

## Mood Music

Akir

[Akir:]

Yeah, uhh  
It's yours truly Akir, one of the prizes  
Southpaw whattup~!  
We takin over this year man  
Mood Music, yo, yo

Aiyyo my music for the moodiest sidewalks  
I talk ebonics, smoke chronic, and drink {? }  
Until I feel bionic off the hydroponic  
Some niggaz never mastered phonics foolish states for how they act around us  
Some people ask about us, I never try to be somethin that ain't me  
Never plan to be Tupac, Biggie or Jay-Z  
Even though they lives are amazing  
To share they occupation never want the fans all dazed and  
If I was shoppin at, Macy's, want to have a wife and babies  
Supportin 'em from endeavors that consistantly pay me  
Real estate investments and a big Mercedes maybe  
Somethin, a little shady, not too Johnny-Come-Lately saved me  
As I come in when I breeze you as you can't rotate me  
Or a autographed picture of a mixtape ease  
Into things only to show and prove for kings of rings  
When I get I handle my business live it like a king  
So bling bling ain't a thing to be braggin  
Niggaz with things steam for a chance at your baggage  
Not to be cling cling to a cop that he raggin  
Or locked in Sing-Sing for somethin that just happened  
I'd rather hold you captive like a pirate ship captain  
Plus a nice package so I'm goin ghetto platinum  
Niggaz know I'm stackin but I'm passin out ratchets  
Tryin to span the classes like elastic with my classics

[Chorus: scratches]

[Mic Geronimo:] "I subdue the microphone and left in in submission"  
"I'm on my team, my hustle and my grind you know? "  
[Fat Joe:] "Cause I'm a money getter" - Big L, "Enterprisin, advisin"  
[Inspectah Deck:] "Set the microphone on fire"  
"I subdue the microphone and left in in submission"  
"Gassed 'til they witness me, known for my imagery"  
"Cause I'm a money getter", "Enterprisin, advisin"  
[Royce Da 5'9":] "Leave me in the deck too long, I blow up your box"

[Akir:]

Yo, yo, aiyyo they ask me how I'm doin with the music  
Enthused I'm turnin down development deals  
It confuse minds, a new find, the kid intoxicatin like moonshine  
Cinematic dramatic reactions with my line  
Pictures of an eye shot, away from a nine glock  
From his sly pops to his son in a pine box  
Watch his soul escape out his eyes while the spy rocks  
Never saw it comin like I run into your crime spot  
Direct reportin live from the block where crime's hot  
It is I Ak', here to flow and just love it  
You chick jock my dick in public, hit the show uncovered  
My music so you dub it, all type of people love it  
So my style is hard to f\*\*k with, cousin  
Got the street buzzin all type of budget budge in

Not part of my thuggin against the current, gummin  
Yo you must be buggin beats bangin 'til your brain gets bludgeoned  
It's nothin, write until my fingertips sunk in  
Seven years in the makin don't fake all of a sudden  
Got my niggaz in the back if you just see me frontin  
Still humpin like an X-rated old time function

[Chorus: with ad libs]

[Akir:]

First things first, I never try to be like Nas  
See I'm my own man, respect to that nigga though pah  
It's the same thing they used to do to him and Ra'  
Take it as a compliment and nod as I hit the top  
Thinkin I would stop like the blinkin lights on the top  
Of a cop car, undercover brother, son of a bad mother-  
-f\*\*ker hittin the curbs, utter these words  
Ridiculous, for my chicks, in the thick of it  
Niggaz in the sticks and shit, convicts on they long shifts  
In a tight predicament, kids takin bong hits  
Typin on the internet, entertainment introspect  
A little pain while bangin sex, is the closest I can get  
To describin into vibe of this, while I'm scribin hits  
I think about those survivin in these wild environments  
Perspirin, tired still hopin that they hirin  
How can I get mad at niggaz bootleg piratin?  
But if you like it and you find it again, bring a friend  
And make amends when y'all niggaz both drop ten  
Why pretend like I'm on when I ain't I still hustle for cash money  
Family's gas money in the tank, while I  
Shit, prices are high, off of seven-two  
Pretend you and your man got five, whattup pop?  
You gon' buy? Shit cause here comes 5, I gotta dodge  
Tryin to eat and stay alive, I'm tryin to deal with these fines

[Chorus x2: with ad libs]