

## Akinyele "The Bomb"

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It's the bomb, baby  
The bomb, baby  
With no ifs, no ands, no buts, and no maybes

[Verse 1]

I walk through the projects with stress in my hands  
A bad young man from the Lefrack lands  
They say I got an attitude, that's rude  
Because I walked over Elvis' grave in some blue suede shoes  
PUNK, I got some some stuff that'll bust through your pest LUMP  
Clearing cells CHUMP, you know the Ak shit BUMP  
But every now and then they say (he's wack)  
But deep down in your hear you and them dudes from Ridley's don't believe that  
Everyone's down with the Ak brother  
Every place I go people be like UDDA UDDA, UDDA  
Trying to get the slang down pat, using verbs and syllables, shit  
But I'll flip the style like half a brick  
So give me space like NASA, one deep like a bachelor  
I turn shit over like a spatula  
You know how it goes by now, word to God  
Lyrics are so hard they'll be Kevin Costner's bodyguard  
Move over Whitney Houston, I'm not losing  
By the way woman, yo, my name's not Susan  
It's the Akenyel, I rock well and with more clientel  
Then a guy with long caps of crack to sell  
I take poetry and start illin' with it  
Homicide police be looking for me from the way I be killing and shit  
You niggas can't push along, with the Ak song  
Because thise shit here's the bomb!

Chorus

[Verse 2]

I catch wreck like an automatic tec  
Ripping rhymes as if it was written with Gilletes  
Rapping over slamming tracks

My hand's compared to a drug called crack  
Because it don't take much to get your ass smacked  
So you can save bullshit  
Word is bond get your shoehorn  
Because I got a style that fit  
See Akenyele be cold cuttin' brothers up like a DELI  
Keeping my cool like Arthur FONZARELLI  
I kick more black ass than Jim KELLY  
Down with easy shit, this nigga TELL ME  
They give me mines from state to state  
And gettin' so much props, my career should be real  
estate  
So now it's time to face up  
But if you play your jaw like a sneaker yo it's bound to  
get laced up  
For the MC's that LOST IT  
I'll treat your rock rhymes like a frisbee, watch the Ak  
TOSS IT

Selling out it what ya CAUSED IT  
Charlie Angel rapper make like Farah  
And get rinsed down the FAUCET  
Becasue I'm coming at 'em  
So save your devilish tricks for eve if you don't know  
me from Adam  
My lyrics are hotter than summer school  
My image, far from an air conditioner beacause I never  
blow my cool  
No thumbs up, nor a COLLAR  
I won't scream or HOLLER  
I make MC's sit their five DOLLAR ass down  
Because all they do is scream and speak in tounes  
RAH RAH RAH, but I bust your motherfuckin' lungs  
Burning up charts with the rhymes I spark  
Cardiology is the word because it comes from the heart  
Brain is on steroids, keeping the lyrics strong  
Huh, this shit here is called the bomb!

Chorus

[Verse 3]

I keep the mic like glass, because I slash  
Thirsty rappers' ass on a Friday night without no hockey  
mask  
I make Jason meet his doom  
I hit him with the bass from the room that goes  
Ba-do-doom-do-do-DOOM  
You can't fuck with it beacae I'm a little to exquisite  
For y'all snake-ass lizards  
Check my style right before you freestyle  
My style's hostile, Teddy Ted heard it he said "Oooh

child"  
I'm quick to damage you amateurs some of you pros  
Know on the downlow that I'll assassinate your  
character  
To think that they can get with this  
With all those dreams you fuck around and put Freddy  
out of business  
Becasue I'm a rapper's worst nightmare  
Bringing tears for fears, I'm more bad news than the  
BEARS  
Say a lot for success, I won't DARE  
I'm not Shadow Stephen so I cease to be just another  
Hollywood  
SQUARE  
I rope 'em like a lasso, you'd better dash yo  
Don't stand around and be another Dennis Leary  
asshole  
You'll get chopped like vegetables  
I leave plenty many hanging like testicles, huh  
Doing what I half to  
To get room to breathe even if it means knocking out  
your asthma  
This Ak flow ain't no fad  
I be smoking niggas like cigarettes because they style  
is just a fucking  
drag  
I done blew up the World Trade and Vietnam  
Huh, beacuse this shit here is the bomb!

Chorus

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