

# Tha Alkaholiks, All Night

[J-Ro] Welcome to Tha Alkaholik function, yeah

[Tash] Yes to party down

[J-Ro] We came to party, we came to party, we came to party

[Tash] Yes to party down

[J-Ro] We came to party, we came to party, we came to party

[Verse One: Tash]

Aiyyo, step in my area, and I'ma bury ya

Tha Likwit crew is blowin so the more the girl the merrier

So bring your sexy body to the front and make some noise

while these beats wind the Likwit homies up like Freakazoids

Plus my style as hot as sex on a platta

That's why your dame was open once I threw these lyrics at her

Say what? The rhyme data ???

Smokin wack MC's so bad I'm at the ground evacuatin

So hit the exits, while I'm rhyme flexin on some next ish

That come across in different shapes and forms like playin Tetris

So from the West it's (who?) I thought you knew

Cool ass CaTashTrophe, from the crew with all the moves

so pop the tops off, while I pop beats that knock your blocks off

TASH, got the style that house any beanie bopper

So check the time of clock while I rock the land

"Hey ladies!" tell em whose in this jam

[Chorus: x2]

(It's Tha Liks baby)

[J-Ro] Here to wet your top

[Tash] So all the ladies gather round, it's time to party down

[J-Ro] That's right (That's right) that's right

[J-Ro] We got the Henn Rock flowin all night

[J-Ro] We gotta keep the party blowin all night

[J-Ro] Tha Likwit up in ya all night

[J-Ro] DJ spin the record all night

[J-Ro] We'll have sex on the beach all night

[J-Ro] It's Tha Liks baby baby all night

[Verse Two: J-Ro]

Yo, it goes down like one two three

It's Tha Alkaholiks in the place to be

Whether you from France, Japan or Italy

An R&B fan, or a dope MC

Some ol' jazz cat that won a Grammy

A wide receiver, from Miami

A soccer goalie or a maitre'd

A Playboy Bunny, even if you can't see

I don't give a damn if you security

or you got a degree, at USC

My uncle, my cousin, or my auntie

You could be one-time it don't matter to me

Cause when you bring your ass to a Likwit show

You gonna get wet if you in the front row

[E-Swift scratches] Row... row... Ro... Ro..

... now on with the show

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: J-Ro, Tash]

One two, one two

I got a tape in my ride, made by Homicide

Ralph M and DJ Pen make the wheels spin

Let's make some noise for the Baka Boyz  
DJ Dee and Hen Gee in the place to be  
Joe Cooley and Mark and Evil E  
Master C, Sam Jam, and ?  
Assada got bam slam with DJ Jam  
Let loose the 4th Alkaholik puts the wheels to use uhh  
D-Pimp, Mad Lib, my nigga Juice  
And DJ Pooh, I like the beats you produce  
You know how we do, with DJ Kiilu  
Makin girls shake they asses, Inf's got all the passes  
I'm playin John Madden, with DJ Alladin  
Had my girl under the cover, went with Egyptian Lover  
I'm on the radio, microphone mic-a-don  
All my yapes I would pay for a mix tape I'd trade  
DJ Mark Love makes the party push and shove  
I float over a beat made by Chris the Glove  
The Beat Junkies, Nu-Mark and Cut Chemist  
My homey [?] leave ya mouth open like a dentist  
Bobcat, DJ Smooth and Battlecat  
The Sway and King Tech Wake Up Show is fat  
General Lee gets busy but remember this  
Scotty D, Keith Coolie, and Cold Krush Chris

[Chorus]

[Outro: J-Ro]

Yo this goes out to all the DJ's, in the L to the A  
E-Swift on the track, yeah  
Rob One in the house, check it out  
Rob Love in the house, uhh  
Tairrie T in the house, yeah  
Fat Box in the house, uhh  
My homey Tank in the house, yeah  
DJ Muggs in the house, yo  
DJ Bones in the house  
Old School Romeo in the house, yeah  
Ali Wide in the house, uhh  
[?] in the house, yeah  
Coolio G, Total G, can't forget DJ Yella  
Mixmaster Spade, DJ Lethal, DJ [?], hah  
Rest in peace to DJ Trane and Magic Mike  
All night, all night, all night, yeah