

# Tha Alkaholiks, Party Ya Ass Off

[Intro]

Say what? Say what?

[Chorus: Tash]

Drink, smoke, PARTY YA ASS OFF  
Drink, smoke it, PARTY YA ASS OFF  
Drink it, smoke it, PARTY YA ASS OFF  
Drink it, smoke it, PARTY YA ASS OFF

(Whassup white girl?)

Drink, smoke, PARTY YA ASS OFF (Y'know you ain't got no ass to party off)  
(But fuck it, we'll work wit'chu, it's Tha Liks)

[Tash]

I know y'all heard the rumors 'bout Tha Alkies grand finale  
How J-Ro shot Swift and Tash moved out of Cali  
Half that shit is true, half that shit is true lies  
It'll be a cold day in hell before the Likwit crew divides  
All I can say is save some space for me  
(We the best that ever did it) And bow out gracefully  
Yeah - we three different solo careers about to blast off  
But right about now we bout to PARTY YA ASS OFF

[Chorus x2]

Drink, smoke, PARTY YA ASS OFF

[Tash]

While my pen electric slides across the pages of my notepad  
With no dad, CaTash spans the earth like a nomad  
I go grab the dollars while y'all askin who's is it  
Only bitches on the list, when the Likwit crew visits  
Xzibit that's my nigga, stop askin stupid questions  
I got too much time invested in these studio sessions  
Let's get the, show on the road, spot dates, award tours  
J-Ro tell these niggaz what the fuck we in it for

[J-Ro]

We in it for the love, we in it for the chippers  
We in it for the chicks walkin round in fuzzy slippers  
We on our final mission and we ready to blast off  
(Drink, smoke, PARTY YA ASS OFF)  
This ain't tic-tac-toe, I got a click-clack flow  
The number one objective is to get that dough  
From Pacoma to Corona droppin hip-hop on ya  
Tha Liks are on your side just like a kidney donor, so

[Chorus x2]

[Tash]

My word is bond, your bond is ten percent  
You ask your moms to put the house up but moms is payin rent  
(Yae yay!) You got bent, look at all the shit you sent her through  
Out there startin shit like the King T interview

[J-Ro]

I'm the black Bryant Gumbel, the city is a jungle  
That's why we smoke trees and stack cheese by the bundle  
You fake A&R's make me think it would be beautiful  
to throw a live hand grenade up in your cubicle

[Tash]

All I know is rap labels is craps tables  
Put yo' nuts on the coffin and pray to black angels

My tour pass dangles from my neck to my wishbone  
We been on tour with everybody, Snoop Dogg to Fishbone

[J-Ro]

J-Ro, one thousand degrees

I chain smoke MC's, and you'll be burnin beggin please

Alkaholiks got y'all drunk for years

Now we drinkin beers at the bar like Norm on Cheers

[Chorus x4: to fade]