

Tha Alkaholiks "Contents Unda Pressure"

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I'm the beer rational outta national
My cash flow is thick like mashed potato-oes in the
gravy
Wassup wavy, thanks to my homey King Tee-la
The host wit the most, I'm coast to coast like Aunt Peela

The Cowboys beat the Steelers so nigga where's my 50
dollar
Boom bap to your cap if your eyes is lookin' shiftee
In this game of rappin' your ass will never win
And let you play B B Rickers wit Quik, Suge and Mack 10

Who need to come join these words like conjunction
A friend before I bring the end to your bodily functions
When I speak I go deep, like when I'm stabbin' it
You comin' up empty like your Mother Hubbard's
cabinet

'Cause you keep comin' with rhymes guns so deeply
Example is the school of mankind niggaz so peep me
You Range-Rovin', Tommy Hil and bustin' glocks
While I'm in the studio bustin' lyrics in my socks

And the A C is broken, no jokin', we got the worm
Without the coke-in, the fuckin' DAT machine is smokin'
The pizza still ain't here, we out of beer
And I think this motherfuckin' engineer is a queer

And my dip is blowin' up my hip whats up honey
(Eh, J-Ro the land lord really wants his money)
Aww, shit

Contents unda pressure, contents unda pressure
I hope for the best and expect the worst
Get stress off my chest every time I bust a verse

Ain't no describin', the way that Tash be feelin' when
he's vibin'
Be feelin' like a deadly secret agent on assignment
Don't fuck wit microfilms, I want the microphones and
tables
that some niggaz stole while I was at a meeting wit my

label

'Cause Tash will rock your cradle wit the fatal rhymes
that pound
Put you down 'cause your lyrics suck more than Divine
Brown
While I'm off that Royal Crown gettin' party at the
Atmospheric
Wit the 40's and the Hennessey to get y'all in the spirit

So bounce to the lyrics of the noble Likwit warrior
Get the stress out or try to maintain like X and Gloria
Poundin' your surroundin', stuffin' at you from the Liks
Styles harder to decode than graffiti on the bricks

So read my tag and weep while I drive you off the deep
Wit the Alkie style that rock you and made Quantum
wanna leap
'Cause Tash in the streets plays for keeps on micros
It's the never ending quest for west coast rap titles

Contents unda pressure, contents unda pressure
I hope for the best and expect the worst
Get stress off my chest every time I bust a verse

Yo I walk in the place, kicks un-laced
Wit a bitter beer face, naw a whole case
(A 40?)
Wit flows like these, we not your average MC's
We be the drunken masters of ceremonies

These rappers come out hard then turn fake like rayon
Put I choose to stick to the streets like a crayon
In order to go pop, we'd have to stop comin' fresher
Contents under pressure

And there ain't no tellin' when we bout to explode
Like tall cans in the freezer when they get too cold
We gotta title to hold, west coast ghetto gold
More than half a million know these beats got soul

We still under pressure, thats my motivation
To let this drunk technique leak through out the nation
I'm stressed out, for weeks wit no sleep
And no roll in the studio 'cause I know this shits gotta
blow

When you see me on the mic we go buck for buck
We only battle decent niggaz, so be glad y'all suck
'Cause if I take ten steps and turn around I'll destroy ya
'Cause my style be up in niggaz like I'm Oscar De La

Hoya

The crew you got before ya, Tash the top gunner
So try to stay on float while the current pulls you under
'Cause read what it stands fool, like on the bulletin
Wit skills they couldn't teach your ass at Cal State
Fullerton

I'm in the zone like the Bulls at home
Wit mad stains on my shirt from all the beer and foam
'Cause the crew wit all the brew, buries squads like
treasures
Wit the Hennessey and Coke tryin' to deal wit life's
pressure

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