

Hip Hop Drunkies (feat. Ol' Dirty Bastard)

Tha Alkaholiks

What's yo' name? What's yo' name?
My name is, Ol Dirty Bastard and I'ma Alkaholik
Yeah, me too nigga You're now rockin' with tha liks so start reachin' for the ozone
I see some girls I know but y'all look different with your clothes on
What's up though, Tash came to steal it like the Grinch
While I'm leavin' niggaz puzzled like I said my shit in French But it's all olde English that I'm
bringin' from beneath
Try to bite my style on wax and watch these lyrics crack your teeth
'Cause I make words connect like West side when I test glide
My drunken lyrical hand glider, nobody's tighter Than a ruff rap provider, with ninety ways to
peel ya
So I know the three words sound familiar
(Tash will kill ya)
I filter out the weak every time I speak
I drink to hit the peak to make my mind go
(Beep)
I'm def-da-fyin', you rappin' like my client
Tryin' to scrape me for the style that slam harder than Kobe Bryant
Be quiet, this is likwidation from the west
Motherfuck ya boozy show, I got my own special guest Yo, yo, breaker, breaker breaker one
nine
I bust this bitch in the behind with the silver shine
'Cause she thought she was fine
She winked at me, I thought it was fine This nigga poutin', this hoe was mine
I had the alcohol in me, took my time
Let a nigga ro Tate turn on the table
Put in the diamond needle, pull it to your ego What, you the king in the chair on my ground
The Tyson of sound, it's twenty seconds to a round
Scavenger nigga, yous a shrimp, a full line of shit
My ear can't digest it
Stop drinkin' all that motherfuckin' water
Let's take it to the land
So I can Godzilla up your sheeit
Mr. Tiny Tim Man Niggaz be creepin' up my beanstalk
When I start to come down on your fuckin' asses
Try to chip shit on up, get these nuts
Motherfucker what The ro pimped the flow like a hoe
So I should rap on the mack rap hone
My rhymes hittin' hard enough to crack a bone
I divide square MC's like math
Bend you in half and drink a genuine draft I stop him, then I skied out with all wampum
When he's layin' on the ground, I let my dog scrilla chop him

I feels it's all about skills
 The outcome's unbelievable like Tyson Holy field
 Your lyrics are loaners return em to they
 rightful owners
 My style is wild, like g's or the pistol's
 No need to ask, I put you on like a ski mask
 We can fight the power like this was P.E. Class
 I bomb squads like hank shock
 Peace to my nigga Scott puttin' stickers on the block
 I drink more Brewster's than punky
 It's the further adventures of the hip hop drunkies
 You bitches are hoes
 Put it in ya like my motherfuckin' hoe
 Or in your butt hole, ear hole
 Where ever the fuck it goes
 You bitches are hoes
 Put it in ya like my motherfuckin' hoe
 Or in your butt hole, ear hole
 Where ever the fuck it goes
 Yeah, yo, yo, yo
 No disrespect to any architect
 Who tried to perfect, oh what the heck
 I'm a MC director, rhyme inspector
 Rated top ten, Brooklyn borough sector
 Its the pack town original B-Boy I'm rappin'
 What's happenin', so dope got the pope clappin'
 I'm smackin', on some chicken, what you kickin'
 You trickin', while I'm vickin' hoes you stick your dick in
 Step outta place, Tash will smack
 your taste out your face
 'Cause there's nowhere to hide unless you move to outer space
 'Cause I waste motherfuckers like toxic fumes
 So you betta when you hear the
 (Make room, boom, boom)
 Hey, sugar plum, how can you assume
 That the pitch of the volume, doesn't have no tune
 I'm not your everyday, regular rap star peddler
 One on one at your rap seminar
 Beware of the hard way, three's the hard way
 At you fuckers
 So aiyyo, my name is J-Ro
 And my style is so dope they call it ya, yo
 I don't rap fast, I love green grass
 Nuttin' nice on the mic, call me a mean ass
 Extra Da-Llama, bring ha, ha, ha
 Extra extra bring the Da-Llama
 a better one, then slice a versa
 God acre, massacre murdered
 Also known as a rap wrecka, not a rhyme rebel
 You're just rhyme to survive streets
 True beaters, minerals and rhymes survive lyrics
 Like the acre without the attic, but not the only Asiatic
 True God but my dick is my lightning rob
 Hoe don't kick that mumbo jumbo
 See this the type of shit niggaz don't try at home
 I come funk' up the spot like Micheal Jordan's cologne
 With the mega drunken, style to keep the crowd pumpin'
 Niggaz lookin' at me like, Tash is up to somethin' (Get drunk and I stumbled)
 But I didn't come to trip, I came to bring it to ya humble
 Tumble all your plots and all your plans
 Ol Dirty's in the house and that's my motherfuckin' man
 It's the Likwid crew comin' through

with Ol Dirty from the Wu
Passin' your party, jettin' out with Allt he brew
So what y'all new, niggaz think you wanna do?
It's the Likwid crew comin' through with Ol Dirty from the Wu
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>