

Inner Voices

"DAAAM!"

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[Chorus: J-Ro]

Alkaholiks got the freaks that'll make you say [Daaam!]

Alkaholiks got the freestyle to make you say [Daaam!]

Alkaholiks got the rhymes that'll make you say

[Daaam!]

Everytime I make a jam make you wanna say [Daaam!]

[Verse One: E-Swift]

E-Swift test the rocket launcher, let's blow up the spot

Show em what we got for the ninety-flow shot

I'm the, brown bomber droppin verbal scuds

I write rhymes while my momma peel the skin off the

spuds

This ain't baseball, naw, the Liks won't slump

So make room, for the crew with beats that hump

Yo, I'm the baddest man with a hit since Willie Mays

I'm playin for the A's, O.G. was right cause "Rhyme

Pays"

I walk through a rainstorm, I didn't even get wet

I was bailin through Hell I didn't even bust a sweat

So you must have a loco-motive, I mean a crazy reason

To wanna step up, it's sucker punk season

Bring it on young one, so you can get done

I got mo' styles than the miles to the sun

Ninety-three million, five thousand flows

And here's one more for the hoes

Chorus 2X: J-Ro (beats, freaks, rhymes, jam)

Repeat 8X: [liks liks liks boy, liks liks liks boy]

[Interlude over 8X: Xzibit]

Geyeah, Alkaholiks for ninety-fo'

Makin more dutch than Ross Perot

Check it out, yeah

Like that, Xzibit all in your grill

Hah, that's that nigga Xzibit, yeah

Cause in ninety-four

It's all about the flowws, the hoes

and the forty-o's, nigga!

[Verse Two: Tash]

Kick your, dopest rhyme I'll break it up like 3rd Bass
I'm from the crew that sets it off by sprayin beer in your
face

So the ninety-four to them I pour my niggaz that
remember

means I'm steppin to the mic with lyrics colder than
December

[Brrrr!] The liquidator with the hardcore demanor's
bustin out the perpetrators I see through em like a
Zima

So I'm never caught between a hard place and a rock
Cause I kill rhyme bandits bare handed like Mr. Spock
I told chief not to start no beef

He tried to shoot me with his gun I caught the bullet
with my teeth

Cause I'm stronger than the bull that's on the Schlitz
Malt Liquor

Hittin up your cities with the Alkaholik sticker

Cause I feel like bustin loose

It's the wicked pain inflictor with the Mickey's deuce
deuce

Droppin rhymes like a boulder on the twenty-one and
older

That's what your momma with my picture tattooed on
her shoulder

So rap artists, "Get ready to rumble!"

Cause I got lyrics up my sleeve that slam harder than
Mutumbo

I heard your demo tape that shit was faker than a scam
While I be droppin shit that make you say

Chorus 2X: Tash (beats, freaks, flows, hoes)

[Verse Three: J-Ro]

I've been told that my style is so cold it make your nose
run and j

I make the ladies say, "Make money money!"

I used to have a curl but I cut my shit real low

Cause every weekend I had a spin on the pillow

Watts, Willabrooke, even shook, when I took

A fresh-ass hook out my notebook

"Dan-na-dah, dan-na-dah" - I love sports

I even watch soccer and the girls on the tennis courts

You try to tackle me you couldn't make me fall

Cause I been movin ahead since the day I learned to
crawl

Y'all, aww shit, let me make a wish

I wish all the bunk MC's turn to fish

So I could just hook em, take em home and cook em

That's how I floss yo pass the hot sauce

When I walk down the streets I leave my footprints
in the concrete, cause I'm fat meanin, I'm so complete
Like a freak on an elevator I'ma fuck you up
It's the Ro, with the, inebriated flow
I hate to boast but I'm the host with most
And I'm ghost, here's a toast to my people's from coast
to coast

[Outro: Tash]

It's like that [Daaam!]
It's like this uh, it's like that [Daaam!]
It's like this uh, it's like that [Daaam!]
Well it's like this uh, it's like that [Daaam!]
Like that, word up, Alkaholiks [Daaam!]
X to the Z Xzibit [Daaam!]
in the motherfuckin place, yeah [Daaam!]
Let me shout it out once, once, once [Daaam!]
To my nigga King Tee you don't stop
To my nigga Diamond D you don't stop
TO my nigga DJ Pooh you don't stop
To my nigga J-Ro you don't stop
To that nigga E-Swift you don't stop
To that nigga D Pimp you don't stop
To my nigga, all, across the board
This is how it go and I won't leave you, sore
Uh, the freestyle flow dicks
Rico's in the house and I'm from the fuckin Liks
Don't perpetrate or you get perpetrated
Rico's in the house yes yes I liquidate
the whole set up, your whole damn crew'll get wet up
Nineteen ninety-four's in the house, we won't let up
Yes, the freestyle flow on and on...

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