

Tha Alkaholiks, Hangover

(feat. Bishop Lamont, Styliztik Jones)

[Styliztik Jones]

Geah... it's magic... let's get it
This is, vicious, bitches switches what I'm about
Lyrics is fire physics and niggaz look out
The 45 blows kisses aimed for yo' mouth
You can't deny 'em my wishes ambitions
Nigga naw never uh-uh am I fictitious
See I'm Eddie Murphy "Raw" no tight-ass riches
See these haters throw salt cause they superstitious
When it rains it pours yeah I know the sayin fella
So like Morton's Salt, I brought an umbrella
That'll turn any mad dog into an Old Yeller
I call him Magnum P.I. like T-a-Tom Selleck
Nigga this is real life, youse a movie trailer
If this "The Matrix" I'm the glitch, got Tha Liks in this bitch
Styliztik's got the bitches takin flicks
This that next level shit, good lookin E-Swift
I'm tryin to take a piss, get off my dick!

[Chorus]

Roll it up, smoke it up, drink it up, throw it up
Do it all again 'til we all pass out
Roll it up, smoke it up, drink it up, throw it up
Do it all again 'til we all pass out
- Pop the bottle, 'til we all pass out
- Sip the skunk, 'til we all pass out
- Drink it up, 'til we all pass out
- Beat it up, 'til we all pass out

[J-Ro]

Yeah, uh... yo
J-Ro blow like artery with the West coast artistry
Devils wanna kill me but they don't wanna martyr me
I spit philosophy with maximum velocity
Relaxin at the Oddysee I put it in the air, like apostrophes
I'm livin out the prophecy
Tha Liks will win the game like Monopoly
Anything less is atrocity
Cats get killed but not from curiosity
Got somethin to make 'em back off of me
Knick knack, paddy wack, give a dog a drink
Fuck with me, I'll have you earlin in the sink
I'm the type of nigga who be like, "Fuck yo' couch!"
While I roll up your kush and drink yo' Guinness Stout
Here's a little mischief, Styliztik and Bishop
We too tight, we'll make you go back home and switch up
You need a better show, I think you better let it go
It's hardcore pimp but I got hustlin flows

[Chorus]

[Tash]

It's it money or the way CaTash ride on the beat
that got the bitches in the party feelin light on they feet
I take freaks and then I push 'em to the point of insanity
Cause I've been rockin mics since Prince was fuckin Vanity
Honk honk {*bleep bleep*} they bleepin out my cuss words
My kids never see they think I'm cleaner than the suburbs
Bustin is my life and you know I can't quit it
I tried to pass the torch and Stylz lit a blunt with it
Trippin, Likwit, Bishop Lamont
All we hear around here is niggaz bitchin a lot

I, show up or blow up cause my spot is wild
Put a hundred fuckin down on my homeboy...

[Bishop Lamont]

Styliztik, Likwit, Alkaholiks anonymous
Trippin, pissin on all your city monuments
Hittin chicks from all the different continents
Gettin lifted, crime we call it condiments
Niggaz that I'm with is young black and prominent
Gun packin dominant, we run with the obvious
Wolfpack rush, better run like you're Donovan
Or niggaz'll crack your head like they tryin to cook omelettes
Dressed in all black, everybody look synonymous
Back of the Cadillac is all packed with my conglomerate
Automatic strap pack clack clack is not promisin
Sit back, relax, sip 'gnac without vomitin
Matter of fact, I rap and act like Solomon
The cat in the hat got a rash she swallowin
I'm an anamoly G and I solemnly swear to be free
Just skeez another on the breeze

[Chorus x2]