

## Class of '01

### "Lettin' Off Steam"

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[ Flavor Flav ]

They gon' really sweat you now, gee

They gon' really sweat you now

[ VERSE 1 ]

When I make a move, you better be at a stand-still

I'm holdin up the banner for the annual mic drill

Mistress of the rhyme, Sever pick up the drum stick

And hit you with a rhythm only Nikki can deal with

See, this is a different phase, and you won't be gettin  
fazed

You ran your mouth, no doubt, I'm on a rampage

Damned if I'll be good, I turn this track to a gangster

And roll up on the bitties who are jokes and pranksters

Step to the crowd, work the mic like a symphony

Steady rhymin with conviction, let's see who can get  
next to me

If I'd get deeper, you would drown, it's best to pull out  
now

Searchin for a remedy to get rid of me, no how

You be a memory mimickin me, cause you got bold

Suckers sippin on soup, gold tooth, put it on hold

Cold shootin the gift while others riffin a dream

You can base if you want, but I'm lettin off steam

Shootin the gift, lettin, lettin off

Shootin the gift, lettin, lettin off steam (4x)

[ VERSE 2 ]

You wanna know the star status when I walk in the  
studio?

A mic's there, tracks spare, and I'm ready to do me  
some

A trooper gettin ready for a real live renegade

Waitin for a rookie with a mic and a bad name

So step into my dome, you be a victim of megablast

True trendsetter puttin rhymes on a higher raft

Rough be the look, pullin sturdy the mic stand

Fiendin for a battle? Take it up with my fans

Go 'head and call me a rookie, and I be hookin your  
show

10 times the rhyme and your crowd goin petrol  
Shootin the gift while others riffin a dream  
You can base if you want, but I'm lettin off steam

Shootin the gift, lettin, lettin off  
Shootin the gift, lettin, lettin off steam (4x)

[ Flavor Flav ]

Yo, yo gee!

Hey yo Nikki, they gon' really sweat you now, gee

Hey yo, check this out

Nikki D lettin off steam, boy

First female rapper on Def Jam Records

Yo, it's the Flavor Flav, I'm on there to

And if Flavor Flav ain't on your records, then your  
records ain't really hot

Yo Nikki, kick it!

[ VERSE 3 ]

Go 'head and tell it, I smell it, it's creepin right through  
your veins

Wanna race your next release date doggin my name

You breathed, I hear it, come back and burn you on the  
spot

Another homicide in case you wanna beef a lot

No challenge is small, don't let me give them my all

You will have ruined your own train, yeah, take a fall

I take it and break it and make you a mystery, gee

Have em wonder what keeps hidden my stage  
underneath

No freedom, I beat em and eat em just like a lunch

But of course there's a big mouth, I cold just crunch

Cause the poet will flow it and kick it just like this

Try to hit but don't miss, cause I be throwin a fist

You get tough, I get puffed, call your bluff in a sec

Try to step and get stepped on, step back when it's mic  
check

Shootin the gift while others riffin a dream

You can base if you want, but I'm lettin off steam

Shootin the gift, lettin, lettin off

Shootin the gift, lettin, lettin off steam (4x)

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