

Akala**"Comedy Tragedy History"**

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Day boy Akala's a diamond fella
All you little boys are a comedy of errors
You bellow but you fellows get played like
The cello, I'm doing my ting
You're jealous like Othello.
Who you? what you gonna do?
All you little boys get Tamed like the Shrew
You're mid-summer dreamin'
Your tunes aren't appealing
I'm Capulet, you're Montague, I ain't feeling
I am the Julius Caesar hear me
The Merchant Of Venice couldn't sell your CD
As for me, All's Well That Ends Well
Your boy's like Macbeth, you're going to Hell
Measure for Measure, I am the best here
You're Merry Wives of Windsor not King Lear
I don't know about Timon
I know he was in Athens
When I come back like Hamlet you pay for your action

Dat boy Akala, I do it As You Like
You're Much Ado About Nothing
All you do is bite it
I'm too tight, I don't need 12 knights
All you little Tempests get murked on the mic
Of course I'm the one with the force
You're history like Henry IV
I'm fire, things look dire
Better run like Pericles Prince Of Tyre
Off the scale, cold as a Winter's Tale
Titus Andronicus was bound to fail
So will you if Akala get at ya
That's suicide like Anthony & Cleopatra
Cymbeline was a modern day Bridget Jones
Love's labours lost, a woman on her own
She needed Two Gentlemen Of Verona
This is Illa State and I am the owner

Wise is the man that knows he's a fool
Tempt not a desperate man with a jewel
Why take from Peter to go pay Paul

Some rise by sin and by virtue fall
What have you made if you gain the whole world
But sell your own soul for the price of a pearl
The world is my oyster and I am starving
I want much more than a penny or a farthing
I told no joke, I hope you're not laughing
Poet or pauper which do you class him
Speak eloquent, though I am resident to the gritty inner
city
That's surely irrelevant
Call it urban, call it street
A rose by any other name, smell just as sweet
Spit so hard, but I'm smart as the Bard
Come through with a Union Jack, full of yard

Akala, Akala, where for art thou?
I am the black Shakespearian
The secret's out now
Chance never did crown me, this is destiny
You still talk but it still perplexes me
Devour cowards, thousands per hour
Don't you know the king's name is a tower
You should never speak it
It is not a secret
I teach thesis, like ancient Greece's
Or Egyptology, never no apology
In my mind's eye, I see things properly
Stopping me, nah you could never probably
I bare a charmed life, most probably
For certain I put daggers in a phrase
I'll put an end to your dancing days
No matter what you say it will never work
Wrens can't prey
Where eagles don't perch
I'm the worst with the words
Cos I curse all my verbs
I'm the first with a verse to rehearse with a nurse
There's a hearse for the first jerk who turns berserk
Off with his head, cos it must not work
Ramp with Akala, that's true madness
And there's no method in it, just sadness
I speak with daggers and the hammers
Of a passion when I'm rappin I attack 'em
In a military fashion the pattern of my rappin
chattin couldn't ever map it
And I run more rings round things than Saturn
Verses split big kids wigs when I'm rappin
That boy Akala, the black Shakespeare
Did not want to listen, when I said last year
Rich like a gem in Ethiopia's ear
Tell them again

For them who never hear

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