

Tha Alkaholiks, The Flute Song (Lalala)

[Tash]

So exotic, so melodic

E-Swift - so motherfuckin, Alkaholik

If you see me and you know me, come and holla at'cha homey
and show me some lo-ooooooooooooo-ve

If you see me and you know me, come and holla at'cha homey
and roll me some bu-uuuuuuuuuuuu-ud

[girl sings to flute melody in background x2]

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

Laahhh-ahhhhhhhhhhhhh-ahhhhh

[Tash over girl]

At least buy a nigga a drink or somethin, party people!

Woo! Let me explain it

[Tash]

Aiyyo guns don't kill people, people kill people

Tash he cracks hoes cause Rico's still Rico

Swift is still Sweezy, Grams is still J-Ro

We still don't give a fuck, so don't move until we say so

{*click*} Aight, do yo' dance

While I bust like Christian Slater in True Romance

Let's get it on motherfuckers, time is tickin in here

I'm on the same shit as Luda, strictly "Chicken and Beer"

What a diet, you should try it, Tash rock like Quiet Riot

If I'm buyin out the bar, that means I'm really tryin to buy it

If I'm lyin I'm flyin, half y'all niggaz don't deserve me

Holla if you heard me, holla if you niggaz can't serve me

(OHHH-ohhh!) From the pit to the booth

CaTash is like Beanie, straight spittin "The Truth"

Six albums the proof a nigga's workin harder at it

We've been doin this since Raider hats, curls and Starter jackets (c'mon)

[girl sings to flute melody in background x4]

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la

Laahhh-ahhhhhhhhhhhhh-ahhhhh

[Chorus: Alkaholiks]

You know you can't party like us, so stop tryin

You know you ain't shot nobody, so stop lyin

We like to get money, get drunk and smoke weed

Tha Alkaholiks nigga, just what the game need

[J-Ro]

Tha Liks get you spaced out, J-Ro never take the safe route

Bring beef to your house like a Chinese takeout

You couldn't see me if you was out back on a stakeout

If I went out the back of the Outback Stakehouse

... with the Priest Holmes fakeout

Stay in the cut, like when {?} scored a breakout

Girls wanna play house, and play spouse

I just pull my snake out, tell 'em play mouth

The kush make me fade out into oblivion

Green and moist like amphibians, deeply meridian

Mississippi, I'll get Missy tipsy

Sport Timberlands and dickies, in a spank white crispy

Hoes are so tricky, but I keep the upper hand

I bring sand to the beach and just leave with more sand

The Ro-Gram work hard to make 'em understand

Now they realize that I'm the man, and they're singin

[girl sings to flute melody in background x4]

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Laahhh-ahhhhhhhhhhhhh-ahhhhh

[Chorus]

[E-Swift]

Aiyyo Cali's in the building we collectin the rent
We at the bar takin shots like 50 Cent
(G-G-G-G-G) Them niggaz is nice, don't think twice
I'm so cold, I ain't even gotta rock ice
I'm so real, every time I touch the mic
I'm certified sick, DJ's get the chills
when they play me in the mix, Alkaholiks
Your number one West coast hip-hop artist
Been puttin shit down since the day we started
You won't realize it 'til we gone and departed
I made my mark, niggaz can't erase it
Trademark sound comin straight out the basement
You can't replace it, it's too distinguished
Invest my money in gold like Olde English
E-Swift provided the beat, and that's me
I might slang you a track and kick a verse for free

[girl sings to flute melody in background x2]

La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
Laahhh-ahhhhhhhhhhhhh-ahhhhh

[Chorus]

[cut and scratched: "What the game needs";]