

Jennifer Love Hewitt

"Ackrite"

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[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 ? 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 Barbary Coast girls, riding shotgun, baby
I be postin all-world in The Ra
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

