

## Tha Alkaholiks "Captian Hook"

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Verse One: Tash

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, ze-ro, peo-ple  
Cause he be worried bout his hook so he could get a  
spin from [-----]  
[-----] but Rico, blow them type niggaz through the  
rooftop  
Cause [-----] only plays you if you R&B or Tupac  
So one single later, he fallin out the game  
But before that nigga left, he left us his name

Chorus: Tash

Captain Hook, Captain, Captain, Captain Hook  
"spend a little time witcha rhymes"  
(repeat 2X)

Drink drink, we drunk, we drunk, drunk  
Drink drink we drunk, we drunk drunk  
(repeat 2X)

Verse Two: Tash

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  
Chorus

Verse Three: J-Ro

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 WhoRidas 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 Farrahey 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  
Chorus (J-Ro instead of Tash in the first half)

Verse Four: J-Ro

Now I'm Atlanta, and his trail is hotter than a sausage  
I'm too late, he took OutKast out to hockey  
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 aprehend him, just call Tha Liks  
And if you suddenly got some rhymes missin, you

know who did it  
Captain Hook, yeah we gon catch his ass  
Baten down the motherfuckin hatches  
We gonna feed his ass to the gators  
But first we gonna  
Chorus: second half

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