

# 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 control 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

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