

Promote Violins

Tha Alkaholiks

Ever since I was young I wanted to be
Somethin like what I am, uhuhhhhhh...

We promote violins!
Yeah - check me out
We promote violins!
E-Swiftulaus, Kurupt Young Gotti Neo Deastro(?)
Franklin Gostra the Sixth, Sixth..

(Let's go, Kurupt..)

May I laugh (?) to yourself, shells
Before honor and war I just can't tell
I can't fake these soliloquies, silencers off
The art of warfare in here violence is off (ha)
Po-po's gone, periscopes on
Telescopes on, and tell her that hope gone
And show her that war is war, fours and forty-fours
Banana peeling clips stacked ceiling to floor boards
Head up the concourse, like (?) in concourse
Scissorhands bulldoze ran like Honda Accords
I'm perfect with every note, 'til the periscope's on
Play like the accordion perfect with every chord
We combine, mental body and soul's Columbine
Hope floats like public streams, ravines
Harm forces that bear armed forces
Puttin body parts all over walls and public signs
Anxious as Ginuwine
Congressional street scholar, professional street soldier
Intellectual Manitoba, California to Cuba
Gooding like Cuba Gooding gettin blown like a tuba
Dead in the head shells shed red October
Shed and spread, cock and pop the glock only
I'm with King Tee and Tha Liks, Alkahol it up like
bitch - get the fuck off my dick
I got pistols, pills, acid, bombs
Crank, crystalized coke in lines
I don't give a fuck (we don't give a fuck about nuttin)
I don't give a fuck (we don't give a fuck about nuttin)
I don't give a fuck (we don't give a fuck about nuttin)

You the only one walkin around with a hot stolen gun
Thinkin you Napoleon and dream of holdin some
while I'm rollin one it's like a medieval upheaval, the regal
get chopped up and found on both coasts, gettin ate up by the seagulls
Now you out for the season, J-Ro is the reason you freezin
In the cold sneezin
While I'm takin pictures cheesin at the Likwid meetin eatin
And we all got heat that be repeatin for you knee-gaz
We trippin sippin on Hen and ready to quench yo' thirst
Every time I kick a verse you wish you'd thought of it first
I need a NURSE (why J?) before my head burst
from divin headfirst into your local networks
Some people think hip-hop is so obnoxious
Some people get a kick out of it like shoe boxes
I hope that, MC's'll get a lot of G's per rap
Cause while the microphones are on, the place I'll spit my words at

If I was in the ring with four men, they'd have to get more men
with mops and towels for all the liquid pourin
King Tee and Tha Liks, and Kurupt fuck it up like
BITCH, get the fuck off my dick
I got hookers, hoes, tramps, pigeons
Bitches, rats, sluts with big butts
I don't give a fuck (I don't give a fuck)
I don't give a fuck (I don't give a MOTHERfuck)

(There it is.. there it goes..)
So while the clock be tock tickin Tha Liks be hop hippin
Straight drop-kickin victims 'til they egos stop trippin
Bitchin while my set is on set to set it off
While they set to set-trippin but still can't get it off
This section sectioned off for the fly hoes and Alkies
Y'all niggaz know the rules you can't pop bottles without me
It's Likwid, and all my niggaz is Don Kings
Gettin drunk, writin rhymes by the pool in Palm Springs
Cause ain't nuttin changed but the size of the bottles
We still rock the shows with a Rollo-ass wobble
So look but don't touch cause everybody know the facts is
Tash a maniac, Tash had tracks with actors
Still with Tha Liks, alcholed it up like
BITCH, get the fuck off my dick
I got juice, gin, Mo' (Cris) Hen
Walkin in the mall with thirty thousand to spend
So fuck y'all (we, don't, give, a)

I don't give a fuck (fuck, don't, give, a)
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I don't give a fuck