

# Akon, Never Gonna Get It - Featuring Topic & Ak

I'm from the hard knock academy, automatically had to be  
Carryin' automatics, sprayin' [unverified], inaccurate  
Clips to the back of it, barrel, cockin' it, immaculate  
Learn to move packages in and out of Los Angeles  
We savages, bustin' off rounds, sprayin' banana clips  
Knockin pills off like Anna Nicole Smith  
Shit, I'm in the hood, walkin' with choppers  
Cock 'em and pop 'em coppers, glocks be talkin' like  
Blockedie block, block  
I probably popped Hoffa and possibly just forgot where I tossed 'em  
This nigga's obnoxious, me and Top got your picture in the cockpit  
She wanna pit stop, just see how the cock spit  
These bosses deposit the profit, they watch as we cop it  
On top of the ostrich and foxes  
It use to be the lil' guys in stress  
Now I'ma boss where I'm from  
With the last stress on my chest  
See I know you'll like my swagger  
No strap when I come through  
Chain hangin' like Ali Baba  
Know me, ya know how I do  
The way that I move, nigga  
(Ya neva gonna get it)  
'Cause I'm to smooth, nigga  
(Ya neva gonna get it)  
I thought you knew, nigga  
(Ya neva gonna get it)  
You ain't got a clue, nigga  
(Ya neva gonna get it)  
Who in the hell left the gate open?  
I'm pretty down for the wild, wild west  
Like them 1800s in 'em stage coaches  
If I ain't strapped then my blaze pokin'  
If it ain't a 600 big body, then the 6 4 0, honey, is spokin'  
The drama spokesman, streets endorsed 'em  
I rather be up in my nine, then closed in my coffin  
I'm from West Covina, this ain't Compton  
Still money passed around like we takin' an offerin'  
I'm somethin' like a phenomenon  
When they see the sad happy faces, they know the drama is on  
It's the west coast back at your front door  
We up close and personal, we ain't done till the curtains close  
Could be friend or foe, love it or hate it  
I'm the king but I play with the aces  
Run up to find out I keep it loaded like bases  
Ya wise in your mouth but need braces?  
See I know you'll like my swagger  
No strap when I come through  
Chain hangin' like Ali Baba  
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You ain't got a clue, nigga  
(Ya neva gonna get it)  
See when I walk through the door  
I wonderin' why these fake niggas jackin' me for?  
On display, like I came from the store  
Posin' like a mannequin in front of your hoe  
Up front, blockin' 151 peep now?  
Convicts surround the whole compound

'Cause you don't really want what you're starin' at  
Clip full of bullets, don't mind sharin' that thing  
See I know you'll like my swagger  
No strap when I come through  
Chain hangin' like Ali Baba  
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