

Tha Alkaholiks, The Get Down

Yeah, Alkaholiks
Get it right
Alkaholiks!

[Chorus x4: female voice]
You gotta get up to get down

[J-Ro]
Cars, I drive so laid back
In my glass house bumpin "Big Payback"
James, that's my name don't wear it out
All these ladies wanna know my whereabouts
Women, I love e'rything about 'em
You cain't live with 'em, cain't live without 'em
Dogs, I like 'em big mean and vicious
When I tell 'em get you, you gon' need some stitches
Hip-Hop, I been doin it for years
Spent a lot of time drinkin too many beers
Clubs, man I'm always on the guest list
And I don't even have to dress up my best-est
Shoes, man I have so many pairs
From Timbos to kroker sacs and Nike Airs
Guns, I really don't carry
But I gotta lotta homies that would love to see you buried

[Chorus x2]

[Tash]
Aiiyo my style ain't never switch I serve hook to hook
I'm still an Alkie in my ways, I never shook the look
You can see it in my face, I'm here to cook the rooks
Promoters lookin at me funny like they booked a crook
Sheeeit, I'm over here with Clipper chippers
With a gang of strippers downin these liquid mixtures
If my money make you sick, then I hope you feel better
I'ma grab me a bitch and slap some tailfeathers
Y'all niggaz can't even spell clever
While I take my time and write from the heart like jail letters
The ice might fool you from the wrist to the necklace
But if you out there talkin shit you on a reckless nigga's checklist
This the West, where Deebo lives
Where chicks run around claimin these is Rico's kids
Uh-uh, cause everybody wants somethin from me
The niggaz want my style and the bitches want my money

[Chorus]

[E-Swift]
I'm a wax carnivore
Eat beats like meat, hope you like it raw
Fuck it, I'm the next Curtis Shaw
mixed with Marley Marl y'all heard thus far
Spar with the track, so my wind's up to par
Know a few Alkies, got friends at the bar
Get the club jumpin like the pumps on my car
Front and back like the strippers that star
Daaaaamn, or like six-deuces on the 'Shaw
Might tap your jaw like {?} if we brawl
And I ain't even battlin y'all
I ride the tracks that the others just straddle and fall
Platinum plaques, I got stacks this tall
Looks like I got Baby's teeth on my wall
I'm +Hot Boy+, my whole click sick like SARS
We roll through and plug chicks like a pause

[Chorus x2]