

Hip Hop Drunkies

Tha Alkaholiks

What's yo' name?
What's yo' naaaaaame?
My name is, Ol Dirty Bastard, and I'ma alkaholik
Yeah me too nigga

You're now rockin with Tha Liks so start reachin' for the ozone
I see some girls I know but y'all look different with your clothes on
What's up though, Tash came to steal it like the Grinch
While I'm leavin' niggaz puzzled like I said my shit in French
But it's all Olde English that I'm bringin' from beneath
Try to bite my style on wax and watch these lyrics crack your teeth
Cause I make words Connect like Westside when I test glide
My drunken lyrical hanglider, nobody's tighter
Than a ruff rap provider, with ninety ways to peel ya
So I know the three words (Tash'll kill ya) sound familiar
I filter out the weak every time I speak
I drink to hit the peak to make my mind go (beep)
I'm def-da-fyin, you rappin' like my client
Tryin to scrape me for the style that slam harder than Kobe Bryant
Be quiet! This is Likwidation from the West
Motherfuck ya boozy show, I got my own special guest

Yo, yo, breaker breaker breaker one-nine
I bust this bitch in the behind with the silver shine
Cause she thought she was fine
She winked at me, I thought it was fine
This nigga poutin', this hoe was mine
I had the alcohol in me, took my time
Let a nigga ro-tate turn on the table
Put in the diamond needle, pull it to your ego
What? You the king in the chair on my ground
The Tyson of sound, it's twenty seconds to a round
Scavenger nigga, youse a shrimp, a full line of shit
My ear can't digest it
Stop drinkin' all that motherfuckin' water, let's take it to the land
So I can Godzilla up your sheeit, Mr. Tiny Tim man
Niggaz be creepin' up my beanstalk
When I start to come down on your fuckin asses
Try to chip shit on up, get these nuts
Motherfucker what!!

The Ro pimped the flow like a hoe, so I should rap on the mack-raphone
My rhymes hittin' hard enough to crack a bone
I divide square MC's like math
Bend you in half and drink a Genuine Draft
I stop him, then I skied out with all wampum
When he's layin on the ground, I let my Dog Scrilla chop him
(Switch reels) I feels its all about skills
The outcome's unbelievable like Tyson/Holyfield
Your lyrics are loaners return em to they rightful owners
My style is wild, like G's or the pistols
No need to ask, I put you on like a ski mask
We can Fight the Power like this was P.E. class
I Bomb Squads like Hank Shock
Peace to my nigga Scott puttin' stickers on the block
I drink more Brewsters than Punky
It's the further adventures of the hip-hop drunkies

You bithces are hoes
Put it in ya like my motherfuckin hoe
Or in your butthole/earhole
Whoever the fuck it goes
(2x)

Yeah, yo, yo, yo
No disrespect to any architect
Who tried to perfect, oh what the heck
I'm a MC director, rhyme inspector
Rated top ten, Brooklyn borough sector

Its the Packtown original be-boy I'm rappin'
What's happenin', so dope got the pope clappin'
I'm smackin', on some chicken, what you kickin'
You trickin', while I'm vickin' hoes you stick your dick in

Step outta place, Tash'll smack your taste out your face
Cause there's nowhere to hide unless you move to outer space
Cause I waste motherfuckers like toxic fumes
So you betta (make room) when you hear the (boom boom)

Hey sugar plum, how can you assume
That the pitch of the volume, doesn't have no tune
I'm not your everyday, regular rap star peddler
One on one at your rap seminar
Beware of the hard way, three's the hard way
At you fuckers

So aiyyo, my name is J-Ro
And my style is so dope they call it ya-yo
I don't rap fast, I love green grass
Nuttin' nice on the mic, call me a mean ass

Extra da-llama, bring hahaha
Extra extra bring the da-llama
Verse a better one, then slice-a-versa
God acre, massacre murdered
Also known as a rap wrecka, not a rhyme rebel
You're just rhyme to survive streets
True beaters, minerals and rhymes survive lyrics
Like the acre without the attic, but not the only Asiatic
True God but my dick is my lightning rob
Hoe don't kick that mumbo jumbo

See this the type of shit niggaz don't try at home
I come funk' up the spot like Micheal Jordan's cologne
With the megadrunk, style to keep the crowd pumpin'
Niggaz lookin' at me like, 'Tash is up to somethin'
(Get drunk and I stumbled) but I didn't come to trip
I came to bring it to ya humb-le
Tumb-le all your plots and all your plans
Ol Dirty's in the house and that's my motherfuckin' man!

It's the Likwid crew
Comin' through with Ol Dirty from the Wu
Passin' your party, jettin' out with all the brew
So what y'all new, niggaz think you want to do?
(2x)