Liquid Courage

Wax

And I
Run around girl

I guess I mean business on this one y'all
It's not like I can just stop doing this shit
I guess sometimes you just need a little help
Get your bravery up, y'know what I'm saying?
Drop that shit

Yo

I got a pen in my right hand, beer in my left and I have no fear of death
Your ears are left with that spearmint fresh type of feelin'
Wax and EOM put your hands to the ceilin'

Get 'em up, where the fuck I can see 'em while you bang this in your jeep, o
r your truck, or your BM
I don't care what you drive
E-lectric chair? We survive
It feels like I'm barely alive
I've-

Gotta refill my prescription
Music and alcohol that's my addiction, listen
My diction defies descripition
I ain't keepin' it real, I keep it science-fiction

Me
Zor, I'm the "Bionic man"
Hit the chronic and slam like a high Onyx fan

Dut-dutter did I stutter the flow, soul gutter attached to your roof collect
ing water motherfucker!

This is grade A material
Upscale Maryland, crab imperial
If I'm not lyrical the earth's not spherical and a virgin giving birth to Go
d's son's not a miracle

The way I bust is incredible
Ah, your shit just isn't credible
The nectar that drips from my nuts is an edible source of protein eat it up
with some vegetables, yummy

A well balanced meal
By the look on your face I can tell how you feel
When you listen to the music you can tell how it's real
You can tell how we're able to sell without a deal

Yeah
I spit that cooked-up coke shit
Can't find my rhyme book, Mayor Berry smoked it
We got the dope boys sellin' it
Big Wax cookin' with my homeboy Elements

So raise your motherfuckin' glasses up

Everybody, here-here, I'd like to propose a toast

First of all I'd like to propose a toast to my man EOM for providing this mu
sical backdrop on top which I do dumb shit, such as propose toasts

I'd like to propose another toast to you, the listener
It doesn't matter how you got this shit, you bought it, you downloaded it, y
our grandma gave it to you
If you're listening to this dumb shit

Lastly I'd like to propose a toast to me, for being the motherfuckin' illest
 motherfucker alive!

I got these haters lookin' at me like "how is he human?"
Getting all mad like Alfred E. Newman
They truly trippin', undoubtedly shroomin'
A true emcee, the crowd'd keep movin'

So girls get down on the floor
We at a level nobody's ever gone before
We got-
Songs galore, and I'm on the moore
We celebratin' like we're Jewish and it's Yom Kippur OR
Rash Hashanah
Spark lotsa ganja
Pour lotsa shotsa vodka
It's rocka, rock the mic properly who I be
WAY fuckin' better than average emcees

So
Merry Christmas, here's my album
I hope that you're all satisfied with the outcome

And if this one fails I'm thinking that I-
Will move to Hawaii and drink 'till I die

I'm dead serious man
I could move down there and uh, be a bartender

I already like to drink
I already know how to do half the shit
I know how to get a beer
I know how to make Rum & Coke
It ain't fuckin' rocket science

I could take a class or two
Move to a little bungalow somewhere
Get a job in one of them bars on the pier
Where the fuckin', uh...
Little girls do the ukulele, the hula dances
Listen to that shit

Oh, I'll learn how to play the ukulele!
I'm not to far away, I already play the guitar!
I mean, it's not that fuckin' different
Different amount of strings or whatever

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