

69 Boyz F/ 95 South

"No Suckas Allowed"

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(No suckers)

[VERSE 1]

I leapt over giants beats, did death-defying feats
With the underground sound that keep supplyin the streets
The fiends form a line that'll wrap around the block
Pumpin around the clock, I'm always down to rock
Somethin that'll motivate your flock
When I take the floor make sure the gates are locked
That brother Ak put the party in a state of shock
My rhymes stay fresh because I rotate the stock
At least once a day to get 12 months play
I supply the high so you can put your blunts away
Here, take a pull of this and get bent
One hit'll get you open to the fullest extent
110% when I represent
For every step I went this brother left a dent
When I break ground with magnificent sounds
Step in the ring, you wanna be king, you get crowned
I came down to the planet Earth to give birth
To hip-hop, I did the Wop and the Papa Smurf
The Spank and the Patti Duke
Then Parker Lee hit me with the alley hoop
So I took it to the hole with mic control
Livin in the new school but I like the old
Yo - so - I'm about to go way back
To when my daddy had the sky-blue Caddy with the 8 track
Bumpin the O'Jays, the Dells and the Bar-Kays
The Body Rock, block party jam in the park days
The penny arcades, hangin out by the pool hall
Used to bop down the block with the box, old school,
y'all
Fellas said 'ho', the ladies screamed 'aw'
But that was then and this is now

[CHORUS]

When you came in the party and you saw the crowd
You shoulda read the sign: No Suckas Allowed
This jam is for the real rappin fans

To put the stomp in your feet and the clap in your hands
The nod in your head and the hump in your back
With a uncontrollable urge to jump in the track
You know I'm 'bout to come up with somethin fat
When I take control can't nothin hold me back

[VERSE 2]

How could you bop to the beat without feelin the sound
That's like walkin down the street and not touchin the ground
That's like takin the bus when you coulda took the train
Standin up on the curb and got the nerve to complain
Don't take the local, catch the express
Hip-hop non-stop, I'm 'bout to get fresh
To the beat y'all, I got style and finesse
A real trooper, I'm still super without the letter S
I freak the fly flows, hit the highs and the lows
Rip shows and flip foes with my eyes closed
And one hand tied behind my back, in fact
Hold the mic with the other to show these brothers they wack
Beat concrete down and grains of sand
Tearin microphone to strands with my bare hands
Spit poems that hit domes and split chromosomes
I break bones and bricks and sticks and stones
When I bust I kick up dust like cyclones
Get in my no-fly zone, don't try this at home

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

When the party's packed but the MC's wack
Got your back to the wall - who do you call?
The brother, none other than the Al-, the Al-
mighty supreme, I make your team seem small
Allow me to explain the meaning of the name
Break it down, make it sound simple and plain
It means 'there is none greater', but some can't tell
So not only will I say it but I spell it as well
It goes A to the k, b, the a, the r
My name is Akbar but some say bizarre
Thought I wouldn't make it, that I couldn't take it this far
Sucker MC's, you know who you are
I remember when I wanted to roll with y'all
And got treated no better than a hole in the wall
All I kept catchin was crazy beef
But I always knew I would come out like baby teeth
Whoever said I fell off can step the hell off
Picture that, pull a trigger back, lick a shell off
That's one to your kidney, Sidney

You can throw blows and still never hit me
Or you can get me as a glass of Mo'at
Blow the set with no sweat, you pose no threat
So jet, step off, stay off, it's a lay-off
Here's your walking papers, take the rest of the day off

[CHORUS]

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