

Akrobatik f/ Willie Evans Jr., Therapy

"Black Hell Breaks Loose"

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(*ad libs*) (Eat dirt sucker) (Black hell breaks loose)
[Verse 1 - Akrobatik] (Peep game), it's that brother
known to get the party live (Peep frame), 6 foot 1, 245
(Peep the name), Akro, turn your rap show to shrapnel
And send your ass back to your Advil gel capsules
Been had ill raps bro, they hood influenced (uh) +Black
Dialogue,+ try me dog, I'm good and fluent I'm from
the land of the hoods and truants Call me a diamond in
the rough Not your bounty boy, rhymin in the buff
Shinin in the toughest visibility A dark vicinity, skills
(skills) have reached a vinity, like the holy trinity Y'all
fittin to be the next recipients of that gritty shit That
witty city shit, that if you sleep on you an idiot Silly with
spittin consonants and rhymin vowels (uh) And roll with
a chick that pop shit to Simon Cowell Prefer backwoods
to white owls Rip tracks in your hood on the night prowl
Show your white towel, for surrender You could never
be a contender Big Ak holds the belt, when I go for self
(uh) And I keep it on a shelf next to seven MC's skulls
So throw your hands up now and represent people
(what?) [Verse 2 - Willie Evans Jr.] (Peep game), Willie
Evans Jr., what up dummy? (Peep frame), 210 pounds,
kinda chunky (Peep the name), The AB's, but hey we
save these beats on a Ziploc, to rock fools with the
(FUNKY) A lot of niggaz with nail brains get hammered
in my woods Cause I'm good with them words, the
rhymer of the words, heard me (uh) I should have told
'em not to ride the green horse Now they fiend of
course, froze they cold, whole crew is sherbet (uh huh)
Bouncin heavy with a brick Niggaz say they ready but
they rockin teddies, all excited tryna bite slick Might
thicken your gums, then again you fuckin bums Fight
for radio bans and promote that shit for income (uh
huh) Hold it like I flop quads and short stack (short
stack) And drop odd lyrics, shorts rhymin on horseback
For real though it's Boca time (ha ha), that's word to Ak
Listen yo, I'm serious, these cats crackin like cold bass,
uh It's facts like the industry is what it is and I'm "what
it do," without the metal mouth Welcome to the
southeast, at least You ain't gotta be a Bush about it
man You can hear that your ass whack from everybody,

DAMN! [Verse 3 - Therapy] (Peep game), Therapy, I got next, the triple threat (Peep frame), yeah best, I'm 'bout a buck sixty wet (Peep the name), the +Brothers Alias, + break is death When I double up, decks take a breath I uppercut cassettes, while you pump it up, step I asthma attack a task scan Unfamiliar masked man, kill you in the black lands Steal 'em with the backhand (whack), it separates the jaw piece Spit then split mic wires, electrocute your audience Your DJ's a bastard and I custom built his casket Dose your promo, acid, gas, liquid and toss matchsticks Hazardous fire to leave you hangin chain Lazarus Kindly remind you no one checkin here for that shit The A in Ak split, the rhythm like a bad marriage is to be, funky accident, I perplex your practices You see through, I'm 'ceitful Bump you up and braille read you You land a single blow, I will bow beneath your feet duke The one and only, outrageous, Phil Baroni Out the Yukon'll you, you phony and I'm on to you I'm gold Regal, I peeped you and I stole your tables Hit you with the jump cables and made your mouth's long as navels (OH!) [Outro - Cuts by Therapy] "Now, now that's the way that it goes" "Huh, b-b-b-b, Whoa" "Ba-ba, yo" "Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-ba-back in the whip" "Uh, rhyt-rhyt-rhythm, rhyt-rhyt-rhyt-rhyt-rhythm of this shit" "Hip-hip-hip-hip-hip hop" "To, to, to get you back, back, back in the whip" "Rhyt-rhyt-rhyt-rhyt-rhythm" "Rhythm-rhyt-rhyt-rhythm" "HUH, rhyt-rhyt-rhythm, rhyt-rhyt-rhythm of this shit" "Gotta be live" "Hip-hop-hip-hip-hip-hip-hip-hip-hip-hip-hip-hip hop" "HUH!"

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