

## **Tha Alkaholiks "Bottoms Up"**

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Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yeah  
Back to drown ya'll motherfuckaz  
Who we got, we got, we got  
We got the Liks, we got the Liks, we got the Liks

'Cause MC's in ninety-five, MC's in ninety-five  
MC's in ninety-five that think they rock like  
MC's in ninety-five, MC's in ninety-five  
MC's in ninety-five that swear they rock live

MC's in ninety-five they need way more rehearsin'  
They write they booty lyrics then they add they little  
curse in  
You're not a true hip-hop person  
Spend a little time with your rhymes and quit makin'  
wack versions

I send this shit out to all them niggaz from that group  
With the ninety minute demo sounding just like Snoop  
You better bizzay, your ass up out my rhyme zone  
'Fore I leave you on the ground broke up like pine  
cones

You're rootin' and tootin' but ain't did no shootin'  
While the freshest hip-hop, it curses verses like a  
wicked witch  
Disaster, cock the rhyme flows back to kill  
To get me out your system takes more than Golden  
Seal

'Cause I bust so many flows I gotta file my shit in  
columns  
While MC's be goin' down like Olympiads that slalom,  
rock-bottom  
I got 'em, left without no watchers  
While I be housin' niggaz like they put up for adoption

I rock loaded, I never get promoted  
But through the bullshit my crew stays devoted  
While you be bustin' lyrics bout the funs y'all niggaz  
toted  
I'll be standin' like a b-boy with both arms folded

But no excuses, I still get the loosest  
When Rico's in the house tryin' to grab the mic and  
juice this  
So back the fuck up like we told you last time  
'Cause it's the Liks in the house with the ninety-five  
rhymes

We can do our thing, bottoms up  
(We can do our thing)  
We can do our thing, bottoms up  
(We can do our thing)

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(We can do our thing)  
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I wake up, kill a roach, call the homies, hit some  
weights  
Reminisce about the shows we did in forty-eight states  
Banned in the rest, but we was on tour with who  
De La, and Quest, we made the crowd say yes  
(Yes)

Now it's like fuck, Make Room  
Move your ass out my way, bay bee, bay bee  
With all these hoes around clown, why you wanna  
bang?  
Let's have a celebration like Kool and the Gang  
I bring it all the way back, like a punk return

I rock some spots and call more shots than Chick  
Hearns  
The only MC I like is Amante  
I was drinkin' Asi Spumante witcha auntie  
Bust them lyrics shots from the AKG

When it comes to style and finesse, I'm the epitome  
Hit a beat, make 'em all retire, flyer  
Higher than a jet, like Stet I'm on fire

'Causin' pain like a runaway train you don't stop  
Drop the track, now watch it flow back to the top  
I'm the J R O, not J E R U  
And you know what we came to do, bottoms up

We can do our thing, bottoms up  
(We can do our thing)

When you hear screams, that means King Tee walked

in  
The advertisement, and that nigga's bent  
Raise up off the wall, bitches Last Call  
Ready for the ruckus, pushin' motherfuckers off the  
stage

Teela's got a brand new gauge  
So Make Room, for the crew with beats that  
I got a complex I guess I bust best with stress  
A mess, don't bring that shit to the West, 'cause

Uhh, I bring drama, like Jeffery Dahmer  
Choppin' up MC's with they mama  
Ah-hah, oops I made a funny with the dozens  
The one-est, who busts rough rhymes for the cousins

Super Nigga's comin' faster than a bullet  
Leapin' over buildings, wavin' at the children  
And don't even trip 'cause the Alkaholiks funk don't  
cease  
Tash I'm up out this piece

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