

# Let It Out

Tha Alkaholiks

That's the Alkaholiks functions, conjunction junction  
The remix version for all the brothers out there  
that got shit on they chest and just wanna let it out

Anything you could do I could do fresher  
WHen I'm on the microphone I rock the shit without no pressure  
Cause I snuck my forty ounce past the bouncer with the stun gun  
I gots to get some lyrics off my chest so let me run one  
Cause who's bad? Not Michael Jackson when I asked him  
I even rock the mic for seven days with Toni Braxton  
It's the, Liks, rockin like a six point six  
So while I be scoopin bitches you rush the porno flicks

For reals, I gots more skills than an occupation center  
I got your hoe cookin my dinner  
Action, lights and cameras ain't needed  
Indeed it's, the nigga that be gettin rappers heated  
I'm J-Ro, and my style is darker than a mole  
My rhyme is so hot you got to stop drop and roll  
All the Liks releases, become masterpieces  
Oh jeezus, my style is sick like pork greases

And I can't holt it in (I can't hold it in)  
I gotta let it all out (I gotta let it all out)  
They'll say I can't hold it in (I can't hold it in)  
I gotta let it all out (I gotta let it all out)

They'll say I can't hold it in (I can't hold it in)  
I gotta let it all out (I gotta let it all out)  
They'll say I can't hold it in (I can't hold it in)  
I gotta, I gotta let it all out

I get in em when I sin em, the Alkaholik venom  
I fold your clothes with your body still in em  
The rhymes I got, hit like Ronnie Lott  
The only way you take my spot is with a shot  
I grab rappers by the hand and make sure they understand  
That they can't scrape J-Ro the man  
A nigga who stays, in the old school ways  
And just like Subways, I can make your days  
We got more soul than James Brown and platform Adidas  
The Likwit crew, comin new like a fetus  
So run tell your granny, your pops and your girl  
Niggaz like me gonna rule the world  
So all aboard the J-Ro train to FunkyTown  
Express from the West so it's best that I clown

I bust the Alize on ice on down to Beck's brew  
I got more fame than Dana Dane I hold mics like Donahue  
Cause I'm committed, admit it, you was +Too Legit to Quit+ it  
Dancin with toilets now you can't get busy with it  
With the vintage Olde Gold gettin dusty in the cellar  
I throw my shit deeper than Jeff Hostettler  
So yo what you got, cause god DAMN it's hot  
It's the Alkaholik rhymer up in your night spot  
So ease up off my line, and let me rhyme  
I'll lose you like that jewelry that that bitch can't find

on BET, and yo it'll take a secret psychic  
Cause even in the future I'ma freak it when I mic it

And I can't hold it in (I can't hold it in)  
I gotta let it all out (I gotta let it all out)  
They'll say I can't hold it in (I can't hold it in)  
I gotta let it all out (I gotta let it all out)

They'll say I can't hold it in (I can't hold it in)  
I gotta let it all out (I gotta let it all out)  
They'll say I can't hold it in (I can't hold it in)  
I gotta, I gotta let it all out

With flows rough enough to cut ya, beats enough to touch ya  
Known to rock the cooles with the liquid rhyme structures  
It's the man with vocal tones that hurt words to broken bones  
I got flows throughout my body deep rooted like kidney stones  
So tap into the cold while I torch MC's  
Cause I be itchin for a scratch like the Force MD's  
But yo fuck that, Tash is in the wind with the gin  
I gotta pass the mic to J cause he can't hold it in

I can't hold it in my friend the Liks get the most clout  
We be scorin points like Michael Irvin on the post route  
And just like Joi boy, I make your bones ache man  
Just how much punishment can a rapper take man?  
The homes be like "Where you been?" man I been creatin  
We had you salivation like the dogs that be waitin  
for the Kibbles n Bits, I love pits tits and rap hits  
And Bruce Lee flicks, and clockin yapes with the Liks

I can't hold it in I gotta speak my mind  
There's a lotta half-ass niggaz thinkin they can rhyme  
But their style is not buttah, it's more like Busta without the A  
You never think of nuttin fresh to say  
The freshest DJ from the state of Ohio  
I remember when you battled, cuttin up Survival  
Nots toe fucked with, used to brag and boast  
Packed up my Technics, now I'm on the West coast, now I

Damn, we gotta get that shit off our chest nigga  
Yo before we get up out  
I wanna shout it out to my nigga Diamond D