

Alkaholiks

"Daaam"

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[Featuring Xzibit]

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 likes baby, likes likes 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

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