

# Akshon (Yeah!)

## Killer Mike

Yeah! Killer keeps it honest  
'Cos reality is perception with a weak stomach  
Bubblin' uneasy like the bowels of hell, boo  
Enough to make a black ghost turn pale Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah  
KILL this is the name that came to alter the game  
Not like these rappers who spit it the same  
Separate lames from they chain My mind don't slack  
I'm totally focused on beating up tracks  
Monsterous music to beat in your 'lac  
1000 watt amp with woofers in back Lean to da left if you burnin' a sac  
Baby, got back and it's in baby phat  
Pardon me dog for chasin' the cat  
I'm hittin' all kittens meowin' like that I like the front but I'm lovin' the back  
I like to bite and I'm hopin' she scratch  
Escalade dippin' I'm holdin' the lane  
Mama's a scholar she blowin' my brain Ain't the the life?  
Snappin' and trappin' and rappin' and frappin' all night  
Lil mama's a plumber she handlin' pipe  
I'll wit a pill she handle it right like Iverson  
Smallest thing on the team but the livest one  
Cocked loaded bust like a gun  
Y'all better run, one, one Thump, thump, thump, thump, yeah  
All in your trunk, yeah  
Grindin' and hustlin' and gettin' at mine  
Swervin' and token and grippin' on pine, eyah Bump, bump, bump, bump, yeah  
All in your trunk, yeah  
Woofers and tweeters  
And speakers and geekers  
Crawl in your bunk, yeah How we gon' stop? Whoa  
How we gone quit? Shit  
Brand new shoes and socks on the Chevy  
I came through swerving like this Good wit the game, gutter fo' show  
Duckin' you lames and obstacles  
Don't get that ass in a hospital  
Wrapped in a cast from head to toe This boy he real  
Racin' those candy Seviles through Dixie Hills  
My car do wheelies they drive on three wheels  
First round pick like Michael Vick  
Quarterback status throw passes at chicks Santana Moss when catching the ball

Get it? Like Moss she catches the ball  
Perfectly tuned my engine don't stall  
And I'm equipped with nitros y'all Ready to rip, burn, roar  
Ready to tear through your city and tour  
Took the whole world and murdered that shit  
Caught the beat runnin' and dipped with that bitch  
Later for now I'm hustlin' hits  
Flippin' my words like bricks, trick Thump, thump, thump, thump, yeah  
All in your trunk, yeah  
Grindin' and hustlin' and gettin' at mine  
Swervin' and token and grippin' on pine, eyah Bump, bump, bump, bump, yeah  
All in your trunk, yeah  
Woofers and tweeters  
And speakers and geekers  
Crawl in your bunk, yeah New, new, that new, new  
New, new for you, you  
New new for you you  
That new, new, that new, new  
New, new for you, you  
New, new for you, you That new, new, that new, new  
New, new for you, you  
New, new for you, you  
That new, new, that new, new  
New, new for you, you  
New, new for you, you

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