## Intro:

Ladies and gentleman, that nigga king tee and the al-cum-a-holiks Pooh-butts play the rear cause I'm makin yapes The rhymes ain't no thicker than a, skittle grapes A lot of girls would like to thank me, for the hanky-panky On the mic I hold a belt, now I know no one could spank me It took a long time for the people, to hear my rhymes Seems like I been rappin since my birth in '69 Sorry to keep you waitin, I run rhymes like walter payton I get a rhyme like spokes on a dayton But I won't knock off, because I just rock off The beats to get funky, like when you take your sock off To all the white folks I would like to say howdy And to all my brothers I say peace quit actin rowdy Wack mcs in ninety-two, ew you need to take a rest The public don't you aim the best you're softer than a hookers chest Raps, I make em, snaps, I make em For duties movin booties cause I shake shake em And I got rhymes, funky funky rhymes E-swift hold the needle down with nickels and dimes I drink olde english, st. ide's and mickeys When it's time to roll I throw on my black dickeys On the mic I get wicked, like wilson pickett I get the place jumpin like a cricket when I kick shit I'm from the west coast but don't sleep home-stimpy Even if I was a paperboy you still couldn't rip me I walk up and chalk up pairs like the knicks I'm all in the mix like snares, and kicks When it comes to rhymes I get loose like belt buckles Those who chose to oppose this nose is felt knuckles (where you goin' to?) to the tip (and what cha bout to do? ) bout to rip Some people use the word funky too loosely And just how many rappers say they kick it like bruce lee (what's your favorite brew? ) olde e (and what it make you do? ) go pee It used to be about rhymes, all about rhymes Now rappers rearrangin, and changin like times I got it bad y'all, I got it bad y'all When it comes to the pen and the pad y'all I got it bad y'all, I got it bad y'all When it comes to the pen and the pad y'all Verse two: e-swift Back the f\*\*k up, gimme room to breath Not too many niggaz can flip the rhymes like these I freak the technique as if it was a bitch Got more soul than the pit with a fifth Pitch the ball, so I can beat it with the bat Talk some shit, so I can smoke ya with my gat I'm feelin kind feelin kinda feelin kinda Feelin kinda buzzed off a sack of chocolate tie My my my ho, I like to rip the shows up Smack the hoes that walk around with they nose up Run to the liquor store, before they close up Buy a few 40s, cause daily I get to' up Sit at the crib and write riggy riggy rhymes Line after line after liggy liggy line

Yo I can get funky, buy my tape and bump me To the break of dawn I hit the bud and pass it on Hangin at the park, shootin craps on the weekend My brown bag is wet cause my tall can is leakin Starin at the cops, beatin up on rodney While a pack of o.g.'s steppin to me tryin to rob me Just because I'm dope, niggaz wanna smoke me On the mic I get funky while you're doin the hokey-pokey Dance steps, I think that you should leave to paula Alkaholiks is the shit, e-swift's the smooth bawler Is slangin these rhymes like a rock Life ain't shit but money and a glock Don't punch a clock, but I cock a fat knot So I can smoke a lot of pot that I roll up with tops And ya ain't heard shit yet, I'm just gettin warm Like hot butter on, say what? , the popcorn I'm headed to the top, please give me my props My beats are fat as  $f^{**}k$  so bump my shit in your box I love to hit the skinz, but then again who doesn't I love to hit the herbs cause it leave me feelin buzzin I dedicate this chumpie to the poets who can wreck And to all the nottie dreads I gots to give them nuff respect (where you goin' to? ) to the tip (and what cha bout to do? ) bout to rip Some people use the word funky too loosely And just how many niggaz say they kick it like bruce lee (what's your favorite brew? ) olde e (and what it make you do? ) go pee It used to be about rhymes, all about rhymes Now rappers rearrangin, and changin like times I got it bad y'all, I got it bad y'all When it comes to the pen and the pad y'all I got it bad y'all, I got it bad y'all When it comes to the pen and the pad y'all Verse three: king tee Up jumps the man with the loot Rockin like a troop with the alkaholik group Everything is kosher, got a little taller Livin kinda phat cause king tee's a bawler I just, irritate the wack, leave em so confused When I'm checkin on the mic with the ones and twos Sneak you a peek of the drunk technique Can't stand up, need to take a seat Baby baby it's the alkaholiks But I can freak the mic no matter how ya call it Metaphors grand, and I'm the great man Drink a whole fifth yes I can yes I can can The girls call me dick-em-down Got that title rockin for the crown Catch y'all later, around next weekend I'm a alkaholik and I'm late for my meeting