

Tha Alkaholiks, On The Floor

[Intro/Chorus]

"Get your ass on the floor - on the floor" [x4]

"Get your ass on the floor - MOVE IT!" [x4]

[Tash]

GET YO' ASS ON THE FLOOR!

Uhh, yeah, yeah

You know what time it is y'all

Get your ass on the flo'

It's the L... it's the L... it's the K... it's the eh-eh-eh

Aiyyo Tha Liks is in the place, you know them rappers with the heart and guts

Party faces on, let's get this motherfucker started up

Pop a bottle, crack a bitch, the rest I gotta figure out

Smoke a blunt, start a fight, niggaz go the nigga route

Cause this'll be the night to end all nights combined

Keep your ass up off the stage cause all mics is mine

Cause Tash is off his Richter, keep 'em hangin off the rafters

Desperado women models cry now but laugh after

CaTash'tra, and ever since I bought a house in Vegas

All the chicks is lookin for me like the hunt for Larry Davis

But I felt you first, turn around I'm right behind you

Straight shreddin these MC's like good weed and coffee grinders

Reminder, to my ex-bitch when I find ya

I'ma smack ya for the times I had ta *69 ya

I burn you with the science, this that Killa Cal' style

So get yo' sexy ass on the flo' right now

[Chorus]

[J-Ro]

Yeah, listen up, yo

This ain't no workout tape

It's Likwit music for the people who take work outta state

I never really considered myself a thug

But I kept pounds of bud up under my rug

And I was never slowin, I kept it goin

I felt I was hard to bring down like Terrell Owens

I'll be like, one time, you can get these here

I'm movin mo' numbers than Britney Spears

If you catch me, you'll probably give me 50 years

So I just stash my shit and just shift these gears

I was cool as the Fonz but this ain't Potzie Webber

Cause these _Happy Days_ don't last forever

Now here come the judge, and he got a grudge

I shoulda seen him comin but I didn't wanna budge

It was six in the mornin as I lay in the bed

When they came through the door and this is what they said

[Chorus]

[E-Swift]

Get your ass on the floor but this ain't no stick-up

And party on down to this brand new Liks cut

Girls grab a guy, guys grab your chick's butt

DJ cut but don't fuck the mix up

I see the bouncer bouncin sweaty niggaz smokin weed

I got about a half an ounce and he can't fuck with me

Cause I got a few, supermodels hangin on my sleeve

30 niggaz from the hood with Chucks and white tees

And we don't want trouble, we just tryin to bubble

Pop bottles, pour shots, hit the scene and leave

With a little scenery, smoke a little greenery

So you ain't gotta be mean to me

Nigga feel the impact I make the crowd react
When I let off, it's somethin like a terrorist attack
Cause my tracks keep the club packed door to door
Get the fuck out my face and get yo' ass on the floor

[Chorus x2]