

Xzibit "Alkaholic"

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Alcoholic

[X]

Cmon

[E]

Xzibit!

[X]

Yeah..

[E]

Ahh.... E-Dub

[Xzibit]

It's that millenium ridiculous flow, I never let go
Niggaz gettin knocked out is part of my show
Let em know who they fuckn wit yo: a rhyme wrangler
Tri-angular, push off 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 beatbox all day in a nigga face
And all you bitches see the dick that you shoulda ate

[Chorus: Xzibit]

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

Call it what you wanna call it

I'm a fuckin Alkaholik

Bring it if you really want it

Ain't gonna put no extras on it

[Erick Sermon]

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 KR's 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 yall, in Any Given Sunday
With J. Fox namin tha spot, make it hot
(I hate E so much right now!) Blow it down nigga,
bounce
come off the ropes like J. Snooka
(Two fly motherfuckers) You can't fuck widdit
Backed by Open Bar, so y'all forget it

[Chorus]

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[J-Ro]

J McEnroe, cam smashin, party crashin
I eat MC's like a ration
I'm sockin niggaz in their 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 these 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 tha
gallons

[Tash]

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 liquid, don't mix it, Xzibit
Ca-Tash on the blast the final piece to the puzzle
I slap bitches on the ass, I slap pimps about 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

[Chorus]

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