

Tha Alkaholiks, Only When I'm Drunk

[Intro: Tash, speaking to J-Ro]

Yo whassup man, get up man [urrrp] (I can't bust man)
Get up nigga, bust (I'm fucked)
Get up you gotta do your verse nigga
(Aight I'll try it) Get up nigga!

[Verse One: J-Ro]

I get drunk and I stumble to the phone
And conjure up a bitch to bone when I'm alone
OHh shit, tow back, I need to take a piss
Only when I'm drunk I sing a song like this
My grandma and your grandma [urrrp]
Sittin by the fire
Hold on, turn the beat off (nah, keep it goin
J-Ro can you make it?) I'm just not knowin
I get drunk and start talkin mo' shit
And when I got a gun in my hand you better get, out
Cause my brain just ain't what it used to be
Forget tryin to raionalize, cover your eyes
Ah d-[urrrp], damn I'm drunk
I need a chunk, no better yet a hunk of that funk
When I get drunk I might act uncouth
But when I get drunk I always tell the truth
Yeah I'm good, I'm bad, I'm dope, I'm freaky fresh
I make hip-hop fans say yes yes
The Liks comin through, you know we gonna blow upop
Hold up, hold up, I think I gotta...
[urrrrrrp] Damn, false alarm
Gettin all the ladies with my cool charm
When I get drunk I might even call my daddy a punk
Yeah, but only when I'm dr-[urp] drunk

Yeah, let me pass the forty, to my nigga, Tash

[Verse Two: Tash, E-Swift]

It goes one for the chronic, two for the amnesia
It's the pimp-slap niggy with drinks in the freezer
Bust the one out, two out, [flips] type of rapper
That'd get you our your seat quicker than a car jacker
Slip a Colt for the fever when I'm coolin with my people
Got hoes in East Columus like I'm Billy Dee Wrinkle
Cause I move like, I'm smooth like I'm Harry Belafonte
Lookin for them niggaz that jumped my homey Dante
All up in this bitch with the gin and Tanqueray
Drink like Mr. Wendal smoke bud like Dr. Dre
But that's cause I'm old enough to do that type of shit
Got damn I gotta piss I pass the mic to E-Swift

Yeah, I get drunk and can't nobody whoop me
I'm trippin, must be the brew that I was sippin
Kickin in, guess I shouldn'ta mixed it with the gin
Cause when I'm layin on my back I can feel the room spin
One too many, I reckon
Feelin I got ta earl, any second
Wanna get up but can't move, feels like I'm stuck in the groove
What the fuck was I tryin to prove?
I get a rep for downin four-o's
All the hoes knows them Alkaholik bros
Niggaz call me dad I got a fifth in the trunk
Might fuck an ugly bitch but only when I'm drunk

[Verse Three: J-Ro]

Aight, think I'm feelin a little better
Ready to bust this, like this
And ya don't miss, check it out

I get drunk and start thinkin bout my friends
that passed on with every forty ounce the memory will last on
Black Man Muzzle, Mike Lee and Suavey D
The three MC's will always live in my memories
We used to rock shows, we used to rock hoes
And drink forty-o's, and wear the same clothes
Damn I wish we could go through it again
But I know one day we gonna do it again
And when that day comes it's gonna be live
But I ain't in no hurry so I don't drink and drive
The ALkaholiks we gets funky when we drinkin
Just a lil sumthin, to pump up the thinkin

[Outro: J-Ro]

Beer run! Ante up nigga
Ha ha, put the money in the hat