

Daaam!

Tha Alkaholiks

Alkaholiks got the freaks that'll make you say Alkaholiks got the freestyle
to make you say Alkaholiks got the rhymes that'll make you say Everytime I
make a jam make you wanna say
E-Swift test the rocket launcher, let's blow up the spot
Show em what we got for the ninety-flow shot
I'm the, brown bomber droppin verbal scuds
I write rhymes while my momma peel the skin off the spuds
This ain't baseball, naw, the Liks won't slump
So make room, for the crew with beats that hump
Yo, I'm the baddest man with a hit since Willie Mays
I'm playin for the A's, O.G. was right cause "Rhyme Pays"
I walk through a rainstorm, I didn't even get wet
I was bailin through Hell I didn't even bust a sweat
So you must have a loco-motive, I mean a crazy reason
To wanna step up, it's sucker punk season
Bring it on young one, so you can get done
I got mo' styles than the miles to the sun
Ninety-three million, five thousand flows
And here's one more for the hoes

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(2x)

Geyeah, Alkaholiks for ninety-fo'
Makin more dutch than Ross Perot
Check it out, yeah
Like that, Xzibit all in your grill
Hah, that's that nigga Xzibit, yeah
Cause in ninety-four
It's all about the flowws, the hoes
and the forty-o's, nigga!

Kick your, dopest rhyme I'll break it up like 3rd Bass
I'm from the crew that sets it off by sprayin beer in your face
So the ninety-four to them I pour my niggaz that remember
means I'm steppin to the mic with lyrics colder than December
The liquidator with the hardcore demanor's
bustin out the perpetrators I see through em like a Zima
So I'm never caught between a hard place and a rock
Cause I kill rhyme bandits bare handed like Mr. Spock
I told chief not to start no beef
He tried to shoot me with his gun I caught the bullet with my teeth
Cause I'm stronger than the bull that's on the Schlitz Malt Liquor
Hittin up your cities with the Alkaholik sticker
Cause I feel like bustin loose
It's the wicked pain inflictor with the Mickey's deuce deuce
Droppin rhymes like a boulder on the twenty-one and older
That's what your momma with my picture tattooed on her shoulder
So rap artists, "Get ready to rumble!"
Cause I got lyrics up my sleeve that slam harder than Mutumbo
I heard your demo tape that shit was faker than a scam
While I be droppin shit that make you say

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I've been told that my style is so cold it make your nose run and j
I make the ladies say, "Make money money!"
I used to have a curl but I cut my shit real low
Cause every weekend I had a spin on the pillow
Watts, Willabrooke, even shook, when I took
A fresh-ass hook out my notebook
"Dan-na-dah, dan-na-dah" - I love sports
I even watch soccer and the girls on the tennis courts
You try to tackle me you couldn't make me fall
Cause I been movin ahead since the day I learned to crawl
Y'all, aww shit, let me make a wish
I wish all the bunk MC's turn to fish
So I could just hook em, take em home and cook em
That's how I floss yo pass the hot sauce
When I walk down the streets I leave my footprints
in the concrete, cause I'm fat meanin, I'm so complete
Like a freak on an elevator I'ma fuck you up
It's the Ro, with the, inebiriated flow
I hate to boast but I'm the host with most
And I'm ghost, here's a toast to my people's from coast to coast

It's like that
It's like this uh, it's like that
It's like this uh, it's like that
Well it's like this uh, it's like that
Like that, word up, Alkaholiks
X to the Z Xzibit in the motherfuckin place, yeah
Let me shout it out once, once, once

To my nigga King Tee you don't stop
To my nigga Diamond D you don't stop
TO my nigga DJ Pooh you don't stop
To my nigga J-Ro you don't stop
To that nigga E-Swift you don't stop
To that nigga D Pimp you don't stop
To my nigga, all, across the board
This is how it go and I won't leave you, sore
Uh, the freestyle flow dicks
Rico's in the house and I'm from the fuckin Liks
Don't perpetrate or you get perpetrated
Rico's in the house yes yes I liquidate
the whole set up, your whole damn crew'll get wet up
Nineteen ninety-four's in the house, we won't let up
Yes, the freestyle flow on and on...