

# Exercise

## Akinyele

\* heavy breathing \*  
Check this out man  
All this gym shit  
Runnin around for a scholarship  
Ain't even my style man  
I don't even know what the fuck I'm doin in this shit  
Bout to get the fuck up out of this shit  
Ain't even with this  
[akinyele]Me play sports? don't place your bet  
I'm not the type of guy to run up and down and break out in a sweat  
I just make the words sound hip  
I leave it up to jane fonda, to take care of that physical fit shit  
Nothin wrong with bein overweight, everything straight  
So long as my pockets stay in shape  
I never participated in gym  
I hated the thought, to even have to take a loss to begin  
They say health brings you longevity  
But I'm not one for that extra-curriculum activity  
You might see the ak, with a baseball hat  
Won't see me on no field with no baseball bat  
In case some nigga head, got to get cracked  
Other than that, I don't plan to run track  
Picture me joggin for miles.. hah!  
Come on kid, that's just not my style  
I just talk to girls on the horn  
You won't see the ak upstairs, puttin no butter on his corns  
Another athlete bites the dust  
Another nigga from egypt, make egyptian musk  
Picture me wearin pro keds, runnin the full court  
Don't jump out your basket-ass head  
I just cool around the block and hold down the fort  
Straight up and down nigga, I'm not a good sport  
\* rob swift cuts "exercise" \*  
[akinyele]Don't throw your soccer balls this way  
The name is akinyele, not no motherfuckin pele  
Baseballs is what I'm not with  
So don't hand me no catcher's mitt, cause I ain't catchin shit!  
  
The only time I slide and run, is after a murder's done

I get ghost before the homicide come!  
But that's a different subject - that's called games of death  
When your man play russian roulette while upset  
He can't handle it, he wants to stop it  
He grabs the hammer and cock it, but that's a whole different topic  
I just throw my voice on plastic  
You won't see me wrasslin in no arena, gettin my ass kicked  
Or better yet boxin in, some ring with gloves  
Talkin about pst pst losin oxygen  
You know the whole blase-blasah, the ak saga  
I'm quick, to run your shit like a jogger  
Huh! I don't carry no stopclock  
I knock the j off of jock, so you can just call me ak!  
Yeah, it's just that simple son  
On my spare time, I be rackin bitches up, at the wimbledon  
But I'm not one for tennis  
Nor breakin no sport records in the world book of guinness  
I just cool around the block and hold down the fort  
Straight up and down nigga, I'm not a good sport  
\* rob swift cuts "exercise" \*  
[akinyele]Me jumpin over fences, don't make sense kid  
On a hot day, you'll find me coolin on the benches  
And you could ask me where the water's at  
But don't come ask me to act, like no motherfuckin quarterback  
Shoulder pads and helmet, yeah right  
Talkin that hut one, hut two, hut three, hike - psych!  
I'm poetic, while dealin with the alphabetic  
Not athletic, that's why I don't sweat it  
So you can keep your sports on hold  
Fuck soccer, the shit that I kick, yo it's bound to go gold  
I just cool around the block and hold down the fort  
I just cool around the block and hold down the fort  
I just cool around the block and hold down the fort  
Straight up and down nigga, I'm not a good sport  
\* slow scratching, heavy breathing \*  
Uh-uh, I'm the fuck out  
I ain't with this shit  
Find the nigga, blow the whistle man