

## Alkaholiks, The "Daam!"

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Intro 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: J-Ro

E-Swift test the rockey 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 the jump  
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 bailing through Hell I didn't even bust a sweat  
So you must have a locomotive, 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)

Interlude: Xzibit

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

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: Xzibit

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 put 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 tattooes 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 \*ESPN theme\* 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 punk 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 meaning, I'm so complete  
Like a freak on an elevator I'ma fuck you up  
It's the Ro, with the, inebiriated 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: Xzibit, 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 my niggaz made  
the whole set up, your whole damn crew'll get wet up  
Nineteen ninety-four in the house we won't let up  
Yes, the freestyle flow on and on...

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