
When I take the floor make sure the gates are locked
That brother Ak put the party in a state of shock
My rhymes stay fresh because I rotate the stock
At least once a day to get 12 months play
I supply the high so you can put your blunts away
Here, take a pull of this and get bent
One hit'll get you open to the fullest extent
110% when I represent

For every step I went this brother left a dent When I break ground with magnificient sounds
Step in the ring, you wanna be king, you get crowned I came down to the planet Earth to give birth
To hip-hop, I did the Wop and the Papa Smurf
The Spank and the Patti Duke

Then Parker Lee hit me with the alley hoop
So I took it to the hole with mic control
Livin in the new school but I like the old
Yo - so - I'm about to go way back
To when my daddy had the sky-blue Caddy with the 8

Bumpin the O'Jays, the Dells and the Bar-Kays
The Body Rock, block party jam in the park days
The penny arcades, hangin out by the pool hall
Used to bop down the block with the box, old school,
y'all

Fellas said 'ho', the ladies screamed 'aw'
But that was then and this is now

## [ CHORUS ]

track

When you came in the party and you saw the crowd You should a read the sign: No Suckas Allowed This jam is for the real rappin fans To put the stomp in your feet and the clap in your

#### hands

The nod in your head and the hump in your back With a uncontrollable urge to jump in the track You know I'm 'bout to come up with somethin fat When I take control can't nothin hold me back

## [VERSE 2]

How could you bop to the beat without feelin the sound That's like walkin down the street and not touchin the ground

That's like takin the bus when you could a took the train Standin up on the curb and got the nerve to complain Don't take the local, catch the express Hip-hop non-stop, I'm 'bout to get fresh To the beat y'all, I got style and finesse A real trooper, I'm still super without the letter S I freak the fly flows, hit the highs and the lows Rip shows and flip foes with my eyes closed And one hand tied behind my back, in fact Hold the mic with the other to show these brothers they wack

Beat concrete down and grains of sand Tearin microphone to strands with my bare hands Spit poems that hit domes and split chromosomes I break bones and bricks and sticks and stones When I bust I kick up dust like cyclones Get in my no-fly zone, don't try this at home

## [ CHORUS ]

## [ VERSE 3 ]

When the party's packed but the MC's wack Got your back to the wall - who do you call? The brother, none other than the Al-, the Almighty supreme, I make your team seem small Allow me to explain the meaning of the name Break it down, make it sound simple and plain It means 'there is none greater', but some can't tell So not only will I say it but I spell it as well It goes A to the k, b, the a, the r My name is Akbar but some say bizarre Thought I wouldn't make it, that I couldn't take it this far Sucker MC's, you know who you are I remember when I wanted to roll with y'all And got treated no better than a hole in the wall All I kept catchin was crazy beef But I always knew I would come out like baby teeth Whoever said I fell off can step the hell off Picture that, pull a trigger back, lick a shell off That's one to your kidney, Sidney

You can throw blows and still never hit me
Or you can get me as a glass of Moët
Blow the set with no sweat, you pose no threat
So jet, step off, stay off, it's a lay-off
Here's your walking papers, take the rest of the day off

[ CHORUS ]

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