Free Beer No Cover "Outta State"

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[Extra P] Yeah.. yeah.. everything's real!

Chorus: Akinyele

I got all my life to live
and I got so much love to give
But I gotta survive, and make papes outta state
I'm ready to make papes outta state, man
I got all my life to live
and I got so much love to give
But I gotta survive, and make papes outta state
I'm ready to make papes outta state

[Akinyele]

Ak to the Nel to the LE, I'm tryin hard as hell to pick my future before my future picks me Twenty-one years of AGE, not with minimum WAGE Don't ever seem like I'ma get paid rhymin on the STAGE

College, I always dreamt of tryin it; the only problem here

I don't seem to meet financial aid requirements Locked writin rhymes in the crib -- when would I get out?

Seems like I'm pushin yo a hip-hop bid At home the vibes don't feel right

My parents keep lookin at me as if I'm some type of parasite

 $\ \, \hbox{My moms seperated from her spouse} \\$

The oldest of two kids, it's my job to play man of the house

That means gettin off my ASS, makin immediate CASH That broke shit, save it for an orthopedic CAST I get road maps, learned the interstate Shit I'm headed out state to make papes; man

Chorus

[Akinyele] I'm ready to get up on a scam trip The I-95 outta state to make the damn loot flip! First I need a crackhead with a credit card So he can head uptown and purchase me a rented car Just make sure that it's black

And take off the rearview mirrors cause it ain't no lookin back

I'm goin one deep, in the driver's seat

Throwin the vegetarian book cause I'm ready for beef I got a three-hundred and fifty-seven, faren-degreesheit

of HEAT, better known as a burner on the STREET Cool, I got the keys to the CAR

Accelerate on the gas, and have the rubber burn up on the TAR, I'm out to get money real FAR I hear my moms voice, {singing} "I'm wishin on a star!!"

But I got to go far ma! {sing} "But I could wonder where you are!"

On the streets just DELIVERIN, packages so I can just relax and get some type of LIVIN Think that it is when it ISN'T Easy to see a family, suffer from povery, as bein GIVEN Man, like heck, and when I get back I'ma rip up them welfare checks I got a new nine to five mom, so don't wait up late My job's located outta state

Chorus

[Akinyele]

I reached my destiny and my goal
I done flashed right past the dumb-ass highway patrol
If everything goes well I'm in it to win it
I'm tryin to find a hotel so I can rest up for a minute
A round of crackheads gonna show me -neighborhood clowns

fear me up and down cause they really don't know me But all my hits, I see them scopin out the clip They wanna get open, I can let shit rip! Whatever is broke got to be fixed, twenty dimes and nicks

Step into my house made of bricks My man gave me work, home on credit You think that I'm comin back? Tch, black he can forget it

Cause I got moves to BAKE, no time to be FAKE
Bad enough gotta watch out for a SNAKE called JAKE
Money nonstop, kept in the hush
At twelve o'clock, I'ma catch, huh, the midnight bus
And watch the dough flow like water
I'm not Taco Bell but hell I'ma make a run for the
border

I feel odd, like a extraterrestrial left alone A calling card number, so I could phone home to let my people know my mission went great on my great escape to outta state

Rest in peace to my little brother Donnie Boy
Rest in peace to my man Rakim
Rest in peace to my man, named Understanding
Rest in peace, umm, to Atiba
Rest in peace to my man Wilson from Exena Street
Rest in peace, to all my other peeps
Also rest in peace, to my man T-Bone
You know I ain't forget you
Yeah yeah, and I'm.. and I'm.. and I'm..
and I'm.. and I'm OUT!! *echoes*

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