

Tha Alkaholiks, No Hand Outs

(feat. Loot Pack, Snaggle Puss, Xzibit)

[Verse One: Mad Lib, Xzibit]

Yo, look at the way you reactin
I ain't on the microphone actin tough-actin like Tinactin
Madden, dreamin like baddened Aladdin
Families they get saddened, sisters no horror be cabbin stabbin
Jammin like Isley when I be
Floatin rhymes like a butterfly, stingin em like a bee
IBM's is not computers
Intelligent Black Men radio polluters and riot looters if any
Plenty of patience perseverance, persistence
And I don't need a county check for government assistance
Build the knowledge without college abolish like apartheid
Rip like a riptide, when I arrive
Million Man March, Washington D, C me when I get there
Pioneer millionair thoughts we all share

In Los Angeles, niggaz stopped tryin to make peace a long time ago
So it ain't no shock, to hear gunshots, on your block
or maybe even mine on occasion
Regardless of your town, niggaz still tore down and blast
So Xzybit ask what's worse
To getting rushed by the cops or put your piece down first, you're stuck
See either way we've been set up to fail
Throw that nigga in jail if he ain't tryin to see Yale or Harvard
or Howard, and I reguse to be a coward
Or forced to live off some five twenty-five an hour bullshit
Xzybit carry on like my brothers did
Handguns and girls hell in hands on and other shit

[Chorus: x2]

I don't need nobody, to give me a damn thing
Just open up the door, and I get it myself

[Verse Two: Snaggle Puss]

Aiyyo the cream of the land has arrived
I got with four hundred lashes and still survived
To this very day, the grafted never let up
So I got a million brothers, and we all fed up
With corruption, that's why we on this mission
To bring equality into the justice system
At any cost, I'm down for what it takes
Now cause when the rioting starts it's too late
So let em drown in my ancestor's blood sweat and tears
They fear, knowledge cause it cuts like a spear
And yeah, we comin like bats out of hell
Cause that's what it's like in the ghettos we dwell
No laughs, you might be the next in the bloodbath
So compare what you got, to what you sposed to have
The end result is we all gettin cheated
Snaggle Puss, etched in stone, so you can read it

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: J-Ro, Tash]

To all my black folk here's some liquid lettered soap
I'm down for the upstroke, I'm tired of bein broke
I feel like I'm in the gutter, word to the mudder
Bruddah, I gotta introduce my ends to each other

The facts about black is, nobody relaxes
And those with stacks is like, fuck payin taxes
I drink the cheap wine cause I not be got'en yapes
Thunderbird and Nightrain made from the rotten grapes
Dance boy, sing boy, run boy, rap
We'd all be rich if it was boy bust a cap
I gotta watch my back cause sometimes we do stupid shit
I can't even afford a gun to go and shoot you with
I spit on the graves of those who held my people as slaves
I catch your children slippin on the waves
I gotta stay strong, even though the stress is stickin me
I try to get a job but Mickey D ain't even pickin me

While simultaneous I'm bustin with my niggaz just for practice
Cause I see it in my sight to clock a million after taxes
And I know I'm bout to have it cause I know I deserve
Cause I could get you with the bullets but I stick you with words
That'll slit you at the seams my shit is Wilder than Jean
Tash'll eat you like a bowl of fuckin Product 19
Cause Vitamins and C give me wind to do you in
So y'all niggaz got from now until I count backwards from ten
So scram, cause before you get a chance to say (Daaam!)
I'll be on you like the neighborhood watch program
Cause I'm tryin to make the slams that'll bust your Cerwin-Vegas
Cause niggaz think life is smokin blunts and playin Sega
But not I, I make it so you can't fuck with this
Cause I want a new car, plus a pound just to twist
So get up and get out, get a pen write a verse nigga
Do what you gotta do, but yo motherfuck the first

[Chorus]