

# Tha Alkaholiks, Make Room

[Verse One: J-Ro]

I knock em knock em out the park when other rappers are hitting bunts  
I'm a togger not a fogger step on hunts and don't do stunts  
I got SOUL POWER never took a cold shower  
Never had a girlfriend the color of cooking flour  
You can call me sleazy cuz my rhymes are kinda greasy  
Some brothers wear curls, cuz it ain't easy being peasy  
Like a Kung-Fu flick, I stick you in the dick, with my toothpick  
Tell em Rick ("You hit them harder than a fuckin brick")  
I like clothes and hoes but like em better in the sheets  
I rock more beats than Jesse Owens ran track meets]  
Amazing feets move, they happen everyday  
When the Ro to the J bring his ass out to play  
I weight one-eighty but I'm, fat  
I ki-uh-kick up dust when I bust like a cap  
Tha Alkaholik crew, and what we're here to do  
Is rock a show, knock a hoe, and crack another brew

[Chorus:]

Make room, for the crew with beats that thump [x3]  
Tunes hittin hard enough to ditch your trunk  
It's the Liks baby, it's the Liks [x4]

[Verse Two: Tash]

The super, duper, gets it poppin with the quickness  
King Tee and the Alkies straight gettin down to business  
It's all about the Liks cause we're heavy on the kicks  
But we're easy on the treble (adjust my mic level)  
So fools can here me mic checkin all the way in China  
The skills you can't front on, Tha Alkaholik rhymer  
Could rip a show up to' up so I always flex my talents  
but my words don't be slurrin, I never lose my balance  
But that's cause I'm slick tossin bottles like a discus  
The Liks could rock a party from Halloween to Christmas  
That's why I'm screamin on MC's like I'm Onyx  
I'm hooked on gin and tonics like your momma's Hooked on Phonics  
So when we steppin through, with the thirty-two of brew  
Niggaz better make way for the Alkaholik crew  
When we're steppin through, with the thirty-two of brew  
Niggaz better make way for the Alkaholik crew

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: J-Ro]

First you gotta have respect, money comes next  
After you get THOSE, come the hoes and the sex  
Girl you keep askin bout the niggaz in my crew  
Yeah I'm down with Pooh, but what's up with me and you  
Cause I don't give a fuck whose your cousin who could fuck  
Cause I just wanna fuck, damn I wanna fuck  
So unlock the gate and MAKE ROOM for the heavyweight rapper  
The slim light skinned coochie slapper  
Pull over to the side so I can roll up the indo  
Got the bitch head bumpin on the front window  
Wham, bam, I spanked you ma'am  
I wonder how they make these rubbers from the skin of a lamb  
I blow into the mic when I check it  
Had hoes gettin naked way before I made a record  
I smoked a gang of liquor, I drink a gang of boom  
Like Ted, I gotta zoom zoom so make room

[Chorus]

[Outro: Tash, J-Ro]

Ah yeah, ah yeah, Tha Alkaholiks  
Yo, before we bail  
We gotta give a shout out to the crew that gets the party poppin  
Tha Alkaholik crew

Old English is in the house, and uhh  
What about Mickey's? is in the house, and uhh  
St. Ide's is in the house, and uhh  
Crazy Horse is in the house, and uhh  
Genuine Draft is in the house, and uhh  
What about Red Bull is in the house, and uhh  
Colt .45 is in the house, and uhh  
King Cobra ain't in the house, and uhh  
[bottle smashes]