

Akir

"Ride 2 It"

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[Akir]

Yeah, uh-huh, yours truly, we back in the house
Akir, uhh, new exclusive, we keep comin with these
bangers son
Roll the windows down, c'mon nigga let's ride

Yo, yo, we made it this far, praise to Allah, God
Whoever you want, this for all y'all who work a day long
Only had a little bit to hold on to
I want you to know that they don't want you
to survive by simply means of a 9-to-5
That's why when we get live, they try to get a piece of
the pie
They wanna give us 25-to-life
While we strive to fight, to provide what's right for our
fam
At nighttime, the beasts come out
Waitin to see who gon' dumb out wild thirsty with the
guns out
Bangin heads against the asphalt sayin that he asked
for it
Locked niggaz up, expect life to fast forward
That's torment, for his little man, fire enormous
Layin dormant 'til it explodes, they need a warrant
So I'ma keep 'em at the fortress, endured us for the
cue
We direct what they teach in school

[Chorus: Akir]

Yeah, uhh, yeah, uhh
To all my niggaz that survive in these streets
That's tryna eat, steady dodgin the beast to get a
piece, peep
I make this music just to grind through it
Vibe to it, get your mind movin, ride to it
To all my women tryna make it in life
Keep it tight with the world so trife, you gotta fight,
yeah
I made this music just to grind through it
Vibe to it, get your mind movin, ride to it
Yeah... ride to it

[Akir]

Maybe things all come back with no crazy shit like this
Know'msayin? This to my hustlers out there y'all
Word up (ride to it) uh

Pastor's 25, glad we made it

I, remember when we couldn't wait to get emancipated
violated

Alludin the basic fundamentals, that a family holds
sacred

Just cause a nigga couldn't take it

Rebellious natured, in a nation, I'll ask patients and
trainers

Now it's time for us to try to make it in this Matrix

Face it, blowin up is passin fake shit and fightin hatred

Wack niggaz that stand complacent stay in the
basement

Drunk watchin "Tha Bassment," facin like, yo we ain't
say shit

While your baby moms playin my hits

I'm makin somethin out of nothin, niggaz stay off my
dick

Deli task, wearin a mask in order to fit

An attitude derived from this new ceilin we hit

Real as a gun spark with a bullet killin a kid

This is for my people strugglin, givin a shit

Cause if we never take control then who's freedom is
this?

[Chorus]

[Akir]

I know times been hard y'all, but uhh

This a little somethin to ride to, let's go

Yo, I think a paradigm diggin me writin rhymes is on
the rhythm

The song hits and it's non-fiction, hearts visions
and lost children are star stricken, my false diction is
all shiftin

Evolve different, we'll all shift then

I make the ignorant, clap when they feelin it

Illin when they realize it's revealin they brilliant

I know it, I'm on it, I want it, I own it, I free it, I wrote it

I made it, I sold it - I'm in it to win it

I dig it to get it, hot 'til it's molten then I mold it

Polish it until it's golden scripted to spit it gifted

I flip it drunk flicted, still rip it explicit 'til they get
addicted

to the way I did it, scrolls is transcended

From prophets to descendents, I do this and remember
to those that finish
doin a sentence, move through the defenses
with words that been offensive, preserve
Doin effective reserve, do a profession, ride to it (uhh)

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