

## Akrobatik

### "Too Chill"

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Ha, uh, uh, yeah, uh [Verse 1 - Akrobatik] No need to overexert I just cool out and let my vocals and the beat do the work Yo, the rhyme wizard (who?), payin suckers a visit I'm about to stack bank (what?), like the '78 Blizzard Mad rappers come off flat like snow shoes They need to fix their shit with Cool Edit or Pro Tools I bring it effortless and your posse of niggaz hate it But I'm chiller than Martini & Rossi refrigerated When I flow raps (what?), I'm comin off the top like Sno-Caps And then I toss writtens, to leave you frostbitten You'll search for ice packs like you was hit by Tyson I'm the first nigga to bring rap from Boston to Iceland What I throw y'all, hits harder than snowballs With rocks hidden in 'em (hidden in 'em), lyrical hypnotism (hypnotism) Will put you in a trance, so MC's don't have a chance (have a chance) I bowl 'em over like a Colorado Avalanche I leave 'em coughin and wheezin As if them cats was left ass naked in climates below freezin (freezin) So what you enter my center for? I storm hard like Cappadonna's verse on +Winter Warz+ Forty below, storm trooper to face ya Control crowds (control crowds), that's harder to move than glaciers (glaciers) You know the steez of the nicest beat rocker (rocker) I freeze your beef like a meat locker son, I'm too chill [Chorus] - w/ ad libs and scratches "Too chill, too chill, too chill, too chill" "Too chill, too chill, too chill, too chill" "Sub-zero degrees can't freeze the cool breeze" - Butterfly of Diggable Planets "Too chill, too chill, too chill, too chill" "Too chill, too chill, too chill, too chill" "Sub-zero degrees can't freeze the cool breeze" - Butterfly of Diggable Planets [Verse 2 - Akrobatik] Your teeth chatter, when I spit my data But it freezes before it reaches ya, hits the ground and shatters You shakin from the fear or the hypothermia? Expose you to my elements, delirious it's turnin ya Lyrical cryogenics will leave your bones numb (numb) And it entertains the people, so the people goin to come To see my light that ass up like the Winter Festival Flow so cold that many think I'm kin to Eskimos (no doubt) Plus my breeze is ever flowin Hit you with a flurry, even in places it's never snowin And other rappers hatin on somethin

that's this nice (this nice) It's only 'cause they skatin on  
thin ice (thin ice) But when they fall through (through), I  
still drop joints on all you (all you) Loungin the crowd  
with a cold, tall brew (cold, tall brew) Enter in my turf,  
you rather go to Siberia You be shittin on yourself like  
you had diphtheria I'm chillin in the freezer in your  
dorm cafeteria So run and cop that Akro material  
(material, 'terial) I'm +Cold As Ice+ like M.O.P. +A Kid  
In The Ghetto+ like Ed O.G. Knockin immature MC's  
from tricycles Hittin 'em with darts that's sharp as  
icicles Yo, does Akrobatik burn? No question (question)  
But sometimes you gots to chill and now I'm takin that  
suggestion [Chorus] - w/ ad libs and scratches "Too  
chill, too chill, too chill, too chill"

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