

Dred Scott

"Can't Hold It Back"

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featuring Da Grinch

[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 micaphone;

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

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!!!

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

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!!

[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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