Tha Alkaholiks "All The Way Live"

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Caps get peeled rolling in my force field
Like a nine with hollow points I keep rap flows that's ill
So when you walkin' down the block
You better watch who you approachin'
I'm not your R&B singer, so ain't no need for vocal
coachin'

Just a forty and a roach and I'll admit you rock the units While y'all niggaz couldn't move me if you worked for starvin' students

Downin' all beer types, from St. Ide's to Red Stripe (Yipes)

The menace stuffin' mics down motherfuckers windpipes

Has returned to burn, it's time y'all niggaz learn I naturalize y'all niggaz like relaxer in a perm With flows that go against the grain with a story so compellin'

I should mind the people's court

Snatch the mic from Doug Llewellyn and host my own show

After Bill Cosby comes Ricooooo Transmitting live to all my black people Catch my drift, I'm down with my nigga E-Swift

My name is Tash, I'm from the group that you don't wanna fuck with

Never shy, sippin' on some why ask why Smokin' Thai with this bitch that's more fly than Jasmin Guy

Hooked up with John Q so let me do my thing While niggaz rock the play shit that they bought from Chess King

But still, I train rhymes to flip like a seal Niggaz say my rhyme skill on the steel is unreal But all I do is chill and swing it when I bring it Oh shit, that's my nigga, show these niggaz how you figure

I bring it to your chest, pour all the way live And deliver ill verse guaranteed to cause highs When we start rappin', heads roll like Patton With the flood blood clot the Alkaholiks rhyme a lot Yo, I'm like Grimace when I'm on this rap scrimmage And I got this magic, want to make your puny soul diminish

The abstract delivers, I be the Queens nigga on point Mary Jane ain't nuttin' but a joint

They called a nigga up to add a little bit of flavor Now I'm cuttin' and slashin' like Luke's light saber Yeah, what? You trapped in the zone Where MC's get seared and all spots blown And in this rap shit a nigga need to be thicky I fuck with the crew who downs the deuce, deuce Mickey's

I'm from the rotten apple, y'all niggaz can't grapple And love to the Liks, hit your ass like a tackle

Pow, bust my liquid-ass style Peace to Mad Lib and my nigga Wild Child

Yo, put in the disc E while I hit the whiskey
(Bust a rhyme off the head J)
The nigga missed me, I'm in this rap game so I'ma aim
to be best
It's fresh, but off the head it's like the dunk contest
I don't walk the street, I roll my Jeep in an instant
I rock the beat to sleep like an infant
The Likwit crew, comin' like this on you
With that four minute Olde English piss on you

You're bustin' dumb raps off the cap, oh shit
But I got the pen and pad locked down like a pit
I let the, ink submerger, into the thin wood sheets
Beats make my head bop, so I'ma rock it for the streets
I fill all my days with big butts and boom
I let my pants hand 'cuz my big nuts need room
I'm not old school, or new school, I'm modern school,
I'm ditchin'

When my girl starts bitchin' I gets got like a kitchen

I fly down like the Chi-town wind
'Cuz I got the iller noise to make the hardcore grin
When, the saints come marchin' in
I'ma roll right by 'em in the fly Lincoln
Roughneck niggaz wanna box me down
'Cuz I got the ladies lookin' like Foxy Brown
The Liks bring the beer Tip sticks it in your ear holes
I drop the mic and strike the Heisman pose

Hardcore G, I get hardcore man From the underland a fuckin' wonderman, bam Lunatic potential, an isperential differential
Confidentially smashin' instrumentals
On this tune I bring raps of doom to the mic
And put my rear shit in flight, peep
If the drunk funk don't wanna hump in your trunk
Man, you got some motherfuckin' junk

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