

Tha Alkaholiks, Who Dem Niggas

f/ Threat

Intro:

I am Captain of Egor

☐Hahahaha, this nigga is doin impressions!

☐He's doin impressions!

☐Hi Tremaine...

Yo Threat, you ready? (yeah)

Sup?

Verse One: Threat

Who is you nigga who is you?

I know you from somewhere (where you from) The Zoo

Why you got beef with my click, fuck you punk bitch

And fuck you too, this is L.A. Zoo

And we don't give a mad fuck about you sorry ass suckers

Tick tock chrome off that fake gold watch

Faster bastard don't make me have to plaster

Players, get smoked with my bare hands

Got the shit that sway in a wicked way

Like Tash and J, motherfuckin Ro hoe

Down with E-Swift and the Alkaholik crew

And to my homies this Bud's for you

Who is dem niggas

Verse Two: E-Swift

Guess who nigga been down evrysince

With the L.A. Zoo, my nigga Threat, Sway, and Tense

E motherfuckin Swift ohh I, thought you knew

Looted me some glocks in April, Ninety-Two

But it's a new day, so make way shortie

For the nigge with the brown bag wrapped around the forty

Hold up, yo, I said hold up, here he come

J motherfuckin Ro and he's buzzin off the rum

Verse Three: J-Ro

Yo it's the J-Ro fever, catch it

I'm prone to grab the microphone and get evil and wreck shit

If I hear, one more, nigga kickin up

Das EFX shit, I'm bombin, my style is uncommon

Peep it, keep it in your brain until the next one

My rhyme will lift you up like a muscle when I flex

one, two, three, J-Ro is who I be

I got more bone than a cemetary

Ninety-Three mandingo, I got my own lingo

My Mexican homey, told me never trust a gringo

But I trust no man, I'm chillin like a snowman

I makin lots of dough, and the Liks can rip a show and

☐Freak it, yo E-Swift freak it

☐Won't ya give em up peak after funk when they seek it

I used to walk the block with my pops playin poo-tat

Now they be like who that, and shit how he do that

Chorus: repeat 4X

[Oh my gosh, oh my gosh!] -- Busta Rhymes, Scenario

Who dem niggas, who dem niggas

Verse Four: Tash

Tash on the mic makes niggas play the cheap seats
I rip shit from Cali to the Valley of the Jeep Beats
They call me Uncle Sam cause my skills'll tax all y'all
Call y'all [suckas] cause them niggas need to ball y'all
Rhyme phat pages up and light em wit ya lighter
MC's keep the gifts that's like flies from a spider
From the pimp slap, light skin, kid that turns the mics out
Diss y'all, crew then turn around and punch your lights out
I take to the funk sound man since my pager
I kick the kind of shit that make you want to beat your bitch up
The nigga, knocker, tipsy off the vodka
Tash on the mic floats like a helicopter
Stop the, presses, the Liks rock the freshest
I'm lookin for the bitches in the tight tight dresses
So who them niggas with beats for your ass
The Alkaholik crew, peace out, my name is Tash

Choru