

Alkaholiks, The

"Can't Tell Me Shit"

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Verse One: E-Swift

I stop by the club, cuz it ain't shit else to do it
I'm on the guestlist, it's E-Swift plus two
Stepped to the bar, cuz, it's a bad habit
Open mic night, so, the Liks gots to grab it
Check the mic, it sounds tight so
I guess we might rock the motherfucker all night yo
The niggaz went wild, the hoes went crazy
We dropped the microphone than we Swayze

Verse Two: J-Ro

Oooh don't I sound great when I down a black eighth
My style is much hotter than the enchilada plate
My name is James but the girls call me God when I'm
humpin
I should get a gold medal for broad jumpin
Rappers, talkin bout, back to the old school
You never shoulda left in the first place fool
Now everybody wants to be a prophet
But I won't quit rhymin bout my dick so get off it
You put a rhyme together but I only dismantle it
So gimme a high-five cause you juts can't handle it
If rap was a swimming pool I'd climb to the top
Plus a triple-back, hand me the mic and watch the belly
flop
Dagnabit, I got a bad habit
It don't matter where I'm at I seen a booty and I grab it
So niggaz step back before you get lit
I'm a grown motherfuckin man and you can't tell me
shit

Chorus: repeat 2X

You can't tell me shit, you can't tell me a hot damn
thing
You can't tell me shit, you can't tell me shit

Verse Three: J-Ro

I rock you like Lenny Kravitz, or Nirvana
I'm puttin suckers on pause like a comma
I never ape crazy act but I got the yapes a superhero
from the ghetto puttin creases in my capes
(Up up up and away, J-Ro!!)
I got more hoes than a canyon got echoes
I'm rougher than Bluto, tougher than a callous
My number one football team is Dallas
Cowboys, now boys, can't you see I'm greater than
Your grandpops is my number one fan
You get ran on the court you dribble like Manute Bol
You try to take it to the hole *crowd roars* get that shit
outta here
I'm more gifted than Christmas morning
I pull out a pen and write a rhyme when I'm boning
Me I'm tripping, let me light my Phillie blunt
Oh there goes my beeper, what the hell do Billy want
[Yo whassup J?] Man I quit selling weed
[No I need a funky break] Well I got what you need

Chorus

Verse Four: J-Ro

You hittin corners with the Alkies seen you pull-out cuz
you great
The crew who got another tape that's bumpin harder,
save it!
Rhythm and blues blew a fuse, and now it ain't the
same
They put a lot of Funky Drummers out the game
They samplin the fresh hip-hop breaks, just to make a
hit
That's why to me, R&B, really ain't shit
So peace to all the real hip-hop niggyroles
The ones who knows about flows and rockin shows
I wanna say whassup to the ladies
I gotsta say whassup to the ladies
From the Atlantic, to the Pacific
I gotsta be specific, they know I'm terrific
I'm pushin up to the bars, got em screamin Alkahols
Ohh gosh call me Josh cause I'm bringin down the walls
MC extrordinaire, J-Ro came to set it straight
I never hesitate to grab the mic and meditate
In LA, most niggaz walk the same
Act the same, talk the same, drive the same
Dress the same, shoot the same, fuck the same
But this is Ro and I got my own game
I drive through lyrics like I'm riding on the freeway
And I don't give rappers, no kind of leeway
Chumps be hittin ejects cause I break necks when I flex

I be housin mo niggaz than the projects

Chorus

Outro: J-Ro

Yeah, this goes out to King Tee
DJ Pooh, yo the whole crew
Yo D-Pimp for makin the track
That nigga Tash
Deadly Threat
This is J-Ro and E-Swift
Tha Alkaholiks, and it's like that

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