

Tha Alkaholiks

"Off the wall summer heat"

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Chorus:

Get your back up off the wall

And you can get it, get it, get it, get it

(repeat 4X)

Tash:

I heard niggaz wanna know who flips the most hoes

The R&B singers or the niggaz with flows

So what I did was take a poll, like Clinton versus Dole

(So the fake rappers wouldn't be out of control)

And the more girls I asked, the more I heard 'em say

They said they wanted balls, pussy niggaz stay away

Good choice, cuz Rico don't be losing his voice and
no...(activator

spraying sound)

To make my hair look moist

Just a sack of pommel that I got from John Dale

Cuz this is how I do it but it ain't Montel

It's the knight in rusty armor, hardcore rap designer

That be dissin pussy niggaz in scoops of eyeliner

Cuz look at how you dress, you think you lookin fresh

With your leather vest wrapped around your cutie bird
chest

Keep freezing while I keep easing down the road

Cuz Tash will scoop your girl no matter what y'all
niggaz sold

Gold or double plat

Catastrophe will have your girl butt-naked laying flat
(laying flat)

Horizontal, while I'm running all up in it

To the rap jams, you know, that 99 beats a minute

Party shit

The R&B singers try to swipe

That's why they callin me to make they remixes hype

But I'm the type of cat to go to your show and boo ya

Black ya, blue ya

Then throw my tape to ya

Chorus:

J-Ro:

Who the hell let the dog out the gate?

Ready or not, here I come to set it straight

Cuz it's a thin line between love and hate

So emcees bow down and prepare to meet your fate

Cuz these(smiling faces)smiling faces sometimes

They wanna backstab and bite my rhymes

But I keep a pack skin tight

You wanna pen fight?

Just give in, cuz you know you'll never win, right?

It ain't no sunshine in the midnight hour

A 3-day shower couldn't wash away my soul power

(Stop, Look, and Listen) That's the way of the world

I turn cowboys to girls, lions to squirrels

Is it just my imagination, or is my generation

Fascinated by gunplay and incarceration

Peace to the departed, I get it started like A-B

C, It ain't nothin like the real thing baby

I'm taking it to the streets, but the burbs is much cleaner

(Searching for Mary Jane, man. Have you seen her?)

Yeah. I found love on a two way street

Now, I'm bout to roll her up in between these sheets (Say what)

This is my message to emcees to make 'em quiver

Signed, sealed, delivered

Chorus:

Tash:

So, no matter where you turn, everywhere you look

They say them Alkaholik niggaz is "off the hook"

Cuz, we quick to sellin rhymers to the top and pop the cork

Got love throughout the South, got love throughout New York

So word to my mama, Tanya, cuz I'ma bomb ya

With Off The Wall lyrics that hype you up and calm ya

Damn! Cuz there's ladies up there smooth

Pass the 40 to me man, you know the name of my group (Tha Alkaholiks)

J-Ro:

It's our time to glisten. Who be dissin'?

How you gonna rhyme with all your teeth missin'?(The Likwit Crew party)

Ain't no need for actin hard

When we pull your card, you're outta here, rules the bar

Most rappers sound the same, they foldin too much game

But I do know, and you know nobody beats Tha Liks

Well, check it

How you gonna get the ladies naked

Chorus(x12)

Female:

Nobody beats Tha Liks (4X)

You know nobody can beat Tha Liks

I know nobody can beat Tha Liks

We rock you on and on

Nobody beats Tha Liks

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