

Alkaholiks

"Promote Violins"

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[Kurupt Young Gotti]

Ever since I was young I wanted to be
Somethin like what I am, uhuhhhhhh...

[J-Ro] We promote violins!

[Y.G.] Yeah - check me out

[J-Ro] We promote violins!

[Y.G.] E-Swiftulaus, Kurupt Young Gotti Neo Deastro(?)

[Y.G.] Franklin Gostra the Sixth, Sixth..

(Let's go, Kurupt..)

[Kurupt]

May I laugh (?) to yourself, shells
Before honor and war I just can't tell
I can't fake these soliloquies, silencers off
The art of warfare in here violence is off (ha)
Po-po's gone, periscopes on
Telescopes on, and tell her that hope gone
And show her that war is war, fours and forty-fours
Banana peeling clips stacked ceiling to floor boards
Head up the concourse, like (?) in concourse
Scissorhands bulldoze ran like Honda Accords
I'm perfect with every note, 'til the periscope's on
Play like the accordion perfect with every chord
We combine, mental body and soul's Columbine
Hope floats like public streams, ravines
Harm forces that bear armed forces
Puttin body parts all over walls and public signs
Anxious as Ginuwine
Congressional street scholar, professional street
soldier
Intellectual Manitoba, California to Cuba
Gooding like Cuba Gooding gettin blown like a tuba
Dead in the head shells shed red October
Shed and spread, cock and pop the glock only
I'm with King Tee and Tha Liks, Alkahol it up like
bitch - get the fuck off my dick
I got pistols, pills, acid, bombs
Crank, crystalized coke in lines
I don't give a fuck (we don't give a fuck about nuttin)

I don't give a fuck (we don't give a fuck about nuttin)
I don't give a fuck (we don't give a fuck about nuttin)

[J-Ro]
You the only one walkin around with

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