Checkmate

Betty Boo

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 MENUDO
I got the art down pat, pass the courderoy
this bad boy about to start to slack
Fuck how "I could just kill a maaaan"
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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