

## Ashanti

# "Make Room"

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[J-Ro]

I knock 'em knock 'em out the park when other rappers  
are hitting bunts

I'm a togger not a fogger step on runts and don't do  
stunts

I got SOUL POWER never took a cold shower

Now I got twenty hos the color of cooking flour

You can call me sleazy cuz my rhymes are kinda  
greasy

I used to have a curl now eveybody wanna tease me

Like a Kung-Fu flick, I stick you in the dick, with my  
toothpick

Tell 'em Homicide (DJ Homicide: You hit them like a  
brick)

I like clothes and hoes but like 'em better in the sheets

I rock more beats than Jesse Owens ran track meets

Amazing feets move, they happen everyday

When the Ro to the J bring his ass out to play

I weight one-ninety but I'm, fat

I ki-uh-kick up dust when I bust like a cap

Tha lik-lik? crew, and Sugar Ray too

Is rock a show, knock a hoe, and crack another brew

Make Room

[Chorus: Mark Mcgrath of Sugar Ray]

It's not cause I'm seein' double

It's not cause we're causin' trouble

It's not cause you're in a bubble

Now, can you just (Kiks: Make Room!)

It's not cause I'm seein' double

It's not cause we're causin' trouble

It's not cause you're in a bubble

Now

[DJ Homicide of Sugar Ray]

It's the super, producer gets it poppin with the  
quickness

Homicide and the Alkies straight gettin down to  
business

It's all about the Liks cause they heavy on the kicks

But they easy on the treble (adjust my scratch level)

So fools can here my beats bangin' all the way in China  
The skills you can't front on, Tha Homicidal rhymer  
Could rip a show up to' up (???) til the crips and bloods  
show up  
and rock these turntables til the motherfuckers blow up  
But that's cause I'm slick tossin records like a discus  
Y'all niggaz feel these beats from fuckin' Halloween to  
Christmas  
That's why I'm screamin on all y'all niggaz like the  
Sonics  
I'm hooked on gin and chronic like your momma's  
Hooked on Phonics

[E-Swift]

So when we steppin through, with the thirty-two of brew  
You better make way for the Alkaholik crew  
When we steppin through, with the thirty-two of brew  
You better make way for Sugar Ray, fool!  
Make Room!

[Chorus]

[J-Ro]

J-Mcenroe, I'm smackin' foes  
You seen that movie "Heat"? My crew was packin' those  
You lackin' flows, you come off wack in shows  
You (pickin' chickens???) man we got models and actin  
hoes  
Guess who's back down at the brew shack  
Gotta cool sack of that shit to blow your dude back  
Who wack? I'll beat you till ya blue, black  
And make you do crack in the back of a new 'lac

What's my name? (J-Ro)

You tell them how to spell it (J-R-O)

Now you know niggy

Rest in peace (unintelligible syllable) Tupac, Eazy

Pun, and Biggie

It's time to get drinky(?)

Break out'cha bong while I sing my song

Hope it's bomb cause I'm gonna sing it all night long

[E-Swift]

When we steppin through, with the thirty-two of brew  
You better make way for the Alkaholik crew  
Make room!

[Chorus] w/ J-Ro, over "make rooms and "now"

It's the Liks baby, Sugar Ray baby

It's the Liks baby, Sugar Ray baby

Bein' drunk!

Rhymin' the Rhyme (echoed four times, beat changes)

[Tash]

Night vision, with precision, we slay with no delay  
It's the Liks and Sugar Ray so feel free to fly away  
'Cause the "A" in "Alkaholiks" stands for "Always been  
the shit" (Word)  
You can catch me in the wobble slam-dancin' in the pit  
Look (the way?) my homies get when we out that  
alcohol  
we do it all, start a brawl, tell the cops (fuck y'all)  
Carl Lewis feet ain't as swift as my pen  
that's why y'all niggaz keep knockin' but you can't  
come in  
Look at where the fuck we been, around the world in a  
day  
That's why the fools can't fuck with the Liks and Sugar  
Ray

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