

Alkaholiks

"Read My Lips"

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Intro:

Back once again to wet up the whole area
Check my style out

Verse One: Tash

Read my lips, my dick be makin bitches leave tips
Castin shadows over battles like a lunar eclipse
Cause the man that makes you jump like you the grand
prize winner of a Lexus
I'm back again to test your reflexes
If you don't think I can flow then you can ask E-Swift
If you don't believe Swift then you can call Steve Griff
If you don't believe Griff then step up to fuck with I
Call you up and send you as a gift to hieroglyph
Cause the Liks got lyric tricks datin back to eighty-six
While my thousand dollar system still busts the pause
mix
So my style be comin at you more deadlin than a cobra
With these niggaz on my mind like is he drunk or is he
sober
Mind your biz while I rhymes like Biz to the tent
I slam like a fifth that stays hidden
Not to be fucked with, under any circumstances
And I don't have to sing to send these bitches into
trances

Chorus: E-Swift (repeat 4X)

I give the party people what they like
Somethin hype, to keep em rockin all night

Verse Two: J-Ro

Next it's, the man freakin funky flow flexes
Bustin in my All Day I Dream About Sexes
Walk into your living room there I am
Stroll to your kitchen there I am
Run to your backyard hmm there I am
Everywhere you look there goes the Ro-gram

That's why you hate me, you can't escape me
You can't even erase me off your tape
We the A-L-K, H-O-L-I-K-S
Comin like new pimps humps and stress to your chest
J, to the R-O, just rockin on
I keep the party poppin til a new day is born
The Alkaholik name won't change not a bit
I told you on the last skit dick you can't tell me shit
We

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