

T.G. Sheppard**"Daaam!"**

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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 liks liks baby, liks liks liks 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!] the liquidator with the hardcore demanor's
Bustin out the perpetrators I see through em like a zima
So I'm never caught between a hard place and a rock
Cause I kill rhyme bandits bare handed like mr. spock
I told chief not to start no beef
He tried to shoot me with his gun I caught the bullet
with my teeth
Cause I'm stronger than the bull that's on the schlitz
malt liquor
Hittin up your cities with the alkaholik sticker
Cause I feel like bustin loose
It's the wicked pain inflictor with the mickey's deuce
deuce
Droppin rhymes like a boulder on the twenty-one and
older
That's what your momma with my picture tattooes on
her shoulder
So rap artists, "get ready to rumble!"
Cause I got lyrics up my sleeve that slam harder than
mutumbo
I heard your demo tape that shit was faker than a scam
While I be droppin shit that make you say

Chorus 2x: tash (beats, freaks, flows, hoes)

Verse three: j-ro

I've been told that my style is so cold it make your nose
run and j
I make the ladies say, "make money money!"
I used to have a curl but I cut my shit real low
Cause every weekend I had a spin on the pillow
Watts, willabrooke, even shook, when I took
A fresh-ass hook out my notebook
Dan-na-dah, dan-na-dah *espn theme* I love sports
I even watch soccer and the girls on the tennis courts
You try to tackle me you couldn't make me fall
Cause I been movin ahead since the day I learned to
crawl
Y'all, aww shit, let me make a wish

I wish all the punk mc's turn to fish
So I could just hook em, take em home and cook em
That's how I floss yo pass the hot sauce
When I walk down the streets I leave my footprints
In the concrete, cause I'm fat meaning, I'm so complete
Like a freak on an elevator i'ma fuck you up
It's the ro, with the, inebiriated flow
I hate to boast but I'm the host with most
And I'm ghost, here's a toast to my people's from coast
to coast

Outro: xzibit, tash

It's like that[daaam!]
It's like this uh, it's like that [daaam!]
It's like this uh, it's like that [daaam!]
Well it's like this uh, it's like that [daaam!]
Like that, word up, alkaholiks [daaam!]
X to the z xzibit [daaam!]
In the motherfuckin place, yeah [daaam!]

Let me shout it out once, once, once [daaam!]
To my nigga king tee you don't stop
To my nigga diamond d you don't stop
To my nigga dj pooh you don't stop
To my nigga j-ro you don't stop
To that nigga e-swift you don't stop
To that nigga d pimp you don't stop
To my nigga, all, across the board
This is how it go and I won't leave you, sore
Uh, the freestyle flow dicks
Rico's in the house and I'm from the fuckin likes
Don't perpetrate or you get perpetrated
Rico's in the house yes yes my niggaz made
The whole set up, your whole damn crew'll get wet up
Nineteen ninety-four in the house we won't let up
Yes, the freestyle flow on and on...

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