

Camilla

"Can't Hold It Back"

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[Dred Scott]

I can't hold it back, lookin for the line
Can't hold it back, search for the rhyme
Can't hold it back, inside the mind
Can't hold it back now you runnin out of time

BANG, set it, off with the funk
When I'm on the mic kid don't pop junk
Cause then I come at you, just like Thriller
You're like the milk and I'm the serial/cereal, KILLA
that'll take your mic and your track and pimp it
Have you swimmin in your blood like Mr. Limpit
Don't come around here with the wack flow
I swoop down on niggaz like a black crow
Aww shit! Now it gets scarier
Timbaland boots to your genital area
Kick the whole Ku Klux Klan out the South
Nah punk I won't take the gat out your mouth
Oh, no, aim for you chest
Bang! I'm on you like a full court press
You can't get the mic 'cross the half court line
Try to concentrate but you're LOSING YOUR MIND!
NON-STOP SHIT, I'm in like Flynn
Don't interrupt, naw kid you can't win!
The only bright side, I reach for the micraphone;
you get free parking in the handicapped zone
and a bro-ken back, I don't care
Then I put a 'boot' on your fucking wheelchair

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I gotta get mine in the here and the now
Brothers wanna flow but they don't know how
Niggaz don't know about stayin up late
While I was in my room kid you was on a date
Voice got hoarse, but I didn't quit
Freestyled til my breath smelled like shit!
Now folks from the old days wanna call

But I ain't a star so I know I won't fall
Then it gets worse, when the blood boil
Crumble emcees like aluminum, foil
Royal ? here to rock a new riddle
School em on the Ave. like Dr. Doolittle
Klepto, schitzo, take all, kids though
Let the Glock 9 be the Pepto-Bismol
for the diarrhea of the mouth, no witness
The punk over there better mind his own business

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[Da Grinch]

No I can't hold it back, representin I.Y.
And I don't WHY niggaz try cause they die
Everytime I see a fuckin stop sign get stressed
Blast suckers off like Elliot Ness
Whoa yes, relievin my stress, with the ease
I got, knowledge of myself, three-sixty degrees
Another emcee wanna test with the game
I lock and load the mic with the lyrics from my brain
INNN-SANNNE, got to get wild and fuckin crazy
My style is blowin freeze, so you punks couldn't trade
me in
for another, word life to your mother
Instead of using dope kid I'd rather use butter
to ex-plain the flav' with the track the Dred made
Shit is on the real all the herbs get slayed now
Taste my freshness, it's good and you can bet this
rhyme is great so why are you sweatin this
micraphone, a kid and a whore as well
Tell you in your fuckin face to go to H-E-L-L
That's Hell if you know how to spell
I put my foot up yo' ass and don't you try to rebel
With both anchors I'm good to please like hold em
Get on your knees and suck my whole scrotum
and kiss my ass, cause son, you might as well face it
Your rhymes ain't shit so, go ahead and taste it
but not with a crazy straw cause now you're my little
whore
Add flavor and spice to fuck it up just a little more
I crunch and munch get mad, and get heated
Don't talk I'm on the hawk, Moonwalk nigga Beat It
But, wait, I got more, UP just my sleeve
Cause I want you junkheads to feel and receive
a broken neck, I'm OUT to wreck, so WHAT the heck
Here's the broom and just sweep the deck
You can't hold me back, Dred Scott is my witness

Cause I be Da Grinch that stoled your whole Christmas
And what that means is, you don't have the gift
Now why you wanna riff cause I'm lightin up the spliff
to get blunted at times yo, I sip on the forty
Back in Farmer Queens, where people called me shorty
I used to the work, the niggaz called it dirt
At times I'd get SWAYZE OTHER TIMES I'D GO BEZERK
It's Da Grinch and the Dred, track attack and it's fat
Don't know how to act, yo we can't hold it back
Break it down, break it break it down LIKE THIS...

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