

Tha Alkaholiks, 21 & Under

Intro: tash

("yes yes y'all, and you don't stop" - repeat 12x)

Hello

Let me tell ya about the liks

See it *echoes* say it *echoes*

Ah, yo

Verse one: tash

I walked into a store I stepped straight to the freezer
I grabbed some forty ounces and a few bacardi breezers
I threw em on the counter then I went to find some chips
I'm thinkin bout this bitch I'm bout to visit with the hips
I asked the counter person for the biggest box of trojans
Cause when I be onthe pussy I cause nuclear explosions
He put them in my bag, totalled up my sums
He said, "that comes to thirteen dollars," but I didn't have no ones
I gave him twenty, in walked some shorties
Eyes beemin red headed straight for the forties
Five foot three wannabe tupac's
They asked the man behind the counter for the newport boxes
They stole some cans cause the man couldn't see em
Cause he busy tryin to tell em next time he'll l'd em
One was starin at me, then suddenly it hit him
That's that nigga from the liks let's crack the forties with him
They gave me daps they said I freak my raps
They said they homey got some flows and twist off the beer caps
Halfway finished, I asked em what their ages
Cause they lookin like, they barely out the puberty stages
Fifteen, sixteen, one was too embarrased
He said they started drinkin f**kin around and went to terrace
It wasn't long before the forties was gone
So as I turned around I told my young niggaz to stay strong
Because no matter how you scan it you're the future of the planet
You don't wanna be a rapper cause it's drainin entertainin
Too much strainin on your brain, I told em they don't need it
They hit me with a card and said, "call us if you wanna gt
Weeded," yeah sixteen years old
Hangin out drinkin forties in the east columbus cold
As they jumped onto they bikes in the knee-high snow
They all turned around and said, "you ain't shit rico!"

Chorus: j-ro, tash

Can I send this out once, for my niggaz smokin blunts
Twice, for my niggaz rollin dice

Three times, for my niggaz bust the rhymes
So they don't do crimes to make it through the hard times

As we send it out once, for my niggaz smokin blunts

Twice, for my niggaz rollin dice

When the liks is in the house we let you know like yo!

If you hit me with a forty black I hit you with a flow

Verse two: j-ro

It was a friday night, house party goin on

At my homies house, from dusk til dawn

Blunts in the air plus kegs of brew

Some half naked-bitches gettin pushed in the pool

(in the corner was the dj, gettin nice

Feelin that shit, off the alehze and ice)
I only had one mic, now imagin
A gang of drunk mc's who wanna start rappin
One grabbed the mic and held on too long
("...baby I'm on the mic, and I'm on the mic... *crowd boos*
When I'm on the mic (pass the mic God damn nigga)
Doin what I like, and when I'm on the mic...")
Push came to shove *bang* now he's gone
That's what happens when the liquor does your thinkin
So keep this in mind when you're out there drinkin

Chorus: tash, j-ro

Outro: j-ro, tash

And I'm out, time to get busy
As we flow up out this piece
I ain't even mad, I ain't even mad
I ain't even mad at y'all
It's the alkaholiks...

Yo yo, mic check one two one two
Transmittin live through the headphones, you know how we do it
Low budget style
For all mc's in the houe I know how you feel
I know you feelin the vibe right about now
Crackin the forty, sittin in the car, or at the club
Bobbin your head to this album
But yo, we gonna give you, we gonna give you a second to catch wreck
Go ahead, get your freestyle on
And you don't have to be twenty-one
Rock that shit