

Kokane f/ Above the Law, Tha Alkaholiks

"All Bark No Bite"

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(*Sound of Billiards' balls and a cue stick striking left and right*) [Opening Skit: Km.G as a Night Club chairman] Look here Kokane I've been knowin' you for a long time, boy I heard you have been doin' some many rap stuff Y'all always, you and Tha Alkaholiks is always comin' up in my place And drinkin' up my shit, and you know, always there I'll get..I'll get..I'll get your back, Sweet man You know, and get me back other times So wouldn't you do a song for me? You know, yeah [Song's Intro: Kokane] Awww, that's it, on the funk Uhh, well alright Uhh, for the.. the squares out there That known what the time with the funk Well, alright, ugh We're, welcome to the Radio station funk We're known uhh, to be uhh, people be askin' Uhh.. Will I get with their funky souls and take over their countries? You know we gotta do that shit West Coast, California Well, alright, ha ha ha Uhh, they got those special players out tonight in this list uhh They call them uhh.. what's your name nigga? [Km.G] West Coast [Chorus: Kokane Chanting] Original ones, original criminal minds Original ones, original criminal minds, yeah Original ones, original criminal minds Tah tah tah tat tat tat tah tah [Verse 1: Kokane] I'm just a poor black nigga tryin' to this Wake up, wake up to smoke the mothafuckin' homeless No pain no gain, you can call it dope but my name is Kokane Yo Alkaholiks, pass me the bambay Cause I got more Hook-ups than Yave and the Ese I got a 13-5 well, alright Cause I gotta slang my funk at 17-5 a key Now, what's up homes? I be rollin' in a bucket full of birds and a mobile phone Now, you whores might laugh But you won't now when I'm rollin' up in 500 Rack Cause niggaz be havin' fly chips from the crack And you wonder why your mothafuckin' ass got jack, boy You shouldn't have to talk shit from the start Cause you got no bite but all bark, boy, yeah [Chorus: Kokane Chanting X2] Original ones, original criminal minds Original ones, original criminal minds, yeah Original ones, original criminal minds Ahwww, Ahwww, Ahwww Tah tah tah tat tat tat tah tah [Verse 2: E-Swift] It's the westcoast soul, representin' Funky like George Clinton I'm in the house

like a kitchen Niggaz talkin' shit all bark but no bite Say,
good night, I challenge whack Emcees to a fight Bad
Emcees, I smoke your head with the ruler from the old
schooler Punch your ass like Don Shooler Hard Core,
that don't rock no soft shit I flow like water from the
faucet Aww shit, here comes the raw shit Back the funk
up, I fit your track, I stack you for the duke up Rough
and ragged like a truck All bite but all you're bitin' is my
style I hit the 40 Ounce and then I'll get buckwild Check,
E-Swift is a title Yeah, I usually rock scratches with the
vinyl Peace from the Alkaholik wino And I know, I know,
I know, I know what you're thinkin' [Verse 3: J-Ro] This
groove is so funky that is stinkin' My Dress code is
simply, Jeans and shit I can't get in the clef cause my
description don't fit Those with clothes, left to see a
fashion shows So I sneak in the rear, hop on stage and
bust souls I'm J-Ro the Human hight I like to rock the
party 'til the twilight Grab the girl, take her home Hit the
room and bump my shine lights on Have no fear, I'm
your Number one Bear And you can't come here, cause
who wants to play the rear? I see too many niggaz get a
brain blow out Now, I'm headed upstream like a
rainbow Trout I refused to catch the blues in the ghetto
Now, I get paid, to bring kids to life like Jepatto It's The
Liks, baby, and we ain't goin' to get whack So Pooh'll
buy a bud, hook us up with the thick sack So you can
bark if you want to Boy, I'm comin' in the cut with my
whole mothafuckin' crew I'm the man, you knew I came
to bust the dandy Rap So I'm funkin' in front like the
Handicap E-Swift, 187Um, Kokane and Ro With a finger
and a "F" for Darryl Gates before we go [Outro: Cold
187Um as a Night Club Security Keeper] Yeah, that
mothafuckin' song is over But y'all can take your drunk
ass go rappin' little mothafuckin' .. Aww no, no, no, you
got to go home Bitch, you got to get the hell out here
No, no, no, bit touchin' there.. over there boy No, just
get, just get your ass up out here No, no, no, all barkin'
not bitin' You can't fish eatin, aww, uhh.. won't let have
any.. you stupid old mothafucker.. Aww, just get your
ass hole up out here I don't have no comprehension
shit, boy (*Music fades as people evacuating off the
Night Club*)

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