

# Xzibit, Alkaholik

(feat. Erick Sermon, Tha Alkaholiks)

[X] C'mon

[E] Xzibit!

[X] Yeah..

[E] Ahh, ahh, E-Dub

[Xzibit]

It's that millenium ridiculous flow, I never let go  
Niggaz gettin knocked out is part of my show  
Let 'em know who they fuckin with yo, a rhyme wrangler  
Tri-angular push-up the hillside strangler  
Dangle a, nigga by the ankle off the balcony  
Now let his punk ass go, look out below (BELOWWWW)  
It's a tale of two cities, come out when the sun go down  
We officially not fuckin around  
Stuck in the ground, fitted with a suit in a pine box  
(hah!) with my fresh pressed khakis in a slingshot  
So heatbox all day in a nigga face  
and all you bitches see the dick that you shoulda ate

[Chorus 2X: Xzibit \*singing\*]

Call it what you wanna call it

I'm a fuckin Alkaholik

Bring it if you really want it

Ain't gotta put no extras on it!

[Erick Sermon]

Yo, I'm in the zone, and lyrically gone  
Got the spot blown, BOOM! Oklahoma  
Watch the aroma, catch those who love me  
My underground dirty cats on dune buggies  
I be the type to take your watch and flaunt it  
Kidnap T. Lewis and Jimmy Jam on it  
Yo, I bang a nigga head til his neck pop  
Do a KRS-One to a "Black Cop"  
X and E's, out for cream  
Get the money, while you stay broker than Al Bundy  
Uhh, give it to y'all, in "Any Given Sunday"  
With J. Foxx name the spot, make it hot  
(I hate E so much right now!) Blow it down hooker bounce  
come off the ropes like J. Snooka  
[\*X\*: Two fly motherfuckers] You can't fuck widdit  
Backed by +Open Bar+, so y'all forget it

[Chorus]

[J-Ro]

J-McEnroe, cam smashin, party crashin  
I eat MC's like a ration  
I'm sockin niggaz in they goatees  
I leave you stiffer than that fool on my basketball trophies  
I'm in the room with 10 G's, countin ten G's  
cause we need a bag of weed (can you smell it?)  
Now we need ten dimes, to blow on deez like wind chimes  
Time to close the blinds cause you all in mines  
I bought a bottle for the session, and did not share it  
Drink so much Captain Mo' all I need is a parrot  
You took the Alkaholik challenge, and lost your balance  
You underground, we under water drinkin liquid by the gallons

[Tash]

Slurred words, double vision, brain bustin, head rushin  
Since I'm too drunk to walk, I rock a party on crutches

and still rush the roughest MC who wanna get it  
Forget it, it's Likwit, Tha Liks and, Xzibit  
Ca-Tash on the blast the final piece to the puzzle  
I slap bitches on the ass I slap tits up out the muzzle  
I shuffle with the microphone, bang rhymes consistant  
You wack and I'm Ca-Tash and that's the motherfuckin difference  
For instance, "21 and Over" set your clocks back  
(Tick tock tick tock) Still standin where the rocks at  
Two-thousand-one, we still young guns that's +Restless+  
(Thirty niggaz, sixty hoes) and that's the motherfuckin guestlist!

[Chorus]