

Tha Alkaholiks "21 & Under"

Visit "[21 & Under](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
(Hello)
Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop

Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
(Let me tell ya about the Liks)
Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
(See it)
Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
(Say it)
Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop
Yes yes y'all, and you don't stop

Ah, yo, I walked into a store I stepped straight to the
freezer
I grabbed some forty ounces and a few Bacardi
Breezers
I threw 'em on the counter then I went to find some
chips
I'm thinkin' bout this bitch I'm bout to visit with the hips
I asked the counter person for the biggest box of
Trojans
'Cause when I be on the pussy I cause nuclear
explosions
He put them in my bad, totaled up my sums
He said, "That comes to thirteen dollars," but I didn't
have no ones
I gave him twenty, in walked some shorties
Eyes beemin' red headed straight for the forties

Five foot three wannabe Tupac's
They asked the man behind the counter for the
Newport boxes
They stole some cans 'cause the man couldn't see 'em
'Cause he busy tryin' to tell 'em next time he'll ID 'em
One was starin' at me, then suddenly it hit him

That's that nigga from the Liks let's crack the forties
with him
They gave me daps they said I freak my raps
They said "They homey got some flows and twist off
the beer caps"
Halfway finished, I asked 'em what their ages
'Cause they lookin' like, they barely out the puberty
stages
Fifteen, sixteen, one was too embarrassed

He said "They started drinkin' fuckin' around and went
to Terrace"
It wasn't long before the forties was gone
So as I turned around I told my young niggaz to stay
strong
Because no matter how you scan it you're the future of
the planet
You don't wanna be a rapper 'cause it's drainin'
entertainin'
Too much strainin' on your brain, I told 'em they don't
need it
They hit me with a card and said, "Call us if you wanna
get weeded,"
Yeah sixteen years old hangin' out drinkin' forties
In the East Columbus cold
As they jumped onto they bikes in the knee-high snow
They all turned around and said, "You ain't shit Rico!"

Can I send this out once, for my niggaz smokin' blunts
Twice, for my niggaz rollin' dice
Three times, for my niggaz bust the rhymes
So they don't do crimes to make it through the hard
times
As we send it out once, for my niggaz smokin' blunts
Twice, for my niggaz rollin' dice
When the Liks is in the house we let you know like yo
If you hit me with a forty black I hit you with a flow

It was a Friday night, house party goin' on
At my homies house, from dusk till dawn
Blunts in the air plus kegs of brew
Some half naked-bitches gettin' pushed in the pool
In the corner was the DJ, gettin' nice
Feelin' that shit off the Alehze and ice
I only had one mic, now imagine
A gang of drunk M C's who wanna start rappin'

One grabbed the mic and held on too long
Baby I'm on the mic and I'm on the mic
When I'm on the mic, pass the mic god damn nigga
Doin' what I like and when I'm on the mic

Push came to shove now he's gone
That's what happens when the liquor does your thinkin'
So keep this in mind when you're out there drinkin'

Can I send this out once, for my niggaz smokin' blunts
Twice, for my niggaz rollin' dice
When the Liks is in the house we let you know like yo
If you hit me with a forty black I hit you with a flow
As we send it out once, for my niggaz smokin' blunts
Twice, for all my niggaz rollin' dice
Three times, for my niggaz bust the rhymes
So they don't have to crime to make it through the hard
times

And I'm out, time to get busy
As we flow up out this piece
I ain't even mad I ain't even mad
I ain't even mad at y'all
It's the Alkaholiks

Yo yo, mic check one two one two
Transmittin' live through the headphones
You know how we do it low budget style
For all MC's in the house I know how you feel
I know you feelin' the vibe right about now
Crackin' the forty, sittin' in the car, or at the club
Bobbin' your head to this album
But yo, we gonna give you
We gonna give you a second to catch wreck
Go ahead, get your freestyle on
And you don't have to be twenty-one rock that shit

Visit [Tha Alkaholiks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.