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 outThey'll say I can't hold it in
I gotta let it all out
They'll say I can't hold it in
I gotta, I gotta let it all outAnything 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 ouncer 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 flicksFor 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 heatedI'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 greasesAnd 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 outI get in 'em when I sin 'em, the Alkaholiks 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 shotI 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 daysWe 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 clownLet it all out
Let it all out
Let it all out
Let it all outI 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 itWith 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 Alkaholiks rhymer up in your night spotSo ease up off my line, and let me rhyme
I'll lose you like that jewelry that that bitch can't find
On B E T, and yo it'll take a secret psychic
'Cause even in the future I'ma freak it when I mic itAnd 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 outWith 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 stonesSo 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 inI 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' yaps with the LiksI 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 sayThe 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 IDamn, 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

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