

## **Xzibit**

# **"Alkaholik"**

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C'mon  
Xzibit  
Yeah  
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  
Triangular, push-up the hillside strangler

Dangle a, nigga by the ankle off the balcony  
Now let his punk ass go, look out below  
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  
With my fresh pressed khakis in a slingshot  
So heat box all day in a nigga face  
And all you bitches see the dick that you shoulda hate

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

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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 till 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  
Two fly motherfuckers you can't fuck widdit  
Backed by open bar, so y'all forget it

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J McEnroe, cam smashin', party crashin'  
I eat MCs 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 alkoholik 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

Catash 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 consistent  
You wack and I'm catash and that's the motherfuckin'  
difference

For instance, "21 and over" set your clocks back  
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' guest list

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