

# Off The Wall

Tha Alkaholiks

Dude, what you got on my forty homey?  
One two, likwid, likwid, likwid  
What you think motherfucker?  
Course I do - came down  
Fuck it up, uhh, uhh

Get your back up off the wall "get with it"  
And you can get it, get it, get it, get it  
Get your back up off the wall "get with it"  
And you can get it, get it, get it, yeah

I heard niggaz wanna know who scoops the most hoes  
The R&B singers or the niggaz with flows  
So what I did was took a poll like Clinton versus Dole  
(Cause the flames rappers swingin be out of control)  
And the more girls I asked, the more I heard em say  
They said they want it raw, silky nigga stay away  
Good choice, cuz Rico don't be losin his voice and no...  
to make my hair look moist  
Just a sack of palm dale that I got from Dontrell  
Cuz this is how I do it but it ain't Montell  
It's the knight in rusty armor, hardcore rap designer  
That be dissin silky niggaz in suits and eyeliner  
Cuz look at how you dress, you think you lookin fresh  
in your leather vest, wrapped around your puny bird chest  
Keep freezin, while I keep easin down the road  
Cause Tash'll scoop your girl no matter what y'all niggaz sold  
Gold, or double plat  
CaTashTrophe'll have your girl butt-naked layin flat (which way is that)  
Horizontal, while I'm runnin all up in it  
To the rap jams, you know, that 99 beats a minute  
party shit! The R&B niggaz try to swipe  
That's why they call MC's to make they remixes hype  
But I'm the type of cat to come to your show and boo ya  
Black ya, blue ya, then throw my tape to ya

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(2x)

Who the hell let the dog out the gate?  
Ready or not, here I come to set it straight  
Cause it's a thin line between love and hate  
So MC's bow down and prepare to meet your fate  
Cause these (smilin faces) smilin faces sometimes  
they wanna backstab and bite my rhymes  
But I keep a pack (skin tight) you wanna pen fight?  
Just give in, cause you know you'll never win, right?  
It ain't no sunshine in the midnight hour  
A three day shower couldn't wash away my soul power  
(Stop look and listen) That's the way of the world  
I turn cowboys to girls, lions to squirrels  
Is it just my imagination, or is my generation  
Fascinated by gunplay, and incarceration  
Peace to the departed, I get it started like A-B

C, it ain't nothin like the real thing baby  
I'm takin it to the streets, but this version's much cleaner  
(I'm searching for Mary Jane, man have you seen her?)  
Yeah, I found love on a two way street  
Now I'm bout to roll her up in between these sheets (say what)  
This is my message to MC's to make em quiver  
Signed, sealed, delivered

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I be tight like fish pussy, so funky niggaz gotta gush me  
So dark you can't overlook me  
Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall  
I call up Tha Liks and we drunk em all  
Heavy or small, you drink, forget it  
You ask who is it? I already got your bitch digit  
It's the permanent chiller, occasional iller  
Lyrical cap pealer, hype stealer  
Savage nigga chiller, microphone fuhreala  
skill dealer, stadium thriller, I'll break in Manila  
One of a kind prime time rhyme thriller  
Superstar status guerilla, still I  
to this day drink Olde English cannot stand Miller  
A real hip-hop berzerker  
At the surface yeah, you got the right to be nervous  
Originality you lack  
So take that move back catch a heart attack  
Get your back up off the wall

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And you can get it, get it, get it, get it  
Get your back up off the wall "get with it"  
And you can get it, get it, get it, yeah  
(4x)

Nobody beats Tha Liks (4x)  
You know nobody can beat Tha Liks  
I know nobody can beat Tha Liks  
We rock you on and on  
Nobody beats Tha Liks