

# Rites Of Passage

Akir

[Intro:]

Oh shit yo, this block party is def  
Yo they got honeys, they breakin, they deejayin  
Yo, yo they even freestylin  
Yo Akir, yo c'mon, yo get 'em!

[Akir:]

Well sometimes I rhyme slow, sometimes I rhyme quick  
Jumpsuits and fly kicks, Kangols with dope knits  
And of course, the freshest chick to complete, my outfit  
Cops be buggin out, so we split after we spit our hottest shit  
My rhyme of reason cause a conflict  
Shorties catch attention with a blow-  
pop lick, and turn they bop with a twist  
Flick and throw the stick, havin me stiff  
I gotta get but scared to use it cause my parents still riff  
Music tradition, took knowledge, it cause friction in my livin  
Black, diction on a GT's throwin life too easy  
Front on my bike, like a CB, quarter waters  
And the folks doin 'ports what my first dude bought  
Game is a sport, Dominican, handball courts  
Hold a jiggy in my Jordan cause my day's too short  
Steady, holdin our fort, Washington, New York  
And all my visits is short, I still need the support

[Chorus: Akir]

Aiyyo hip-hop, yo it runs in my veins  
Until the day my words no longer convey  
To the day my CD no longer plays, the crowd'll still be amazed  
Even then my name still gon' reign, yo  
Aiyyo hip-hop, yo it runs in my veins  
Until the day the music drives me insane  
To the day they drop me into the grave, the crowd'll still be amazed  
Even then my name still gon' reign...

[beat changes]

[two men whispering to each other and spray-painting for 21 seconds]

[Akir:]

Yo, yo, he take a swig of raw Remy, creative juice loose  
Street smart, apple-shaped heart, Timberland boots  
Greg beat boost, chronic induced  
While my larynx short fuse, antagonize by a limited juice  
Tippin the ladders, bottle full throttle, time's gettin monotonous  
Through New York metropolis, runnin through chic populars  
Tired of makin sense/cents while my dollars don't work  
Broke but rock riches religiously, horses on shirts  
Catchin feelings for this rap shit, every song hurts  
Connectin pieces of the puzzle in the struggle I learnt  
Everyone that I found, one either drowned or burnt  
Addicted to chicks, friction, herbals and tables that turned  
What is the sound of underground without, people around  
What is New York without, Uptown holdin it down  
I'm doin shows for no dough, reside beyond no do's  
And those are the flows with no way to expose it though

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Akir talking to a club bouncer]

Yeah, see it's bad from the startin (you can't cut up in here)

Yo, I'm on the guest list (what's your name?)

A.K.I.R. (you ain't on the list fam)

Fuck is you talkin 'bout yo?

(You ain't on the f\*\*kin list, get to the back of the line man!)

Nigga it's my motherf\*\*kin party!

(I'll knock you little niggaz the f\*\*k out!)

[beat changes again]

[Akir:]

Father Time is passin me by, the illegitimate child

Masterpiece in music is torn, shout as a thug's wild

Playas threw a wet one in, fillin heavens in the Benz

And in my measurement, been on time to find the rest of it

Shit ain't the same, life's no longer a game

Uncle Penny-Bags rock through rags and platinum chains

The clique name I boast up, taggin up, on a poster

Owing these, smokin trees while we post up

A young buck feelin old as f\*\*k

Steady laughin at the world, passin the buck, still we stuck

Sleep now, or forever die restless

I fence with a number 2 pencil and indent kids