

## Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver

### "Ackrite"

Visit "[Ackrite](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Hittman]

It's fuckin ackrite  
Question is - can I get some? Knahmsayin?  
Ackrite bitch  
When I see you in the spot, you just ackrite,  
youknahmsayin?  
When I yank you by the fuckin perm  
Don't be lookin at a nigga crazy  
Just get with the digits and be the fuck out,  
youknahmsayin?  
Let me break it down for y'all

It was just one of those days  
When I wanted to catch sunrays  
Fun to get blunted on a Sunday, afternoon  
Nigga babe got room, grab the gat for misbehaviors  
And the chocolate faded boom, flossin hip-hop tunes  
Zoom-zoom like the Commodores  
Wonder will we have drama or, end up clownin whores  
Around the full good-to-go girls  
Like them barbicose girls, ridin shotgun, baby  
I be postin all-world in the ride  
Sippin 151 that gave me too much pride to back down  
Soon as we get to the beach I'ma put my fuckin mack  
down  
I'm playin lead, not the background  
It's time to put Bronson on the map now  
Walk with my hand on my Johnson, crack a smile  
Cuties peep my style, if I don't get some ackrite  
I'ma have to ack-wild

Chorus: sung by Hittman

Blunt in my left hand, drink in my right  
Strap by my waistline, cause niggaz don't fight  
Sucker free for life, so you better think twice  
(Aight? And a give a nig' some ackrite)  
I'm the type of nigga playa haters don't like  
Snatchin up your honey for some late night hype  
And snobby-ass bitches get slapped out of spite  
(Aight? So give a nig' some ackrite, right)

[Hittman]

Uhhhhh.. drink kickin in, I'm stimulated  
For those that don't know big words, I'M FUCKIN FADED  
Eighty-three degrees, ease to a shaded spot  
Our first spot was cool til some gangsters made it hot  
Now we plot and pose  
Plus we watchin hoes, with lots of flesh exposed  
Gettin swarmed by those type of niggaz  
With no game but brown-nose  
So I impose only like pros can  
"Yo, is this your man?" "No."  
Grab the bitch's hand, "I'm Hittman."  
Bling! Gold chain gleam  
"You're very eligible for my summer league team."  
Maybe too extreme cause the sister got steamed  
Then Miss Thing tried to scream on my brethern  
I got mad spit flame on the name  
Stefan, tattooed on her arm  
Hoe you ain't the bomb, must be a dyke  
Witcho' lips swoll, and give a nig' some ackrite

Chorus (minus the word "Aight" both times)

[Hittman]

Frontin on the ack-rite, causin me to act up  
Good Samaritan save that hoe from gettin slapped up  
My homies crack up at the scene I made  
Yo my actions ain't serene when a nigga's on fade  
If it wasn't for the one-time brigade  
I woulda sprayed at the hooker tramp  
As cops parade I'm afraid it's time to break camp  
Make tracks, where else can we go to take hoes  
From fake macks {\*CAR HORN\*} aiyyo, chase them  
girls  
In that black Maxima, the passenger, almost fractured  
her  
Neckbone, lookin back at us  
Plus, they on the dick cause the Caddy's plush  
They blush, I bumrush the hush, with the largest crush  
Try to swing an ep tonight so I don't have to keep in  
touch  
Keep it on hush without the tip-in  
Mackin interrupted by some niggaz set-trippin  
Clip in the strap, I showed these niggaz how to act

Chorus

[Snoop Dogg]

Biatch!

I just wanna put my dick on ya shoulder so you can put

it on ya mind later on. Stop that stuff! Take that dick off  
ya shoulder and put it in your mouth! Drink the  
evidence and hide the dick behind ya head! The police  
is comin'! It's Code 10! Put this dick behind ya head!

Visit [Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.