

# Contents Unda Pressure

Tha Alkaholiks

I'm the beer rational outta national  
My cash flow is thick like mashed potato-oes in the gravy  
Wsup wavy, thanks to my homey King Tee-la  
the host wit the most, Im coast to coast like Aunt Peela  
the Cowboys beat the Steelers so nigga where's my \$50  
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 wit 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 witout the coke-in  
the fuckin DAT machine is smokin  
The pizza still aint 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 under pressure, contents under pressure  
I hope for the best and expect the worst  
get stress off my chest everytime 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  
dont fuck wit microfilms, I want the microphones and tables  
that some niggaz stole while I was at a meeting wit my label  
cuz Tash will rock your cradle wit the fatal rhymes that pound  
put you down cuz your lyrics suck more than Divine Brown  
while Im off that Royal Crown gettin party at the Atmospheric  
wit the 40's and the Hennessy to get yall 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 grafitti 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  
cuz Tash in the streets plays for keeps on micros  
its the never ending quest for west coast rap titles

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Yo I walk in the place, kicks un-laced  
wit a bitter beer face, (a 40?) naw a whole case  
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 thru out the nation  
Im stressed out, for weeks wit no sleep  
and no roll in the studio cuz 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 couldnt 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 Hennessee and Coke tryin to deal wit life's pressure