

# Sickness

## Tha Alkaholiks

You ready? Are you ready?  
Aiiyyo we need some beer to the stage quick (quick-quick-quick..)  
Alkaholiks on the set (oooh-OOOH!)  
Y'all ready? (ooh-OOP!) Uhh..

Aiiyyo it's six million drinks to try, choose one  
So you can catch a buzz while Likwid show you how it's done  
Bouncin off the walls is just my niggaz havin fun  
With all these weak niggaz, why the fuck'd we lose Pun?  
Damn it's a trip to see the world twist around us  
But Tha Alkaholik clique, a.k.a. the 40 downers  
gets twisty, twisty, yak and brews  
Black Rob flows is "Whoa!", Tha Liks is like "Whoo!"  
Is there a doctor in the house cause somebody gonna need him  
Tash fight for his right to party, I need my freedom  
So I can drink in public without the cops eyein me  
F.B.I. spyin me cause everybody buyin me

I got drunk and got down with Tha Liks  
But before I put it down all I need is a fix  
Now bust a nut - I rhymes away on different days  
And everybody wonder how I stay so blazed  
I'm like a sickness; I'm like a sickness but there is no cure  
And when you hear my voice don't it sound so pure  
Tha Alka-holiks know, come bust fo' sho'  
So whether we together kickin down the doors

From Lake Buteras to Paris generic rappers get embarassed  
We inherit b-boy Sermons just like Erick's  
Liks been flowin longer than your grandparent's marriage  
Eatin buzzed brownies more than Bugs eat carrots  
Kick back in the 'llac like a horse and a carriage  
Spittin "The Facts of Life" more than Tudy and Ms. Garrett  
When I'm runnin my errands Dayton rims feel like Ferris  
Get socked in your larynx, if yo' ass get careless

Aiiyyo who stole the soul? I did cause I was desperate  
Send a random note to Loud - I want a million for my next shit  
I know you got the money Steve just reach into that grab bag  
Then step back and watch me drop these "Bombs On Baghdad"  
Cause Tash rap melodical, drunk periodical  
Niggaz think they hot but I'm seein they ain't got it though  
I'm from L.A. you from Idaho, no skills you gotta go  
Fo' albums deep, so y'all motherfuckers gotta know  
We birds of a feather so we, smoke together  
Tha Liks and Rocwilder gonna, choke whoever  
ain't in this motherfucker comin raw dog style  
Hold my drink Mr. Tan while I jump in the crowd

Excuse my gutter language, but fuck bein famous  
Ro bust for nameless don of rhymin china chainless  
Olde English ancient drive Chevy's with paint chips  
I breathe herb, so they say my words is tainted  
Let's take it back to "Colors" get your face painted with fat caps  
I got more rhymes in my mind than you can fit in your backpacks  
Go 'head, eat 'em up like snack packs  
I stay busy like crack shacks

I like my hoes with the lickable toes  
And the silver dollar nipples that be pokin out the clothes  
Now I suppose you want flows like MackinRo's  
Cause you be standin on the stage at all our motherfuckin shows  
James Robinson, even my name is dominant  
Lyrics astonishin from the Likwid Conglomerate  
My crew in it, I'm in it, so we remain prominent  
Rap game I'm bombin it, it's too much Uncle Tom in it