

Alkaholik

Xzibit

[X] C'mon
[E] Xzibit!
[X] Yeah..
[E] Ahh, ahh, E-Dub

It's that millenium ridiculous flow, I never let go
Niggaz gettin knocked out is part of my show
Let 'em know who they fuckin with yo, a rhyme wrangler
Tri-angular push-up the hillside strangler
Dangle a, nigga by the ankle off the balcony
Now let his punk ass go, look out below (BELOWWWW)
It's a tale of two cities, come out when the sun go down
We officially not fuckin around
Stuck in the ground, fitted with a suit in a pine box
(hah!) with my fresh pressed khakis in a slingshot
So heatbox all day in a nigga face
and all you bitches see the dick that you shoulda ate

Call it what you wanna call it
I'm a fuckin Alkaholik
Bring it if you really want it
Ain't gotta put no extras on it!

Yo, I'm in the zone, and lyrically gone
Got the spot blown, BOOM! Oklahoma
Watch the aroma, catch those who love me
My underground dirty cats on dune buggies
I be the type to take your watch and flaunt it
Kidnap T. Lewis and Jimmy Jam on it
Yo, I bang a nigga head til his neck pop
Do a KRS-One to a "Black Cop"
X and E's, out for cream
Get the money, while you stay broker than Al Bundy
Uhh, give it to y'all, in "Any Given Sunday"
With J. Foxx name the spot, make it hot
(I hate E so much right now!) Blow it down hooker bounce
come off the ropes like J. Snooka
[*X*: Two fly motherfuckers] You can't fuck widdit
Backed by +Open Bar+, so y'all forget it

J-McEnroe, cam smashin, party crashin
I eat MC's like a ration
I'm sockin niggaz in they goatees
I leave you stiffer than that fool on my basketball trophies
I'm in the room with 10 G's, countin ten G's
cause we need a bag of weed (can you smell it?)
Now we need ten dimes, to blow on deez like wind chimes
Time to close the blinds cause you all in mines
I bought a bottle for the session, and did not share it
Drink so much Captain Mo' all I need is a parrot
You took the Alkaholik challenge, and lost your balance
You underground, we under water drinkin liquid by the gallons

Slurred words, double vision, brain bustin, head rushin
Since I'm too drunk to walk, I rock a party on crutches
and still rush the roughest MC who wanna get it
Forget it, it's Likwit, Tha Liks and, Xzibit
Ca-Tash on the blast the final piece to the puzzle
I slap bitches on the ass I slap tits up out the muzzle
I shuffle with the microphone, bang rhymes consistant
You wack and I'm Ca-Tash and that's the motherfuckin difference
For instance, "21 and Over" set your clocks back
(Tick tock tick tock) Still standin where the rocks at
Two-thousand-one, we still young guns that's +Restless+
(Thirty niggaz, sixty hoes) and that's the motherfuckin guestlist!