Tha Alkaholiks "Party Ya Ass Off"

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Say what? Say what?

Drink, smoke, party ya ass off Drink, smoke it, party ya ass off Drink it, smoke it, party ya ass off Drink it, smoke it, party ya ass off

Whassup white girl?
Drink, smoke, party ya ass off
You know you ain't got no ass to party off
But fuck it, we'll work wit'chu, it's Tha Liks

I know y'all heard the rumors 'bout Tha Alkies grand finale

How J-Ro shot Swift and Tash moved out of Cali Half that shit is true, half that shit is true lies It'll be a cold day in hell before the Likwit crew divides

All I can say is save some space for me
We the best that ever did it and bow out gracefully
Yeah, we three different solo careers about to blast off
But right about now we bout to party ya ass off

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[Incomprehensible]
Drink, smoke, party ya ass off

While my pen electric slides across the pages of my notepad

With no dad, CaTash spans the earth like a nomad I go grab the dollars while y'all askin' whose is it Only bitches on the list when the Likwit crew visits Xzibit that's my nigga, stop askin' stupid questions I got too much time invested in these studio sessions Let's get the show on the road, spot dates, award tours J-Ro tell these niggaz what the fuck we in it for?

We in it for the love, we in it for the chippers We in it for the chicks walkin' 'round in fuzzy slippers We on our final mission and we ready to blast off Drink, smoke, party ya ass off

This ain't tic-tac-toe, I got a click clack flow The number one objective is to get that dough From Pacoma to Corona droppin' hip-hop on ya Tha Liks are on your side just like a kidney donor

So drink, smoke, party ya ass off Drink, smoke it, party ya ass off Drink it, smoke it, party ya ass off Drink it, smoke it, party ya ass off

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My word is bond, your bond is ten percent You ask your moms to put the house up but moms is payin' rent You got bent, look at all the shit you sent her through Out there startin' shit like the King T interview

I'm the black Bryant Gumbel, the city is a jungle That's why we smoke trees and stack cheese by the bundle

You fake A and R's make me think it would be beautiful To throw a live hand grenade up in your cubicle

All I know is rap labels is craps tables
Put yo' nuts on the coffin and pray to black angels
My tour pass dangles from my neck to my wishbone
We been on tour with everybody, Snoop Dogg to
Fishbone

J-Ro, one thousand degrees
I chain smoke MC's, and you'll be burnin' beggin'
please
Alkaholiks got y'all drunk for years
Now we drinkin' beers at the bar like Norm on Cheers

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