

Tha Alkaholiks, Off The Wall

(feat. Keith Murray)

[Keith Murray] You can get it, get it, get it, get it

[Tash]

Dude, what you got on my forty homey?

One two, likwid, likwid, likwid

What you think motherfucker?

Course I do - came down

Fuck it up, uhh, uhh

[Chorus:]

Get your back up off the wall "get with it"

[Keith Murray] And you can get it, get it, get it, get it

Get your back up off the wall "get with it"

[Keith Murray] And you can get it, get it, get it, yeah

[Verse One: Tash]

I heard niggaz wanna know who scoops the most hoes

The R&B singers or the niggaz with flows

So what I did was took a poll like Clinton versus Dole

(Cause the flames rappers swingin be out of control)

And the more girls I asked, the more I heard em say

They said they want it raw, silky nigga stay away

Good choice, cuz Rico don't be losin his voice and no...

[activator spraying sound] to make my hair look moist

Just a sack of palm dale that I got from Dontrell

Cuz this is how I do it but it ain't Montell

It's the knight in rusty armor, hardcore rap designer

That be dissin silky niggaz in suits and eyeliner

Cuz look at how you dress, you think you lookin fresh

in your leather vest, wrapped around your puny bird chest

Keep freezin, while I keep easin down the road

Cause Tash'll scoop your girl no matter what y'all niggaz sold

Gold, or double plat

CaTashTrophe'll have your girl butt-naked layin flat (which way is that)

Horizontal, while I'm runnin all up in it

To the rap jams, you know, that 99 beats a minute

party shit! The R&B niggaz try to swipe

That's why they call MC's to make they remixes hype

But I'm the type of cat to come to your show and boo ya

Black ya, blue ya, then throw my tape to ya

[Chorus x2]

[Verse Two: J-Ro]

Who the hell let the dog out the gate?

Ready or not, here I come to set it straight

Cause it's a thin line between love and hate

So MC's bow down and prepare to meet your fate

Cause these (smilin faces) smilin faces sometimes

they wanna backstab and bite my rhymes

But I keep a pack (skin tight) you wanna pen fight?

Just give in, cause you know you'll never win, right?

It ain't no sunshine in the midnight hour

A three day shower couldn't wash away my soul power

(Stop look and listen) That's the way of the world

I turn cowboys to girls, lions to squirrels

Is it just my imagination, or is my generation

Fascinated by gunplay, and incarceration

Peace to the departed, I get it started like A-B

C, it ain't nothin like the real thing baby
I'm takin it to the streets, but this version's much cleaner
(I'm searching for Mary Jane, man have you seen her?)
Yeah, I found love on a two way street
Now I'm bout to roll her up in between these sheets (say what)
This is my message to MC's to make em quiver
Signed, sealed, delivered

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Keith Murray]

I be tight like fish pussy, so funky niggaz gotta gush me
So dark you can't overlook me
Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall
I call up Tha Liks and we drunk em all
Heavy or small, you drink, forget it
You ask who is it? I already got your bitch digit
It's the permanent chiller, occasional iller
Lyrical cap pealer, hype stealer
Savage nigga chiller, microphone fuhreala
skill dealer, stadium thriller, I'll break in Manila
One of a kind prime time rhyme thriller
Superstar status guerilla, still I
to this day drink Olde English cannot stand Miller
A real hip-hop berzerker
At the surface yeah, you got the right to be nervous
Originality you lack
So take that move back catch a heart attack
Get your back up off the wall

[Chorus x4: with variations]

[Female: imitating vocal from Nobody Beats the Biz]

Nobody beats Tha Liks [x4]
You know nobody can beat Tha Liks
I know nobody can beat Tha Liks
We rock you on and on
Nobody beats Tha Liks