

Pass Out

Tha Alkaholiks

Ahh! Y'all niggaz finally came back with the beers!
We're the Alkaholiks in the house!
Slow ass niggaz!
Hey let's pass out some of this brew James
Better have some 40's and tall cans and shit
James let's pass some of this brew out, check it out, yo

One for you One for you
One for you One for you
A few for your crew And this one's for you
One for you But this here is my brew

It's the beer drinkin, breath stinkin sniffin money
I throw my hands up and say, "It's good" like Gene Tunny
C'mere pull my finger, so I can let the funk flow
E-Swift the funk bro, beats to make the trunk roll

Welcome to the house the one-times can't raid
where I grab the mic trippin like my weed was sprayed
So to try to take what's mine you better be the smoothest criminality
cause I'm deadly to the point I had to warn the Surgeon General

So let the women know, they call Captain Slave-a-Hoe
or J to the Ro, from Tha Likwit crew beer roll
And speakin of crews, yo whose next to lose
Instead of five mics, I'd rather have five brews

And if y'all niggaz peeped the news you saw the weatherman predictin
the rain was on the way because you know who brings Tha Likwit
The nigga risked it, rap exquisite down for housing
cause I'm tryin to keep it pumpin til the year two thousand

and fourteen, we'll still be holdin down the scene
Comin fresh everytime like peas from Jolly Green
Everytime we rock a show we send the crowd to detoxes
Tha Liks bring the flicks that kicks like six oxes

And I be rockin niggaz boxers like I'm DJ "Run"
So men and women rush my music like it's CK One
So of course I got it locked even my wackest two bitches
look flyer than the heinas and the lowrider bitches

And we left you all in stitches now we back like early morn
We comin back out on that shit like creamed corn
with that Likwit funk, won't stop until you say uhh
I save a brew for you, fool, Only When I'm Drunk

So what you sayin punk, even with a shipment of equipment
you still couldn't rock it cause you don't be comin different
So that bruisin you was cruisin for has just arrived
with the Olde English crack just to make it live

One for you One for you
One for you One for you
A few for your crew This one's for you
Damn we runnin out of brew Now what we gonna do?

Three drunk motherfuckers goin round the outside
Round the outside, round the outside
Three drunk motherfuckers goin round the outside
(So dosey do your partner!)

Can you feel it? YEAH
If you didn't have it would you steal it? HELL YEAH
Well it's yours!
My rap skills are black like burnt hills
on the reals, I make the coldest nigga catch the chills
Like the Buffalo Bills, you had your chances (that's right)
Pack your pots and pans, and fly your ass back to Kansas
I should Diss You, wack rhymes are the issue
I come up with hooks that'll pull out your tissue
Like Tito, white kids think I'm neat
I chop MC's up and throw em in my burrito
WHAT? Never interrupt me when I'm speakin
Just sit your ass down and say, "Wealllll" like a Deacon
Fuck the trendy clothes I want the bankrolls
Your style is funny like hoes with big butts and skinny ankles

And havin shoes or where their coats is, right under our noses
Cause Tash brings the chronic, so fuck a dozen roses
Talk they feet out sweep em from the second that I peep em
cause the women look so good I wanna take em home and keep em
Freak em, but only with my Jimmy well protected
cause I know you want it raw but I can't give it to ya naked
So chill for a second while I wreck it on the Audi
Cause I kick that kinda shit that leaves y'all bitches brains cloudy
Now we, come to the payoff because I'm way off
I fuck parties up like Ferris Bueller on his Day Off
So peep how I creep and how deep I dive
with the Olde English crack just to make it live

One for you One for you
One for you One for you
One for you And this one's for you
Damn we out of fuckin brew Then fuck it, then we through

Three drunk motherfuckers goin round the outside
Round the outside, round the outside
Three drunk motherfuckers goin round the outside
... once again
Three drunk motherfuckers goin round the outside
Round the outside, round the outside
Three drunk motherfuckers goin round the outside
... and we gonna fuck it up; motherfuckers

Yeah that's right, go keep all your hoes motherfuckers
It's 1996, Likwit crew, Alkaholiks, King Tee
Xzibit, Phil Da Agony, Defari
Uhh, a.k.a. the Forty Downers
What y'all know about this?
West coast hip-hop at it's motherfuckin finest
(uhh, Phil Da Ag in the house)
Forty To Da Head in the house
(X to the Z in the house)
E-Swift on the beat
(and Barber Shop in the house)
Need I say more?
(West coast, East coast)
Hell no!
(All over the world, and we out)