

Akrobatik

"U Can't Fuck Wit It"

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Challenge my verbal gymnastics
Yo my style, it be up in that ass like verbal sodomy
I gave you a lobotomy and punk you still callin me
So now your crew is takin losses I'm larger than
Colossus
And all y'all niggaz know just who the boss is
It's Akrobatik on a mission
Turnin your day time dreams to nocturnal emissions
(Hit a bomb these tracks the raps of zombie ax ?)
It bring the boom guaranteed to fill the room
With tunes to make you swoon
My extra flavor lasts an extra long time
When I rip the stage with an extra strong rhyme
Now, my rep grows like the nose of Pinocchio
Just because I mastered the art of braggadocio
Bumpin off the next men like X-Men
Even my notebook scared it ran away with my next pen
I'm leavin rappers in the dirt like fools gold
Out of control to rule your soul is my goal now
You can't fuck with the style
And Akrobatik's runnin through these tracks like a four
minute mile
You can't fuck with the style
And every time I touch the microphone I'm prone to get
buck wild
You can't fuck with the style
I'm runnin with the wolves in the town like predators of
the wild
You can't fuck with the style
Maxin with these queens Livin Single just like Overton
and Kyle
Yo, I got a battle hymn for all your asses
While you flowin like molasses I be revokin niggas
ghetto passes
I got a million flames to burn at chya
His style I don't need it I'm even movin quadriplegics
like they furniture
While heads get sprayed like antihistamine
I disinfect this rap shit like Listerine
And mop ya cool like Mr. Clean
Yo, claimin that ya kill something
While you at McDonalds with a mop waitin for me to

spill something
How you whip a battle fresh flippin cattle fles

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