

## Tha Alkaholiks "Hangover"

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Geah, it's magic, let's get it

This is, vicious, bitches switches what I'm about  
Lyrics is fire physics and niggaz look out  
The 45 blows kisses aimed for yo' mouth  
You can't deny 'em my wishes ambitions

Nigga naw never uh, uh am I fictitious  
See I'm Eddie Murphy 'Raw' no tight ass riches  
See these haters throw salt 'cause they superstitious  
When it rains it pours yeah I know the sayin' fella

So like Morton's Salt, I brought an umbrella  
That'll turn any mad dog into an Old Yeller  
I call him Magnum P.I. like T-Tom Selleck  
Nigga this is real life, you's a movie trailer

If this 'The Matrix' I'm the glitch, got Tha Liks in this  
bitch  
Styliztik's got the bitches takin' flicks  
This that next level shit, good lookin' E-Swift  
I'm tryin' to take a piss, get off my dick

Roll it up, smoke it up, drink it up, throw it up  
Do it all again 'til we all pass out  
Roll it up, smoke it up, drink it up, throw it up  
Do it all again 'til we all pass out

Pop the bottle 'til we all pass out  
Sip the skunk 'til we all pass out  
Drink it up 'til we all pass out  
Beat it up 'til we all pass out

J-Ro blow like artery with the West coast artistry  
Devils wanna kill me but they don't wanna martyr me  
I spit philosophy with maximum velocity  
Relaxin' at the Odyssey I put it in the air like  
apostrophes

I'm livin' out the prophecy  
Tha Liks will win the game like Monopoly  
Anything less is atrocity

Cats get killed but not from curiosity  
Got somethin' to make 'em back off of me

Knick knack, paddy wack, give a dog a drink  
Fuck with me, I'll have you hurlin' in the sink  
I'm the type of niggga who be like, "Fuck yo' couch"  
While I roll up your kush and drink yo' Guinness Stout

Here's a little mischief, Styliztik and Bishop  
We too tight, we'll make you go back home and switch  
up  
You need a better show, I think you better let it go  
It's hard for a pimp but I got hustle an' flow

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Is it money or the way CaTash ride on the beat  
That got the bitches in the party feelin' light on they  
feet?  
I take freaks and then I push 'em to the point of insanity  
'Cause I've been rockin' mics since Prince was fuckin'  
Vanity

Honk honk, they bleepin' out my cuss words  
My kids never see they think I'm cleaner than the  
suburbs  
Bustin' is my life and you know I can't quit it  
I tried to pass the torch but Stylz lit a blunt with it

Trippin', Likwit, Bishop Lamont  
All we hear around here is niggaz bitchin' a lot  
I show up or blow up cause my spot is wild  
Put a hundred fuckin' thou on my homeboy

Styliztik, Likwit, Alkaholiks anonymous  
Trippin', pissin' on all your city monuments  
Hittin' chicks from all the different continents  
Gettin' lifted, crime we call it condiments

Niggaz that I'm with is young black and prominent  
Gun packin' dominant, we run with the obvious  
Wolfpack rush, better run like you're Donovan  
Or niggaz'll crack your head like they tryin' to cook

omelettes

Dressed in all black, everybody look synonymous  
Back of the Cadillac is all packed with my  
conglomerate  
Automatic strap pack clack clack is not promisin'  
Sit back, relax, sip 'gnac without vomitin'

Matter of fact, I rap and act like Solomon  
The cat in the hat got a rash she swallowin'  
I'm an anamoly G and I solemnly swear to be free  
Just skeez another on the breeze

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