

I hang MC's with my noose, watch me get loose
The nigga flippin' more styles than Snapple got juice
'Cause I'm too hot to handle, got more soul in my pinky
Than a niggy pickin' his afro and I left the skin not stinky
The freshest, yes it's, the rhymer with the bottle
Kickin' it with my homie like Lamont do with Rollo
Live at the Apollo, they still couldn't do it
'Cause even in New York the crew be buzzin' off the fluid
So testing (one), testing (two), testing (three)
Too much Olde E will make you pee
As you can see I'm the Alkaholik tipsy off the whiskey
Get with the clippers never nappy like Misty
I didn't grow dreads, 'cause dreads is for the rastas
Tha Alkaholik click straight knockin' out impostors
Gots to roll deep like ants at a picnic
Get with the crew that's flowin' like likwit

Every night I pray to god please, no more whack MC's
I catch a few z's, wake up and bust these
I get over like a high jumper, freaks be on my wienie
'Cause they know I'm packin' more shit than Bandini
The freshest on the map servin' raps with all fixin's
E-Swift does the mixin', pockets fat like Rickie Nixon
(Ain't no party like a Alkaholik party)
So don't be a nitwit, get with the likwit
(Ah yeah, ah yeah) Yeah a little louder a little louder a little louder
er
One two one two yeah just like that, yo
Yo, (flowin' like likwit)
Ahh yeah (ahh yeah ahh yeah ahh yeah) flowin' like likwit
Ow, King Tee

Here comes the Lik, or should I say likwit
As I gets funky on a track that my nigga E-Swift did
Rollin' with the Alkaholik group, call me trooper
Run of the mill skills got your neck in the noose
But hey, I be the K-I-N-G Tee for short
Big ballin' nigga playin' rhymes like a sport
Wicked when I kick it, yeah that's the ticket
Tossin' up a forty still buzzin' off the likwit

You ain't got enough skill, to fill up a cup
So niggy won't you just shut the (hold up)
The girls call me dookie man 'cause I'm the shit can't you smell son
I gots more freaks than Prince Rogers Nelson
I can't be stopped I got hip-hop wreckin' powers
I gotta say what's up to my buddy Ricky Flowers
We got that likwit funk, we get drunk with the
Hell motherfuckin' yeah