

# Tha Alkaholiks, WLIX

(feat. Loot Pack)

[Intro:]

[first 0:52 - small club, Liks performing live  
next 0:20 - sounds of clinking ice cubes, drinks being poured]

Voodoo - Alright, we're back on WLIX this is Voodoo and uh  
[chaos ensues]

E-Swift - Ayyo, they came down, you know  
I know y'all get asses all the time  
But do me this favor

I want y'all to bust the freestyles for us  
I wanna know who's first up, you freestyle?

Tash - Yo yo, we got Crackerjack from the Loot Pack  
about to se this shit off, ay Crackerjack  
Set it off. I know we on the radio, yo Crackerjack  
set it off

[Verse One: Crackerjack]

Ya dumb dunce it goes once upon the rhyme, Jack is out  
to clench a fist and drop flows that gets papas like The Abyss  
All in this, freestyle's wild when I'm throwin this  
Non-bogus brothers shake the hip and toe and just  
Get involved, roll with the sould, make the head nod  
Look at the bash slash back I kick the abstract  
Make brothers say "Damn, that rap's fat," recline that ass back  
A smack-back and slap from Wild Child with the ramshack  
I used to pick up the damn slack bed on the ramps back  
in the days, when Eric, was in the, honey phase  
Nowadays, turn in applications  
Rockin the Appalachians with the ladies with the sexy activations  
on the Blackwatch, I own a black watch, although I'm Blackwatch  
You want to, confront who? A microphone check one two  
Complicated for ya [yeah]  
I got the naps that break the pics  
Plus the props from the Liks

Ha haa, Loot Pack's on the rise  
Sayin, "Liks likes likes boy, run your backside"  
Yo, J-Ro, Mad Lib, my man  
Just, get on the mic and please arise the jam

[Verse Two: Mad Lib, J-RO]

I bust the animated suspension, vocabulary wack MC prevention  
My division is itchin for the switch  
Pitchin upon the West coast, the best brad and boast  
Bragadocious, ferocious emotional osmosis

I skip like a stone when I lake over a break  
I rip microphones and I take over the fake creWWWs  
I wish I could sing like Smokey do  
But I'm vocally locin with the Loot Pack crew

I'm Mad Lib, the bad kid, brothers try to do wht I did  
Back in junior high, cause I'm fly with my  
Vocabulary tradition, total chaos rhythmic  
static, in fact they case erase so stay off  
Cause nobody knows how it goes with the flows  
and rows of hoes froze, chosen bust erosion on the lows when  
The ill speak, plus the Liks knot thick  
Mad quick to rock ya lip, like hip-hop to grits

But yo freak this, I come with uniqueness  
I'm like Pepe LePew yo, hoes are my weakness  
Back in high school you didn't think I could get nifty  
Now I'm on your magazine rack down at Thrifty  
Since eighty-three I been housin folks  
All the way from Orange Country out to Thousand Oaks  
It ain't a, nother rapper in the country who can crunch me  
If you don't believe me, run up and try to punch me

I flip the funk like Monk, Higgins when I'm diggin  
I'm swiggin on a Snapple cause my crew be wicked when we gig it  
I rock the mad vocab, when my toe jabs I'm so bad  
I make you flow bad, like when I blow lads to pieces

[Verse Three: Tash]  
No releases on the two steel wheels  
Comes the lyrical skills that kills more ducks than oils spills  
My niggaz run for the hills, I can track em through the mountains  
Rico kick that kind of shit that got more bounce than Roger Troutman  
So passs the weed to the top top seed  
With lyrics as deadly as the VD's that make ya lungs bleed  
Plus I dig like coal miners through the crates of old timers  
I be blowin up the spot like dynamite with one-liners  
Oh reminde,r to my ex-bitch when I find ya  
I'ma smack you for them times I had to start sixty-nine  
Yes on the low, my nigga with the hat to the back  
Get on the mic and show these niggaz where you at

[Verse Four: Wild Child]

Here I am doing shows, wall to wall  
Nate stacks tall I still won't fall  
Never will I be sellout poverty, some don't believe in me  
Still I get my verbs on, my verse on, I raps long  
You're dead wrong, all in all should say the sale starts  
when A&R says go, you start with the dope verse  
and you're sold, now you're on clearance when the record starts sellin  
But I'm not willin, to be uncovered from the depths of the under  
I'm under, for the duration  
The past present future revelation  
I gain the trunks of those who comprehend  
Because the know I send niggaz through the other end  
Of this industry, commercial side envies me  
Females are freakin me, no time for em  
At least not yet, just a few that I will call bitch  
I'm not a player, strict rhyme sayer, say your prayers  
Now I lay me down to sleep  
Don't sleep, I'm on the creep  
To invade the holes of the ill-minded  
I find it's fat, rewind it back slack, not here boy  
Wack to the skull-crack when I attack  
Unleashing crazy chaos you're way off, so stay off  
I'm about to blast off

[Outro:]

[J-Ro]  
Word is bond! On this snoop babe, that's how we do it  
(Youknowhat!msayin?) And that's how we do it, on KLI, K  
What is this? KLIX? Oh yeah  
Where we at again?  
Ah it don't matter, we rock it for the whole world anyway

[Tash] Yo we gotta give a shout out, a shout out

[J-Ro] Can we give a shout out?

[E-Swift] I'd like to give a shout out to everybody that's listening to this radio station right now, I hope you got your tapes on record cause you know we just flippin

[J-Ro] Everybody that's down with real hip-hop  
West coast East coast North and South