Let Me Out

Season's End

i dont wanna sell yay
get my door kicked in by the kkk
shoulda said the police
lookin for the quarter piece inside my caprice
from the tracks of the ghetto
i try to escape
ya caught my music
on a CD or rap tape
i make it then take it
to the mom and papa store
for a proper cash flo'
from the mom and papa store
dont want no more rappers on consignment
find another alignment
come back another climate
people don't even know who you is
you need a name in the music biz
your album, for one, has no promotion
your elbows and kneecaps have no lotion
your ashy, your music is trashy
outkast, inside they class me
out the door is where they catch me
(WHERE?)
Straight into the street
(WHERE YOU GOIN?)
now im on my way to swap meet
(SAY WHAT?)
Tryn to make a mil without a record deal
selling tapes off the back of my Coupe de ville (Bucka!)
Hustlin on the street is hard
in a fight with the white security guard
talkin bout 'no solicitin, no publicitin'
I try to talk to him but nope he not listenin
Punk ass, flunk ass, cant slam dunk ass
skunk ass, monk ass, sufferin suckatash!
Now i'm seein a black guard workin for a Korean
tellin me i cant be in the places that i be in
you can spend your money here
you cant make no money here

you better get outta here ya here here
did i make myself clear?
i go and drink a beer
til im pissy in my belly
big as missy elliot (EEEEEE!)
I'm so depressed plus overstressed
wanna rap so hard im obsessed
sometimes i wanna cock my heat
make them punks play my song on the beat (BUCKA!!!!)
let me out, let me out
let me show the whole world what im all about
let me out, let me out
let me rap til the party people scream n shout
let me out, let me out
let me show the whole world the best of me
let me out, let me out
let me take contol of my destiny
depressed, determined
smokin, shermann
black, german
monster, herman
sellin, crack
money, stacked
down for a murder, black

like roberta flack
get dressed up, get my tapes pressed up
'cause the music industry is messed up, baby!
i throw a pity party as i sip bacardi
sell on! rap tapes, i dont need nobody
ima beethoven givin, colt 45 sippin
its the year 2000 and my gerri curl still drippin
it might sound strange in my rhyme
but im from the west coast
i cant change with the hands of time
what i am is what i am
if you dont like what i am i dont give a damn
black pecker's my title, john king is my idol
im havin thoughts thats suicidal, young rival
i dont care about fashion, just cadillac mashin
bags to put my grass in, bank to put my cash in
i dont wear FUBU like you do 'cause FUBU is booboo
i pull my gat and make you shit boo boo sit
you talk too much shit, thats why you got hit
walkin home with your gums split

while i sit, sell yay, eryday (BUCKA!)
bumpin N.W.A. (BUCK-BUCKA-BUCKA!)
cruisin down the street in my 6 A---FRO
punk niggas get GA-FFO, bitch
I wanna kill every cop I meet
I wanna burn down this house that swapped me
Im talkin smack but you aint hearin
get your gat, i gotta start racketeerin, plus clearin
all the koreans and all the europeans
the ones makin money off of black human beings
OH! give it up, give it up
its time for the black folks to live it up
a-ya-hey! burn it down, burn it down
run the white cops outta town, motherfucker
so tell andy griffith that his punk ass b
runs from the black vigilante
it cant be,
a dictatorship, ran by the klu klux klan
feel the wrath of the afroman
let me out, let me out
let me show these motherfuckers what im all about
let me out, let me out
fuck the sheriff in the ass til he scream and shout
let me out, let me out
let me show the whole world the best of me
let me out, let me out
let me take control of my destiny
I CAN DO IT, I CAN MAKE IT
if you dont give it to me baby, ima take it
fuck the music industry, fuck the music biz
i make my own rap tape and tell it like it is
revolution, revolution
revolution - thats the solution
i made the rap tape, i made the CD
fuck the corporate world, GIVE THE MONEY TO ME!
BITCH!
ladadadadadadadadada
Nobody understand the Afroman
ladadadadadadadadada
fuck the police and the ku klux klan
ladadadadadadadadada
ima hungry hustla, east side young busta

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/