

Lionel Richie % Diana Ross**"Let it All Hang Out"**

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[Pete Rock]

Ahhh.. yeahh..

Chillin with, A.D.O.R., c'mon

[A.D.O.R.] Me and Pete Rock

[P. Rock] Uh-huh

[A.D.O.R.] Kick the fat tracks

[P. Rock] Yeahh!

[A.D.O.R.] C'mon

[P. Rock] C'mon

[Verse One: A.D.O.R.]

Pumpin out fuel, for all to use yo

We're gettin buckwild on this A.D.O.R. slammin groove

Steppin up to bumrush the stage

Get the crew motivator by the spark of the rage

The mic is the teacher, to get you out the cage

From the get-go, the critics ranted and raved

cause Hip-Hop was too strong

The road to the riches we began to pave

Where the body, the mind, the soul become one

Intertwined with PEACE and hostility none

Is the message loud and clear, for all to hear

and may the crowds cheer (UHH) which is a season of
the year

The flow, a-to a rugged kind of tempo

And what this all means it's time to let yourself go (GO)

It's time to get you on to this ninety-delic tip

I'm not a hippie but yo B I'm hip

A ninety-delic definition means no more self doubt
(yeah)

Future on point yo my brother's gonna work it out

The pressure gets hot a state of mind is in with clout

Flip off the vibes c'mon and let it all hang out

[Chorus: Pete Rock scratches and talks] + (A.D.O.R.)

Let it all hang out (uhh, cause we got what ya like)

Hang it out.. let it all hang out (cause we got what ya
like)

Hang it out.. (let it all hang out) yeah, c'mon, hang it out

Let it all hang out, hang it out

[Verse Two: A.D.O.R.]

C'mon, feel the vibe from the rhythm as I break the
devil's ties
A feeling of good times, musical highs (yeah)
Rhythm, harmony, soul skills and that put together
for the master plan is surely to attract (UH)
The people it take, the speakers to quake, the points to
make
The A.D.O.R. possesses what it takes
to make it feel good, the way it should
Give me the mic and Pete Rock and you know I could
stand up get'cha all, UHH, all night long (yeah)
It feels too right, too strong to be wrong
Let's turn it up, full blast, and make it last
Yo I'm thinkin bout the future, {*fuck*} the past
with the beat that's pumpin (uhh)
To get the people jumpin but sayin somethin
Do you know what, I'm talkin about
When I tell you to express yourself (yes sir)
And let it all hang out

[Chorus] + and - some ad libs

[A.D.O.R.] Pete Rock, give it to 'em

{*Pete scratches and mutters incomprehensibly*}

[Verse Three: A.D.O.R.]

So clap your hands, hip-hop fans
for Another Definition Of the Rhythm is what you
demand (yeah)
Pump your fists and yell go, go
For what A.D.O.R. possesses is a feeling from seasoned
soul
for all to feel, cause our feeling is real
Some new jacks don't know the deal
If you can shake it (shake it), and not fake it (fake it)
C'mon rise you're gonna make make make it
to the top of the pile, get hyped fly child (yeah)
While this record's spinnin, I'm settin the pace
Feel the bass cause the verdict is in (uh-huh)
E.M.'s on the case, to get you all, uhh
With the beat that's raw
And {?}'ll give it to you, uhh of course
I don't drink the Stout, but I get wide open (yeah)
when I shout, when I shout ah-let it all hang out

[Chorus] + and - some ad libs

[A.D.O.R. - speaking over Chorus]

Cause we got whatcha like
Ah-let it all hang out, cause we got whatcha like

[Chorus] - repeat above to fade

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