

## **Alkaholiks**

### **"Relief Yourself"**

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Uh!  
Uhhh, uh!  
It's gonna be that, it's fat  
Ah one-two and a  
I can't hold it in I gotta let it all out (ya don't stop)  
Let it all out, let it all out (ya don't stop)  
I can't hold it in I gotta let it all out (do the wop)  
Let it all out (hip-hop, what?)

[Tash]

Anything you could do I could do fresher  
When I'm on the microphone I rock the shit without no  
pressure  
Cause I snuck my forty ounce past the bouncer with  
the stun gun  
I gotta get some lyrics off my chest so let me run one  
Cause who's bad? Not Michael Jackson when I asked  
him  
I even rock the mic for seven days with Toni Braxton  
It's the Liks, rockin like a six point six  
So while I be scoopin bitches you rush the skin flicks

[J-Ro]

For reals, I gotta more skills than an occupation center  
I got your girl cookin my dinner  
Action, lights and cameras ain't needed  
Oh jeezus, the nigga that be gettin rappers heated  
I'm J-Ro, and my style is darker than a mole  
My rhyme is so hot you got to stop drop and roll  
I used to wear Releases, I hate police to pieces  
Oh jeezus, my style is sick like pork greases

Chorus:

And now I can't hold it in I gotta let it all out  
Let it all out, let it all out (relieve yourself)  
And now I can't hold it in I gotta let it all out  
Let it all out (relieve yourself)

And now I can't holt it in I gotta let it all out  
Let it all out, let it all out (relieve yourself)  
And now I can't holt it in I gotta let it all out  
Let it all out

[J-Ro]

I get in em when I sin em, the Alkaholik venom  
I fold your clothes with your body still in em  
The rhymes I got, hit like Ronnie Lott  
The only way you take my spot is with

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