

Akrobatik f/ B-Real**"A to the K"**

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[Intro - Akrobatik - talking]
("In the cityyyy, well there")
Uh, yeah, yeah (yeah)
What up y'all?
Yeah
Back in effect
One, two, one two
Yep
Uh, let's do it
Yo, front row
What's up, what's up (uh, what up)
Yeah, back row, what's up
What's my name y'all (yeah)
Akro

[Verse 1 - Akrobatik]
Just when they said it couldn't be done, I am back (uh)
Witness the reappearance of your radio interference
(um)
I've been given clearance to smash the airwaves
of these program directors and all of their slaves
I'm sendin 'em to their graves (uh)
My indie hustle got too much muscle for them to even
try an' tussle
As we struggle through the jungle I'm pullin you out the
rubble
I'm trouble with the lyricals, somethin like Je-sus with
the miracles
I can't turn water into wine
But I can drop a hard rhyme that's slaughterin your
spine (huh)
Calm under pressure like Tom Brady, 4th and 10,
runnin short of time (huh)
My skills are borderline insane
Follow them and flatline your brain (brain)
So just bounce to the beat bitch (bitch)
Peep this unique shit (uh)
Ak murder jams and it ain't no secret
Yes, uh
They call me

[Chorus - B-Real] (Akrobatik) - w/ ad libs
A to the motherfuckin K homeboy
A to the motherfuckin K (A TO THE K!)
A to the motherfuckin K homeboy
A to the motherfuckin K (A TO THE K!)
A to the motherfuckin K homeboy
A to the motherfuckin K

Uh, yeah, yeah, uh, yeah, yo
Not the gun, but the MC son

[Verse 2 - Akrobatik]
If there is your introduction, then where the fuck you
been?
It's been years since my records first started to spin
I'm from the era where you had to work your hardest to
win
A lot of records drop, you never heard the artist again
But in my heart is the desire to win
I'm on fire again
Ignite the mic and let it strike my opponents
Blazin through your stereo component from the
moment that you press play
It's feelin like the start of your best day
Shit is hella dope, that's what my heads our West say
Hey, ask my homey B-Real from the Hill
Ak got skills plus somethin you can feel
I got pop appeal but I keep it concealed
Like an automatic weapon, but that's not what I'm
reppin
I'm reppin no half steppin, that's the lesson
The new era begins now, no more stressin
Let's go (yeah)
Back home they call me

[Chorus] - w/ ad libs

What, yeah, yo
Not the gun, but the MC son

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