

# CheckMate

## LIV

Fuck throwin joints  
I throw incinerators at rappers that talk garbage  
about the Ak, they don't know me from a tree in the forest  
My name's not summer so I don't sweat it  
Most y'all niggaz know I cut ya like cheese that's cheddared  
I been around the world like Lisa Stansfield tour bus  
Tearin niggaz up from here to West Bubblefuck  
So don't front like you don't know what my name is  
Before I start diving up in that ass like Greg Louganis  
That's not my number one AMOS  
You take my style and squeeze your lips  
like probably you see your life stopped, you're freakin FAMOUS  
I dare another rapper try to TAME THIS  
I hit you in the ANUS  
Once y'all reach for the damn A-LIST  
still, this ain't the pretty boy  
Fear sex-appeal it's Ak, a.k.a. the real deal  
I make punk rappers stutter, y-yoyoy-yoyoy-yoyo  
I bring out the Das EFX in a motherfucker  
I livin larger than a mansion, you hear me?  
You fear me, you're just a Little House on the Praerie  
Leave 'fore Hurricane Ak come blowin in  
All you motherfuckers best to breeze like the wind  
Check the news forecast  
I place a con niggaz'll stick ya on your butt  
If you're light in the ass  
Close your eyes, and concentrate it's time to recognize  
The Ak keep brothers on checkmate  
Check over there, and then check over here  
Just lend me your ear, c'mon listen  
Nigga you just can't defeat me  
Child abusers walk around, knowin they just can't beat me  
So don't try to take the winner's belt  
Aiyyo this ain't April 1st so don't dare fool yourself  
It don't get no liver, I'm hittin harder than a chastiser  
I flip rhymes like saliva, poundin on your BRAIN  
With the sick shit I'm SAYING  
I got more GAME than a panhandler on a TRAIN  
Huh, it's rare if I don't catch props

I'm the Ak I tear that ass out the frame like a benzie box  
You know the rules if you ain't ruff

Stay on the hush and get played like Sunday school shoes  
and get scuffed, I put heads to bed like newlyweds  
Sing your rap eulogy

'cause now you're good as dead  
Hit the deck, once I round it off like a Tec  
I play you like a game of chess and keep your ass in check  
Checkmate

Check all around, and then check for them clowns  
Check the fuckin real sound, break down  
In English, MC's can't last

Similar to a car crash, I got rap in a smash  
Whenever you wanna get loose and hang out  
Remember I done turned enough troops into The Last Boy Scout  
Think you'll last? Then come try  
Otherwise make like a librarian and keep your ass quiet  
I'm out to catch the winner's cup

All you number one contenders just got knocked to the runner's up  
What nigga what? I'm blowin up the spot with dynamite  
rhymes by the Ak

Airports they amazed to me  
Shit 'cause I fly so much heads yah have my own travel agency  
Rap's are fat like SUMO, slammin like JUDO  
I won't get abused like numbers, I'm MENU DO  
I got the art down pat, pass the courderoy  
this bad boy about to start to slack  
Fuck how "I could just kill a maaaaan"

I'm slick and puttin brothers out with these Edward Niggahands  
Ten fingers of death, grippin micraphones  
Holdin my own, sparkin rhymes up like grindstones  
Rippin up challengers

Creating a mess on stage out of comedian rappers like Gallagher  
My mind is filthier than a HAMPER  
Dirty like a CAMPER

On top of that I've been through more shit than PAMPERS  
Fake is what I ain't

But Constantine the Great, don't know me from a can of paint  
Listen to how the soundwaves vibrate

You can't relate, I got your whole brain on checkmate  
Rob Swift is his name, with Akineyle in the game  
You're best to maintain, as we aim for your brain  
as we aim for your brain (3x)

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