

# Tha Alkaholiks, All The Way Live

(feat. King Tee, Q-Tip)

[Verse One: Tash]

Caps get peeled rolling in my force field  
Like a nine with hollow points I keep rap flows that's ill  
So when you walkin down the block you better watch who you approachin  
I'm not your R&B singer, so ain't no need for vocal coachin  
Just a forty and a roach and I'll admit you rock the units  
While y'all niggaz couldn't move me if you worked for Starvin Students  
Downin all beer types, from St. Ide's to Red Stripe (yipes!)  
The menace stuffin mics down motherfuckers windpipes  
Has returrnned, to burrrrn, it's time y'all niggaz learrrrn  
I neaturalize y'all niggaz like relaxer in a perm  
with flows that go against the grain with a story so compellin  
I should mind The People's Court, snatch the mic from Doug Llewellyn  
and host my own show, after Bill Cosby comes Ricooooo!  
Transmitting live to all my black people  
Catch my drift, I'm down with my nigga E-Swift  
My name is Tash, I'm from the group that you don't wanna fuck with  
Never shy, sippin on some why ask why  
Smokin thai with this bitch that's more fly than Jasmin Guy  
Hooked up with John Q so let me do my thiiing  
while niggaz rock the play shit that they bought from Chess King  
But still, I train rhymes to flip like a seal  
Niggaz say my rhyme skill on the steel is unreal  
But all I do is chill and swing it when I bring it  
Oh shit that's my nigga show these niggaz how you figure

[Verse Two: Q-Tip]

I bring it to your chest pour all the way live  
And deliver ill verse guaranteed to cause highs  
When we start rappin heads roll like Patton  
With the flood blood clot the Alkaholiks rhyme a lot  
Yo I'm like Grimace when I'm on this rap scrimmage  
AND I got this magic wand to make your puny soul diminish  
The Abstract delivers, I be the Queens nigga on point  
Mary Jane ain't nuttin but a joint  
They called a nigga up to add a little bit of flavor  
Now I'm cuttin and slashin like Luke's light saber  
Yeah, what? You trapped in the zone  
Where MC's get seared and all spots blown  
And in this rap shit a nigga need to be thicky  
I fuck with the crew who downs the deuce deuce Mickey's  
I'm from the rotten apple, y'all niggaz can't grapple  
And love to the Liks, hit your ass like a tackle

(Pow, bust my liquid-ass style  
Peace to Mad Lib and my nigga Wild Child)

[Verse Three: J-Ro]

Yo put in the disc E  
While I hit the whiskey  
[Bust a rhyme off the head J]  
The nigga missed me  
I'm in this rap game so I'ma aim to be best  
It's fresh, but off the head it's like the dunk contest  
I don't walk the street, I roll my Jeep in an instant  
I rock the beat to sleep like an infant  
The Likwit crew, comin like this on you  
With that four minute Olde English piss on you  
You're bustin dumb raps off the cap, oh shit

But I got the pen and pad locked down like a pit  
I let the, ink submerger, into the thin wood sheets  
Beats make my head bop, so I'ma rock it for the streets  
I fill all my days with big butts and boom  
I let my pants hand cause my big nuts need room  
I'm not old school, or new school, I'm modern school, I'm ditchin  
When my girl starts bitchin I gets got like a kitchen  
I fly down like the Chi-town wind  
Cause I got the iller noise to make the hardcore grin  
When, the saints come marchin in  
I'ma roll right by em in the fly Lincoln  
Roughneck niggaz wanna box me down  
Cause I got the ladies lookin like Foxy Brown  
The Liks bring the beer Tip sticks it in your earholes  
I drop the mic and strike the Heisman pose

[Verse Four: King Tee]

Hardcore G, I get hardcore man  
From the underland a fuckin wonderman, bam  
Lunatic potential, an isperential differential  
Confidentially smashin instrumentals  
On this tune I bring raps of doom to the mic  
And put my rear shit in flight, peep  
If the drunk funk don't wanna hump in your trunk  
Man you got some motherfuckin junk