

Young Black Teenagers "Tap The Bottle"

Visit "[Tap The Bottle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Tap the bottle and twist the cap
Tap the bottle and twist the cap
Tap the bottle and twist the cap
And pass it around the crew be cause the crew be all
that

Hey yo, hickory dickory dock I'm under the Brooklyn
block yes
Who's the next to testify and try and penetrate the vest
Diggatie do re me fa so la ti do I drop back my prozac
I take it in track and give it a smack and cuttin no slack,
jack
Okay here I go Shorty tap the forty O smash
To a pass, if ya crash make a dash to the trash
Tap a cap, have a lot and not a lot not a little
Don't grade upon the label take a guzzle, don't dribble
I got the supercalafragileisticexpialadocious
You're commin to close to this, I get ferocious
Coax this rhyme, smoke this rhyme hype
When we rock it up on the mic, we rock the mic right
Pass the funnel to the tunnel like it's busy till I'm dizzy
Never pass it to get fizzy cause the guard gets busy
who is he?
Damn just pass the code decipher when I hit the dress
bottom buy a can of
Red Stripe

Chorus (Repeat 1x)

Well I be commin' around the mountain with my hoe
Suzanna
I'm peelin off the caps like the hicks in Alabama
Check the grammar and the stamina I'm tootin' on my
horn
Timberland boot stompin' forty drink it more
Malt liquor chug a filter let me rip it then I kick it
Tap it once for my brothers sip it then I sip it
So Xerox the zip code I'm in them all perfect-o
Halelijuia here I go watch me flow and let go
Trouble shooter smoke the buddah rule like a dictator
Used to hit the fader now I play the commentator
So let me swing it from the rhyme to the concrete

jungle

With the king heir's mackin, rulin' over knuckle
Hits to the bed, cause Right Said Fred
Lock em up with the bee's wax, kick it to em dred
Yo, pass the peas please party pooper party stops
64 will give ya more if ya scammin on the block
Red top red top bust open till ya stop
But if you're drinkin too slow you might kiss the steel
toe
Just keep the sud from movin' everything's be fine
And the forty's stops here till I finish my rhyme

Chorus (Repeat 2x)

Balance on the beam, here we go team hike
Pass the mic down the line on time drop the rhyme
I rope a Rope-a-dope smokin with the red beam scopin'
Pull a magnum body back and leave a back bone
broken
So was a bend a trend I'm sendin and I'm cruisin' for a
hit
When I'm just sittin' in the outhouse droppin mad
shhhhhhhh
Quiet on the set while the crew be gettin' wrecked
And if your stunned by the Bud I have a hunch you
should step
So pass me the crazy straw and let me do the Q-Tip
What is a forty if I can't take a sip?
Sometimes I drive slow sometimes I drive fast
Sometimes I'm on E sometimes I get gas
So check the stress sure to step to the left
With the no E tap on the top pass it back
Give a tap to the child, pass it, sorry, keep it goin'
Down my throat I keep it flowin, styles keep growin'
We don't brown bag it, the label be showin'
And we don't give a damn if the hoe's be knowin'
From the drip to my lip I like to pass it with a grip
Shorty-Dog is in the cypher, so you better not skip

Chorus (Repeat 2x)

Visit [Young Black Teenagers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.