Exercise

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* 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

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