Tha Alkaholiks "Captain Hook"

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I knew this nigga by the name of Captain Hook Who had a record deal but no lyrics in his book But everywhere you looked he had a poster for his single

The one he bit the oldie track and stole the oldie jingle jangle

But I be comin' from a different angle

'Cause I want that pot of gold below the hardcore rainbow

But name your price and you'd be down to sell your moms

I'm on a different level while the Devil grease your palms

Sign your life away in ink, 'cause you think you got the talents

But look at Hook's bank account and zero is the balance

I repeat, zero, people 'cause he be worried 'bout his hook

So he could get a spin from [unverified]

But Rico, blow them type niggaz through the rooftop 'Cause [unverified] only plays you if you R and B or Tupac

So one single later, he fallin' out the game But before that nigga left, he left us his name

Captain Hook, Captain, Captain, Captain Hook Spend a little time wit' cha rhymes Captain Hook, Captain, Captain, Captain Hook Spend a little time wit' cha rhymes

Drink drink, we drunk, we drunk, drunk Drink drink we drunk, we drunk drunk Drink drink, we drunk, we drunk, drunk Drink drink we drunk, we drunk drunk

And for your info, I can set it off to any tempo And have you niggaz puzzled while I make it look so simple 'Cause deep inside my mental I got stacks of lyrics hidden

That's why I get the props that Captain Hooks don't be gettin'

Plus they be counterfeitin', styles straight scandals Spendin' too much time tryin' to party off the handle I bust to Orlando, tryin' to better what I got (Why?)

'Cause I'm Tash the likwifyer here to take somebody's spot

But not that nigga named Captain Hooks
'Cause he's the type of rapper, that's always worried
'bout his looks

But overnight success don't impress the West that's freshest

He need to take his cheese and invest in rappin' lessons

Or catch one for free right here on me Or catch me late Friday night on 92.3 And after lesson three, if his style still stank I'ma tie his ass up and make him walk the plank

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I was in my Likwid cruise ship, just sailin' the seas When Captain Hook came and stole my steez Oh Hook, caught a left hook, for stealin' my hook In no time he stole a rhyme out my notebook

I'm the the Pacific Ocean, floatin' Chasin' his broken ass out to Oakland But Who Ridas said he came and stole they name And he got E-40's briefcase full of game

So I, set myself back on the Ro's quest With the Farra hey brew up in the crow's nest He could see L.A., there was trouble you see Oh shit, he just stole a flow from WC

Now he's throwin' up the dub I gotta catch the fuckin'

scrub

He'll go down like a sub cause I'ma cut him like a shrub He wants pub, yeah, he's all on Blass He moved real fast on Snoop and Ras Kass

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Now I'm in Atlanta and his trail is hotter than a sausage I'm took late, he took Outkast out as a hostage I wonder could he squab with the Goodie MoB I think he got the best of me, just how many would he rob

I floated out to Queens but it seems I just missed him They said he robbed Cool J for his boomin' system He went to Shaolin' and stole Method Man's bio and he buried everything somewhere in Ohio

Bone Thugs saw him, at the Crossroad with a empty treasure chest that he was tryin' to load He was last seen sailin', into the distance We gotta catch this crook and we need your assistance

Yeah, if you happen to see this punk scallywag out there

Don't try to apprehend him, just call Tha Liks And if you suddenly got some rhymes missin' You know who did it

Captain Hook, yeah, we gonna catch his ass Beaten down the motherfuckin' hatches We gonna feed his ass to the gators But first we gonna

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