

Alkaholiks, The "Make Room"

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Verse One: J-Ro

I knock em knock em out the park when other rappers
are hitting bunts
I'm a togger not a fogger step on hunts and don't do
stunts
I got SOUL POWER never took a cold shower
Never had a girlfriend the color of cooking flour
You can call me sleazy cuz my rhymes are kinda
greasy
Some brothers wear curls, cuz it ain't easy being peasy
Like a Kung-Fu flick, I stick you in the dick, with my
toothpick
Tell em Rick ("You hit them harder than a fuckin brick")
I like clothes and hoes but like em better in the sheets
I rock more beats than Jesse Owens ran track meets]
Amazing feets move, they happen everyday
When the Ro to the J bring his ass out to play
I weight one-eighty but I'm, fat
I ki-uh-kick up dust when I bust like a cap
Tha Alkaholik crew, and what we're here to do
Is rock a show, knock a ho, and crack another brew

Chorus:

Make room, for the crew with beats that thump (3x)
Tunes hittin hard enough to ditch your trunk
It's the Liks baby, it's the Liks (4x)

Verse Two: Tash

The super, duper, gets it poppin with the quickness
King Tee and the Alkies straight gettin down to
business
It's all about the Liks cause we're heavy on the kicks
But we're easy on the treble (adjust my mic level)
So fools can here me mic checkin all the way in China
The skills you can't front on, Tha Alkaholik rhymer
Could rip a show up to' up so I always flex my talents
but my words don't be slurrin, I never lose my balance
But that's cause I'm slick tossin bottles like a discus

The Liks could rock a party from Halloween to
Christmas
That's why I'm screamin on MC's like I'm Onyx
I'm hooked on gin and tonics like your momma's
Hooked on Phonics
So when we steppin through, with the thirty-two of brew
Niggaz better make way for the Alkaholik crew
When we're steppin through, with the thirty-two of brew
Niggaz better make way for the Alkaholik crew

Chorus

Verse Three: J-Ro

First you gotta have respect, money comes next
After you get THOSE, come the hos and the sex
Girl you keep askin bout the niggaz in my crew
Yeah I'm down with Pooh, but what's up with me and
you
Cause I don't give a fuck whose your cousin who could
fuck
Cause I just wanna fuck, damn I wanna fuck
So unlock the gate and MAKE ROOM for the
heavyweight rapper
The slim light skinned coochie slapper
Pull over to the side so I can roll up the indo
Got the bitch head bumpin on the front window
Wham, bam, I spanked you ma'am
I wonder how they make these rubbers from the skin of
a lamb
I blow into the mic when I check it
Had hoes gettin naked way before I made a record
I smoked a gang of liquor, I drink a gang of boom
Like Ted, I gotta zoom zoom so make room

Chorus

Outro: Tash, J-Ro

Ah yeah, ah yeah, Tha Alkaholiks
Yo, before we bail
We gotta give a shout out to the crew that gets the
party poppin
Tha Alkaholik crew

Old English
is in the house, and uhh
What about Mickey's?
is in the house, and uhh
St. Ide's
is in the house, and uhh

Crazy Horse
is in the house, and uhh
Genuine Draft
is in the house, and uhh
What about Red Bull
is in the house, and uhh
Colt .45
is in the house, and uhh
King Cobra ain't in the house, and uhh
bottle smashes

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