

# Finger Eleven, Daaam! (Feat. Tha Alkaholiks)

Alkaholiks got the beats that'll make ya say, (daaam)  
Alkaholiks got the freaks that'll make ya say, (daaam)  
Alkaholiks got the rhymes that'll make ya say, (daaam)  
Everytime we make a jam, make ya want to say. (daaam)

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E-Swift test the rocket launcher, let's blow up the spot,  
Show em what we got for the ninety-flow shot.  
I'm the, brown bomber droppin verbal scuds,  
I write rhymes while my momma peel the skin off the spuds.  
This ain't baseball, naw, the Liks won't slump,  
So make room, for the crew with beats the jump.  
Yo, I'm the baddest man with a hit since Willie Mays,  
I'm playin for the A's, O.G. was right cause Rhyme Pays.  
I walk through a rainstorm, I didn't even get wet,  
I was bailing through Hell I didn't even bust a sweat.  
So you must have a locomotive, I mean a crazy reason,  
To wanna step up, it's sucker punk season.  
Bring it on young one, so you can get done,  
I got mo' styles than the miles to the sun.  
Ninety-three million, five thousand flows,  
And here's one more for the hoes.

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Kick your, dopest rhyme I'll break it up like 3rd Bass,  
I'm from the crew that sets it off by sprayin beer in your face.  
So the ninety-four to them I put my niggaz that remember,  
means I'm steppin to the mic with lyrics colder than December.  
(Brrrr!) The liquidator with the hardcore demanor's,  
bustin out the perpetrators I see through em like a Zima.  
So I'm never caught between a hard place and a rock,  
Cause I kill rhyme bandits bare handed like Mr. Spock.  
I told chief not to start no beef,  
He tried to shoot me with his gun I caught the bullet with my teeth.  
Cause I'm stronger than the bull that's on the Schlitz Malt Liquor,  
Hittin up your cities with the Alkaholik sticker.  
Cause I feel like bustin loose,  
It's the wicked pain inflictor with the Mickey's deuce deuce.  
Droppin rhymes like a boulder on the twenty-one and older,  
That's what your momma with my picture tattooos on her shoulder.  
So rap artists, "Get ready to rumble!"  
Cause I got lyrics up my sleeve that slam harder than Mutumbo.  
I heard your demo tape that shit was faker than a scam,  
While I be saying shit that make you say.

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I've been told that my style is so cold it make your nose run and j,  
I make the ladies say, "Make money money!"  
I used to have a curl but I cut my shit real low,  
Cause every weekend I had a spin on the pillow.  
Watts, Willabrooke, even shook, when I took,  
A fresh-ass hook out my notebook.  
Dan-na-dah, dan-na-dah, I love sports,  
I even watch soccer and the girls on the tennis courts.  
You try to tackle me, you couldn't make me fall,  
Cause I been movin ahead since the day I learned to crawl.  
Y'all, aww shit, let me make a wish,  
I wish all the punk MC's turn to fish.  
So I could just hook em, take em home and cook em,  
That's how I floss yo pass the hot sauce.  
When I walk down the streets I leave my footprints,  
in the concrete, cause I'm fat meaning, I'm so complete.  
Like a freak on an elevator I'ma fuck you up,  
It's the Ro, with the, inebiriated flow.  
I hate to boast but I'm the host with most,  
And I'm ghost, here's a toast to my people's from coast to coast,

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