

Akrobatik

"The Hand That Rocks the Cradle"

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[Verse 1 - Akrobatik]

The hand that rocks the cradle, is the hand that rocks
the world
And I'm the brother that be rockin all y'all hip hop boys
and girls
My head is full of curls, dreads, twists and naps
Under that's my thinkin cap, full of efficient raps
Yo, I hit you off with 'em, once they're mastered with
perfection
Knock your head up with ideas, that's "Immaculate
Conception"
I roll with a crew that has accurate perception
I 'ent my delegates like the night before election
I don't fiend for attention but I fiend for affection
But if there's no protection, Akro ain't connectin
And that could mean Jim Hats or venue security
But if Akro's on the bill, you gotta make it with purity
And when I say pure, it means you can be sure
Real hip hop is comin out the box real RAW!
I feel for the state of affairs and how it runs
So I blast for my music and for my mind for the fun ...

(*"Fun" - repeated several times*)

[Verse 2 - Akrobatik]

The black action figure with the rap kung fu grip
When Ak's in action nigga, prepare for the 1-2 dip
Dip, dive, socialize and all those good joints
Universal appeal, but my reality gives me hood points
Yo, everything points to your awakening
When Akrobatik comes through and my words start
breakin in
I'm here for hip hop because there's lives at stake
within
I take a slim chance and make it win
And reign victorious, you all know the story is
Ak knows warriors to God, not these studio warriors
Before he was a man, every man was a boy
And if the boy ain't treated properly, then the man can
be destroyed
Before he come out, that's why a lot of niggaz dumb

out

The men before 'em didn't do the job, so now they run

out

No need to pull the gun out, cause slugs ruin parties

I want to grab the real steel and move everybody ...

(*"Body" - repeated several times*)

[Verse 3 - Akrobatik]

Yo, control the elements, every single thing I say is relevant

Droppin gems all over rap, not for the hell of it

I reach for the heavens, triples sixes gets stomped out by triple sevens

Pumped, gets my engine revvin

Without the oils or the natural gases

I bring the facts to the masses to slay their ignorant asses

Never had to bury adversaries under the Earth

Cause they cower to their tombs at the word of my birth

And the womb from which I came is divine

God Bless Pamela Chandler cause she shine

It's because of her that I refuse to be misogynous

Yo, but any foe, male or female, it ain't no dodgin this

On the microphone, my tone feels like a zone that erogenous

Stimulatin beyond your dreams

I'm witty far beyond your schemes

Most Valuab-b-ble Player of this rap All-Star team

Breakin all Richters, once had a scrap with a Boa constrictor

And emerged as the victor

Cause my steez is too deez to squeeze

The metamorphic master of mic monopolies

Dangerous like hotels on boatel properties

And Ak's the judge and jury, so it's time to cop a plea

And I'll continue makin jams to shake your ass to

But promise me that y'all won't let the gems go past you

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