

## Bottoms Up

Tha Alkaholiks

Yes yes yes yes yes yeah-he-ha-ha-ha!  
Back to drown y'all motherfuckaz!  
Who we got, we got, we got  
We got the Liks, we got the Liks, we got the Liks  
Cause MC's in ninety-five, MC's in ninety-five  
MC's in ninety-five that think they rock like  
MC's in ninety-five, MC's in ninety-five  
MC's in ninety-five that swear they rock live

MC's in ninety-five they need way more rehearsin'  
They write they booty kyrics then they add they little curse in  
You're not a true hip-hop person  
Spend a little time with your rhymes and quit makin' wack versions  
I send this shit out to all them niggas from that group  
With the ninety minute demo sounding just like Snoop  
You better bizzay, your ass up out my rhyme zone  
Fore I leave you on the ground broke up like pine cones  
You're rootin' and tootin' but ain't did no shootin'  
While the freshest hip-hop, it curses verses like a wicked witch  
Disaster, cock the rhyme flows back to kill  
To get me out your system takes more than Golden Seal  
'Cause I bust so many flows I gotta file my shit in columns  
While MC's be goin down like Olympiads that slalom, rock-bottom  
I got em, left without no watchers  
While I be housin niggaz like they put up for adoption  
I rock loaded, I never get promoted  
But through the bullshit my crew stays devoted  
While you be bustin' lyrics bout the funs y'all niggas toted  
I'll be standin like a B-boy with both arms folded  
But no excuses, I still get the loosest  
When Rico's in the house tryin to grab the mic and juice this  
So back the fuck up like we told you last time  
Cause it's the Liks in the house with the ninety-five rhymes

We can do out thing (we can do our thing), bottoms up!  
(4x)

I wake up, kill a roach, call the homies, hit some weights  
Reminesce about the shows we did in forty-eight states  
Banned in the rest, but we was on tour with who  
De La, and Quest, we made the crowd say yes (yes)  
Now it's like fuck, Make Room, move your ass out my way  
Bay-bee, bay-bee  
With all these hoes around clwon, why you want to bang?  
Let's have a celebration like cool and the Gang  
I bring it all the way back, like a punk return  
I rock some spots and call more shots than Chick Hearn  
The only MC I like is Amante  
I was drinkin Asi Spumante wit cha auntie  
Bust them lyrics shots from the AKG  
When it comes to style and finesse, I'm the epitome  
Hit a beat, make em all retire, flyer  
Higher than a jet, like Stet I'm on fire  
'Causin pain like a runaway train you don't stop  
Drop the track, now watch it flow back to the top  
I'm the J-are-O, not J-E-are-you  
And you know what we came to do, bottoms up!

We can do out thing (we can do our thing), bottoms up!  
(4x)

When you hear screams, that means King Tee walked in  
The advertisement, and that nigga's bent  
Raise up off the wall, bitches Last Call  
Ready for the ruckus, pushin' motherfuckers off the stage  
Teela's got a brand new gauge  
So Make Room, for the crew with beats that  
I got a complex I guess I bust best with stress  
A mess, don't bring that shit to the West, cause  
Uh, I bring drama, like Jeffery Dahmer  
Choppin' up MC's with they mama  
Ah-hah! Oops I made a funny with the dozens  
The one-est, who busts rough rhymes for the cousins  
Super Nigga's comin! Faster than a bullet  
Leapin' over buildings, wavin' at the children  
And don't even trip cause the Alkaholiks funk don't cease  
Tash I'm up out this piece

We can do out thing (we can do our thing), bottoms up!  
(4x)