

Drunken Tiger f/ Roscoe Umali

"Umali's Bar"

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[DJ James Jhig]

"I'm perfected

My drunken style like Sam Seed" --> Jeru The Damaja

{*scratching*}

"Tiger" --> Street Fighter sample

"I'm perfected

My drunken style like Sam Seed"

{*scratching*}

"Tiger"

[Verse 1: Tiger J.K.]

Who be representin' this

Magnificent, the mic

Ripping shit so marvelous, I'm flipping shit, clipping
you wack emcees

At ease

Put a dick in you, sit on your styles, I shit on you

Get wild up in the place, up in the place, I pop a clip into

The glock, two liquor shots, to all my thugs that got
locked up

Liquor shots to chinky niggas, making them figures on
the block

To 25-to-life-timers, twenty lives of life survivors

Walk the streets with ill salivas, talking that shit to get
the dollars

Cause we hungry rottweilers, now you tell me if you
feelin' it

The lyrical adrenaline, to my bed and all my women at

All my people of my colors that's not equal to John
Lennon, and

Grab your dips, rub on her titties, put your dick in, get
ridiculous

We bring the legend shit, the reputation's infamous

Start of your end and it's us, the drunken glorious

Hip hop is what I am, so where you at? (Right here)

Who you is? (Drunken)

Now, bring it back (Tiger)

Chorus: Tiger J.K. (Drunken Tiger in background)

Hip hop is what I am, so where you at? (Right here)

Who you is? (Drunken)

Now, bring it back (Tiger)
Hip hop is who you are, so where you at? (Right here)
Who you is? (Drunken)
Now, bring it back (Tiger)
All my people in the front, yo, where you at? (Right here)
How you feel? (Drunken)
Who you with? (Tiger)
Now all my people in the back, yo, where you at? (Right here)
How you feel? (Drunken)
Who you with? (Tiger)

(Verse 2)

[Micki Eyes]

Fuck the studio, I'm screaming shit into the wax
And breathe out every lyrical rap
Into the lid of a digital dat
Where I'm at, I'm in the middle, nothing artificial
All natural muscular tissue you could look beside my
hip, too
But you wouldn't find a pistol, just the grip, of my penal
chord
To piss through this official lyrical matter of fluid is in
My bladder that'll hit you, like a punchline
You couldn't touch mine
If you was a pedophile and I was just nine

[Roscoe Umali]

Trying to fade Roscoe
That's an impossible obstacle
It's like commitin' suicide, it's just not logical
The streets is watchin' you, that's why you couldn't
follow through
Your brain cavity
Like your rap style is hollow, too
Try and test me
I'll have you breathing out a hollow
Tube, burn your optical, I'm followed like the gospel
It's, the mythological madman
I stand in the batter's box
And watch the mic hit a grand slam

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3: Shine]

I drop
Science like Einstein, bungee jumping
Mathematics major, hip hop historian
I take it
Back like Delorians, born again to be scorned

By men who walk around with fake grins, giving me
hand shakes
And pounds, when I know they wanna take me down
That's why I post up in my lab, dissecting compounds
So I can formulate
Utilize the beat break
I clear the house like the publishers sweepstakes
Fuck release dates
My album lets loose with force
Tag my name up on the streets and let my lyrics take
its course
Over instrumentals
I'm movin' through your residentials
The only treatment I received is preferential
My credentials are filled with allocates and awards
I live by the knife cause I can't conceal a sword
DJ Shine
I'm known for givin' sight to the blind
With each rhyme
And keep it moving like a line

Repeat Chorus

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