

# A To The K

## Akrobatik

("In the cityyyyy, 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

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

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

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  
Ignire 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

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

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