

## 21 And Under

Tha Alkaholiks

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Hello

Let me tell ya about the liks

See it say it

Ah, yo

I walked into a store I stepped straight to the freezer  
I grabbed some forty ounces and a few Bacardi breezers  
I threw 'em on the counter then I went to find some chips  
I'm thinkin' bout this bitch I'm bout to visit with the hips  
I asked the counter person for the biggest box of Trojans  
Cause when I be on the pussy I 'cause nuclear explosions  
He put them in my bad, totaled up my sums  
He said, "that comes to thirteen dollars," but I didn't have no ones  
I gave him twenty, in walked some shorties  
Eyes beemin' red headed straight for the forties  
Five foot three wannabe tupac's  
They asked the man behind the counter for the Newport boxes  
They stole some cans 'cause the man couldn't see 'em  
Cause he busy tryin' to tell 'em next time he'll I'd 'em  
One was starin' at me, then suddenly it hit him  
That's that nigga from the liks let's crack the forties with him  
They gave me daps they said I freak my raps  
They said they homey got some flows and twist off the beer caps  
Halfway finished, I asked 'em what their ages  
Cause they lookin' like, they barely out the puberty stages  
Fifteen, sixteen, one was too embarrassed  
He said they started drinkin' fuckin' around and went to terrace  
It wasn't long before the forties was gone  
So as I turned around I told my young niggas to stay strong  
Because no matter how you scan it you're the future of the planet  
You don't wanna be a rapper 'cause it's drainin' entertainin'  
Too much strainin' on your brain, I told 'em they don't need it  
They hit me with a card and said, "call us if you wanna gt  
Weeded," yeah sixteen years old  
Hangin out drinkin' forties in the east columbus cold  
As they jumped onto they bikes in the knee-high snow  
They all turned around and said, "you ain't shit rico!"

Can I send this out once, for my niggas smokin' blunts  
Twice, for my niggas rollin' dice  
Three times, for my niggas bust the rhymes  
So they don't do crimes to make it through the hard times

As we send it out once, for my niggas smokin blunts  
Twice, for my niggas rollin dice  
When the liks is in the house we let you know like yo!  
If you hit me with a forty black I hit you with a flow

It was a Friday night, house party goin' on  
At my homies house, from dusk til dawn  
Blunts in the air plus kegs of brew  
Some half naked-bitches gettin' pushed in the pool  
(In the corner was the dj, gettin' nice  
Feelin that shit, off the alehze and ice)  
I only had one mic, now imagin  
A gang of drunk mc's who wanna start rappin  
One grabbed the mic and held on too long  
(" baby I'm on the mic, and I'm on the mic  
When I'm on the mic (pass the mic God damn nigga)  
Doin what I like, and when I'm on the mic ")  
Push came to shove bang now he's gone  
That's what happens when the liquor does your thinkin'  
So keep this in mind when you're out there drinkin

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And I'm out, time to get busy  
As we flow up out this piece  
I ain't even mad, I ain't even mad  
I ain't even mad at y'all  
It's the alkaholiks

Yo yo, mic check one two one two  
Transmittin' live through the headphones, you know how we do it  
Low budget style  
For all mc's in the houe I know how you feel  
I know you feelin' the vibe right about now  
Crackin' the forty, sittin' in the car, or at the club  
Bobbin your head to this album  
But yo, we gonna give you, we gonna give you a second to catch wreck  
Go ahead, get your freestyle on  
And you don't have to be twenty-one  
Rock that shit