

## **Tha Alkaholiks "Who Dem Niggas"**

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I am Captain of Egor  
This nigga is doing impressions  
He's doing impressions  
Hi Tremaine

Yo Threat, you ready?  
(Yeah)  
'Sup?

Who is you nigga, who is you?  
I know you from somewhere, The Zoo  
(Where you from?)  
Why you got beef with my click, fuck you, punk bitch

And fuck you too, this is L.A. Zoo  
And we don't give a mad fuck about you sorry ass  
suckers  
Tick tock chrome off that fake gold watch  
Faster bastard, don't make me have to plaster

Players, get smoked with my bare hands  
Got the shit that sway in a wicked way  
Like Tash and J, motherfucking Ro hoe  
Down with E-Swift and the Alkaholik crew

And to my homies this Bud's for you  
Who is dem niggas?

Guess who nigga been down evrysince?  
With the L.A. Zoo, my nigga Threat, Sway and Tense  
E motherfucking Swift, I thought you knew  
Looted me some glocks in April, Ninety-Two

But it's a new day, so make way shortie  
For the nigge with the brown bag wrapped around the  
forty  
Hold up, yo, I said hold up, here he come  
J motherfucking Ro and he's buzzing off the rum

It's the J-Ro fever, catch it  
I'm prone to grab the microphone and get evil and  
wreck shit

If I hear, one more, nigga kicking up  
Das EFX shit, I'm bombing, my style is uncommon

Peep it, keep it in your brain until the next one  
My rhyme will lift you up like a muscle when I flex  
One, two, three, J-Ro is who I be  
I got more bone than a cemetery

Ninety-Three Mandingo, I got my own lingo  
My Mexican homey, told me never trust a gringo  
But I trust no man, I'm chilling like a snowman  
I making lots of dough and the Liks can rip a show and

Freak it, E-Swift, freak it  
Won't ya give 'em up peak after funk when they seek it?  
I used to walk the block with my pops playing poo-tat  
Now they be like who that and shit, how he do that?

(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)  
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas  
(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)  
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas

(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)  
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas  
(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)  
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas

Tash on the mic makes niggas play the cheap seats  
I rip shit from Cali to the Valley of the Jeep Beats  
They call me Uncle Sam 'cause my skills'll tax all y'all  
Call y'all cause them niggas need to ball y'all  
(Suckas)

Rhyme phat pages up and light 'em wit ya lighter  
MC's keep the gifts that's like flies from a spider  
From the pimp slap, light skin, kid that turns the mics  
out  
Diss y'all, crew then turn around and punch your lights  
out

I take to the funk sound man since my pager  
I kick the kind of shit that make you want to beat your  
bitch up  
The nigga, knocker, tipsy off the vodka  
Tash on the mic floats like a helicopter

Stop the, presses, the Liks rock the freshest  
I'm looking for the bitches in the tight, tight dresses  
So who them niggas with beats for your ass  
The Alkoholik crew, peace out, my name is Tash

(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)  
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas  
(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)  
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas

(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)  
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas  
(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)  
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas

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