

# Tha Alkaholiks, Hip Hop Drunkies

(feat. Ol Dirty Bastard)

[Tash] What's yo' name?

What's yo' naaaaaame?

[ODB] [burp] My name is, Ol Dirty Bastard... and I'ma Alkaholik

[Tash] Yeah me too nigga

[ODB] [singin some crazy shit]

[Tash]

You're now rockin with Tha Liks so start reachin for the ozone  
I see some girls I know but y'all look different with your clothes on  
What's up though, Tash came to steal it like the Grinch  
While I'm leavin niggaz puzzled like I said my shit in French  
But it's all Olde English that I'm bringin from beneath  
Try to bite my style on wax and watch these lyrics crack your teeth  
Cause I make words Connect like Westside when I test glide  
my drunken lyrical hanglider, nobody's tighter  
than a ruff rap provider, with ninety ways to peel ya  
So I know the three words (Tash'll kill ya) sound familiar  
I filter out the weak everytime I speak  
I drink to hit the peak to make my mind go (beep)  
I'm def-da-fyin, you rappin like my client  
Tryin to scrape me for the style that slam harder than Kobe Bryant  
BE QUIET! This is Likwidation from the West  
Motherfuck ya boozy show, I got my own special guest

[Ol Dirty Bastard]

Yo, yo, breaker breaker breaker one-nine  
I bust this bitch in the behind with the silver shine  
Cause she thought she was fine  
She winked at me, I thought it was fine  
This nigga poutin, this hoe was mine  
I had the alcohol in me, took my time  
Let a nigga ro-tate turn on the table  
Put in the diamond needle, pull it to your ego  
What? You the king in the chair on my ground  
The Tyson of sound, it's twenty seconds to a round  
Scavenger nigga, youse a shrimp, a full line of shit  
my ear can't digest it  
Stop drinkin all that motherfuckin water, let's take it to the land  
So I can Godzilla up your sheeit, Mr. Tiny Tim man  
Niggaz be creepin up my beanstalk  
When I start to come down on your fuckin asses  
Try to chip shit on up, get these nuts  
Motherfucker WHAT!!

[J-Ro]

The Ro pimped the flow like a hoe, so I should rap on the mack-raphone  
My rhymes hittin hard enough to crack a bone  
I divide square MC's like math  
Bend you in half and drink a Genuine Draft  
I stop him, then I skied out with all wampum  
When he's layin on the ground, I let my Dog Scrilla chop him  
(Switch reels) I feels its all about skills  
The outcome's unbelievable like Tyson/Holyfield  
Your lyrics are loaners return em to they rightful owners  
My style is wild, like G's or the pistols  
No need to ask, I put you on like a ski mask  
We can Fight the Power like this was P.E. class  
I Bomb Squads like Hank Shock  
Peace to my nigga Scott puttin stickers on the block  
[burp] I drink more Brewsters than Punky  
It's the further adventures of the hip-hop drunkies

[chorus]

You bithces are hoes  
Put it in ya like my motherfuckin hoe  
or in your butthole/earhole  
Wherever the fuck it goes  
[x2]

[Ol Dirty]

Yeah, yo, yo, yo  
No disrespect to any architect  
Who tried to perfect, oh what the heck  
I'm a MC director, rhyme inspector  
Rated top ten, Brooklyn borough sector

[J-Ro]

Its the Packtown original b-boy I'm rappin  
What's happenin, so dope got the pope clappin  
I'm smackin, on some chicken, what you kickin  
You trickin, while I'm vickin hoes you stick your dick in

[Tash]

Step outta place, Tash'll smack your taste out your face  
Cause there's nowhere to hide unless you move to outer space  
Cause I waste motherfuckers like toxic fumes  
So you betta (make room) when you hear the (boom boom)

[Ol Dirty: rapping like RZA]

Hey sugar plum, how can you assume  
That the pitch of the volume, doesn't have no tune  
I'm not your everyday, regular rap star peddler  
One on one at your rap seminar  
Beware of the Hard Way, Three's the Hard Way  
At you fuckers...

[J-Ro]

So aiyyo, my name is J-Ro  
And my style is so dope they call it ya-yo  
I don't rap fast, I love green grass  
Nuttin nice on the mic, call me a mean ass

[Ol Dirty: still rapping like RZA]

Extra da-llama, bring hahaha  
Extra extra bring the da-llama  
Verse a better one, then slice-a-versa  
God acre, massacre murdered  
Also known as a rap wrecka, not a rhyme rebel  
You're just rhyme to survive streets  
True beaters, minerals and rhymes survive lyrics  
Like the acre without the attic, but not the only Asiatic  
true God but my dick is my lightning rob  
Hoe don't kick that mumbo jumbo...

[Tash]

See this the type of shit niggaz don't try at home  
I come funkin up the spot like Micheal Jordan's cologne  
With the megadrunk, style to keep the crowd pumpin  
Niggaz lookin at me like, 'Tash is up to somethin'  
(Get drunk and I stumbled) but I didn't come to trip  
I came to bring it to ya humb-le  
Tumb-le all your plots and all your plans  
Ol Dirty's in the house and that's my motherfuckin man!

[outro]

It's the Likwid crew  
Comin through with Ol Dirty from the Wu

Passin your party, jettin out with allt he brew  
So what y'all new, niggaz think you wanna do?  
[x2]