

## Akinyele "Outta State"

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Yeah, yeah, everything's real

I got all my life to live and I got so much love to give  
But I gotta survive, and make papes outta state  
I'm ready to make papes outta state, man  
I got all my life to live and I got so much love to give  
But I gotta survive and make papes outta state  
I'm ready to make papes outta state

Ak to the Nel to the LE, I'm tryin' hard as hell  
To pick my future before my future picks me  
Twenty one years of age, not with minimum wage  
Don't ever seem like I'ma get paid rhymin' on the stage

College, I always dreamt of tryin' it, the only problem  
here  
I don't seem to meet financial aid requirements  
Locked writin' rhymes in the crib when would I get out?  
Seems like I'm pushin' yo a hip hop bid

At home the vibes don't feel right  
My parents keep lookin' at me as if I'm some type of  
parasite  
My moms separated from her spouse  
The oldest of two kids, it's my job to play man of the  
house

That means gettin' off my ass, makin' immediate cash  
That broke shit, save it for an orthopedic cast  
I get road maps, learned the interstate  
Shit I'm headed out state to make papes, man

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I'm ready to get up on a scam trip  
The I-95 outta state to make the damn loot flip  
First I need a crackhead with a credit card

So he can head uptown and purchase me a rented car

Just make sure that it's black  
And take off the rear view mirrors 'cause it ain't no  
lookin' back  
I'm goin' one deep in the driver's seat  
Throwin' the vegetarian book 'cause I'm ready for beef

I got a three hundred and fifty seven, faren degrees  
heit of heat  
Better known as a burner on the street  
Cool, I got the keys to the car  
Accelerate on the gas, and have the rubber burn up on  
the tar

I'm out to get money real far  
I hear my moms voice, "I'm wishin' on a star!"  
But I got to go far ma, "But I could wonder where you  
are"

On the streets just deliverin'  
Packages so I can just relax and get some type of livin'  
Think that it is when it isn't  
Easy to see a family, suffer from povery as bein' given

Man, like heck and when I get back  
I'ma rip up them welfare checks  
I got a new nine to five mom, so don't wait up late  
My job's located outta state

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I reached my destiny and my goal  
I done flashed right past the dumb ass highway patrol  
If everything goes well I'm in it to win it  
I'm tryin' to find a hotel so I can rest up for a minute

A round of crackheads gonna show me, neighborhood  
clowns fear me  
Up and down cause they really don't know me  
But all my hits, I see them scopin' out the clip  
They wanna get open, I can let shit rip

Whatever is broke got to be fixed, twenty dimes and  
nicks  
Step into my house made of bricks

My man gave me work, home on credit  
You think that I'm comin back? Tch, black he can forget  
it

'Cause I got moves to bake, no time to be fake  
Bad enough gotta watch out for a snake called Jake  
Money nonstop, kept in the hush  
At twelve o'clock, I'ma catch, huh, the midnight bus

And watch the dough flow like water  
I'm not Taco Bell but hell I'ma make a run for the  
border  
I feel odd, like a extraterrestrial left alone  
A calling card number, so I could phone home  
To let my people know my mission went great  
On my great escape to outta state

Rest in peace to my little brother Donnie Boy  
Rest in peace to my man Rakim  
Rest in peace to my man, named Understanding  
Rest in peace, umm, to Atiba

Rest in peace to my man Wilson from Exena Street  
Rest in peace to all my other peeps  
Also rest in peace to my man T-Bone  
You know I ain't forget you

Yeah, yeah and I'm and I'm and I'm  
And I'm and I'm out

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