

# The Alkaholiks

## "21 And Under"

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Intro: Tash

("Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop" - repeat 12X)

Hello

Let me tell ya about the Liks

See it \*echoes\* say it \*echoes\*

Ah, yo

Verse One: Tash

I walked into a store I stepped straight to the freezer

I grabbed some forty ounces and a few Bacardi

Breezers

I threw em on the counter then I went to find some

chips

I'm thinkin bout this bitch I'm bout to visit with the hips

I asked the counter person for the biggest box of

Trojans

Cause when I be onthe pussy I cause nuclear

explosions

He put them in my bad, totalled up my sums

He said, "That comes to thirteen dollars," but I didn't

have no ones

I gave him twenty, in walked some shorties

Eyes beemin red headed straight for the forties

Five foot three wannabe Tupac's

They asked the man behind the counter for the

Newport boxes

They stole some cans cause the man couldn't see em

Cause he busy tryin to tell em next time he'll ID em

One was starin at me, then suddenly it hit him

That's that nigga from the Liks let's crack the forties

with him

They gave me daps they said I freak my raps

They said they homey got some flows and twist off the

beer caps

Halfway finished, I asked em what their ages

Cause they lookin like, they barely out the puberty

stages

Fifteen, sixteen, one was too embarrassed

He said they started drinkin fuckin around and went to

Terrace

It wasn't long before the forties was gone  
So as I turned around I told my young niggaz to stay  
strong  
Because no matter how you scan it you're the future of  
the planet  
You don't wanna be a rapper cause it's drainin  
entertainin  
too much strainin on your brain, I told em they don't  
need it  
They hit me with a card and said, "Call us if you wanna  
gt  
weeded," yeah sixteen years old  
Hangin out drinkin forties in the East Columbus cold  
As they jumped onto they bikes in the knee-high snow  
They all turned around and said, "You ain't shit Rico!"

Chorus: J-Ro, Tash

Can I send this out once, for my niggaz smokin blunts  
Twice, for my niggaz rollin dice  
Three times, for my niggaz bust the rhymes  
So they don't do crimes to make it through the hard  
times

As we send it out once, for my niggaz smokin blunts  
Twice, for my niggaz rollin dice  
When the Liks is in the house we let you know like yo!  
If you hit me with a forty black I hit you with a flow

Verse Two: J-Ro

It was a Friday night, house party goin on  
At my homies house, from dusk til dawn  
Blunts in the air plus kegs of brew  
Some half naked-bitches gettin pushed in the pool  
[In the corner was the DJ, gettin nice  
Feelin that shit, off the Alehze and ice]  
I only had one mic, now imagin  
A gang of drunk MC's who wanna start rappin  
One grabbed the mic and held on too long  
("...baby I'm on the mic, and I'm on the mic... \*crowd  
boos\*  
When I'm on the mic [Pass the mic god damn nigga]  
doin what I like, and when I'm on the mic...")  
Push came to shove \*bang\* now he's gone  
That's what happens when the liquor does your thinkin  
So keep this in mind when you're out there drinkin

Chorus: Tash, J-Ro

Outro: J-Ro, Tash

And I'm out, time to get busy  
As we flow up out this piece  
I ain't even mad, I ain't even mad  
I ain't even mad at y'all  
It's the Alkaholiks...

Yo yo, mic check one two one two  
Transmittin live through the headphones, you know  
how we do it  
low budget style  
For all MC's in the houe I know how you feel  
I know you feelin the vibe right about now  
Crackin the forty, sittin in the car, or at the club  
bobbin your head to this album  
But yo, we gonna give you, we gonna give you a  
second to catch wreck  
Go ahead, get your freestyle on  
and you don't have to be twenty-one  
rock that shit

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