

Captain Hook

Tha Alkaholiks

I knew this nigga by the name of Captain Hook
Who had a record deal but no lyrics in his book
But everywhere you looked he had a poster for his single
The one he bit the oldie track and stole the oldie jingle
jangle, but I be comin from a different angle
Cause I want that pot of gold below the hardcore rainbow
But name your price and you'd be down to sell your moms
I'm on a different level while the Devil grease your palms
Sign your life away in ink, cause you think you got the talents
But look at Hook's bank account and zero is the balance
I repeat, ze-ro, peo-ple
Cause he be worried bout his hook so he could get a spin from but Rico, blow
them type niggaz through the rooftop
Cause only plays you if you R&B or Tupac
So one single later, he fallin out the game
But before that nigga left, he left us his name

Captain Hook, Captain, Captain, Captain Hook
"spend a little time witcha rhymes"
(2x)
Drink drink, we drunk, we drunk, drunk
Drink drink we drunk, we drunk drunk
(2x)

And for your info, I can set it off to any tempo
And have you niggaz puzzled while I make it look so simple
Cause deep inside my mental I got stacks of lyrics hidden
That's why I get the props that Captain Hooks don't be gettin
Plus they be counterfeitin, styles straight scandals
Spendin too much time tryin to party off the handle
I bust to Orlando, tryin to better what I got (why)
Cause I'm Tash the likwifyer here to take somebody's spot
But not that nigga named Captain Hooks
Cause he's the type of rapper, that's always worried bout his looks
But overnight success don't impress the West that's freshest
He need to take his cheese and invest in rappin lessons
Or catch one for free right here on me
Or catch me late Friday night on 92.3
And after lesson three, if his style still stank
I'ma tie his ass up and make him walk the plank

I was in my Likwid cruise ship, just sailin the seas
When Captain Hook came and stole my steez
Oh Hook, caught a left hook, for stealin my hook
In no time he stole a rhyme out my notebook
I'm the the Pacific Ocean, floatin
Chasin his broken ass out to Oakland
But WhoRidas said he came and stole they name
And he got E-40's briefcase full of game
So I, set myself back on the Ro's quest
With the Farrahey brew up in the crow's nest
He could see L.A., there was trouble you see
Oh shit, he just stole a flow from WC
Now he's throwin up the dub I gotta catch the fuckin scrub
He'll go down like a sub cause I'ma cut him like a shrub
He wants pub, yeah, he's all on Blass
He moved real fast on Snoop and Ras Kass

Now I'm in Atlanta, and his trail is hotter than a sausage
I'm took late, he took Outkast out as a hostage
I wonder could he squab with the Goodie MoB
I think he got the best of me, just how many would he rob
I floated out to Queens but it seems I just missed him
They said he robbed Cool J for his boomin system
He went to Shaolin and stole Method Man's bio
and he buried everything somewhere in Ohio
Bone Thugs saw him, at the Crossroad
with a empty treasure chest that he was tryin to load
He was last seen sailin, into the distance
We gotta catch this crook and we need your assistance

Yeah, if you happen to see this punk scallywag out there
Don't try to aprehend him, just call Tha Liks
And if you suddenly got some rhymes missin, you know who did it
Captain Hook, yeah we gon catch his ass
Baten down the motherfuckin hatches
We gonna feed his ass to the gators
But first we gonna