

Ride 2 It

Akir

[Akir:]

Yeah, uh-huh, yours truly, we back in the house
Akir, uhh, new exclusive, we keep comin with these bangers son
Roll the windows down, c'mon nigga let's ride

Yo, yo, we made it this far, praise to Allah, God
Whoever you want, this for all y'all who work a day long
Only had a little bit to hold on to
I want you to know that they don't want you
to survive by simply means of a 9-to-5
That's why when we get live, they try to get a piece of the pie
They wanna give us 25-to-life
While we strive to fight, to provide what's right for our fam
At nighttime, the beasts come out
Waitin to see who gon' dumb out wild thirsty with the guns out
Bangin heads against the asphalt sayin that he asked for it
Locked niggaz up, expect life to fast forward
That's torment, for his little man, fire enormous
Layin dormant 'til it explodes, they need a warrant
So I'ma keep 'em at the fortress, endured us for the cue
We direct what they teach in school

[Chorus: Akir]

Yeah, uhh, yeah, uhh
To all my niggaz that survive in these streets
That's tryna eat, steady dodgin the beast to get a piece, peep
I make this music just to grind through it
Vibe to it, get your mind movin, ride to it
To all my women tryna make it in life
Keep it tight with the world so trife, you gotta fight, yeah
I made this music just to grind through it
Vibe to it, get your mind movin, ride to it
Yeah... ride to it

[Akir:]

Maybe things all come back with no crazy shit like this
Know'msayin? This to my hustlers out there y'all
Word up (ride to it) uh

Pastor's 25, glad we made it
I, remember when we couldn't wait to get emancipated violated
Alludin the basic fundamentals, that a family holds sacred
Just cause a nigga couldn't take it
Rebellious natured, in a nation, I'll ask patients and trainers
Now it's time for us to try to make it in this Matrix
Face it, blowin up is passin fake shit and fightin hatred
Wack niggaz that stand complacent stay in the basement
Drunk watchin "Tha Bassment," facin like, yo we ain't say shit
While your baby moms playin my hits
I'm makin somethin out of nothin, niggaz stay off my dick
Deli task, wearin a mask in order to fit
An attitude derived from this new ceilin we hit
Real as a gun spark with a bullet killin a kid
This is for my people strugglin, givin a shit
Cause if we never take control then who's freedom is this?

[Chorus]

[Akir:]

I know times been hard y'all, but uhh
This a little somethin to ride to, let's go

Yo, I think a paradigm diggin me writin rhymes is on the rhythm
The song hits and it's non-fiction, hearts visions
and lost children are star stricken, my false diction is all shiftin
Evolve different, we'll all shift then
I make the ignorant, clap when they feelin it
Illin when they realize it's revealin they brilliant
I know it, I'm on it, I want it, I own it, I free it, I wrote it
I made it, I sold it - I'm in it to win it
I dig it to get it, hot 'til it's molten then I mold it
Polish it until it's golden scripted to spit it gifted
I flip it drunk flicted, still rip it explicit 'til they get addicted
to the way I did it, scrolls is transcended
From prophets to descendents, I do this and remember to those that finish
doin a sentence, move through the defenses
with words that been offensive, preserve
Doin effective reserve, do a profession, ride to it (uhh)