

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