

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 They'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 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 gotta 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 gotta 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 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 I 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 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
 Let it all out
 Let it all out
 Let it all out
 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 Alkaholiks rhyming 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 B E T, 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 coolest 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' yaps 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 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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