

Tha Alkaholiks, Read My Lips

[Intro:]

Back once again to wet up the whole area
Check my style out

[Verse One: Tash]

Read my lips, my dick be makin bitches leave tips
Castin shadows over battles like a lunar eclipse
Cause the man that makes you jump like you the grand prize winner of a Lexus
I'm back again to test your reflexes
If you don't think I can flow then you can ask E-Swift
If you don't believe Swift then you can call Steve Griff
If you don't believe Griff then step up to fuck with I
Call you up and send you as a gift to hieroglyph
Cause the Liks got lyric tricks datin back to eighty-six
While my thousand dollar system still busts the pause mix
So my style be comin at you more deadlin than a cobra
With these niggaz on my mind like is he drunk or is he sober
Mind your biz while I rhymes like Biz to the tent
I slam like a fifth that stays hidden
Not to be fucked with, under any circumstances
And I don't have to sing to send these bitches into trances

[Chorus x4: E-Swift]

I give the party people what they like
Somethin hype, to keep em rockin all night

[Verse Two: J-Ro]

Next it's, the man freakin funky flow flexes
Bustin in my All Day I Dream About Sexes
Walk into your living room there I am
Stroll to your kitchen there I am
Run to your backyard hmm there I am
Everywhere you look there goes the Ro-gram
That's why you hate me, you can't escape me
You can't even erase me off your tape
We the A-L-K, H-O-L-I-K-S
Comin like new pimps humps and stress to your chest
J, to the R-O, just rockin on
I keep the party poppin til a new day is born
The Alkaholik name won't change not a bit
I told you on the last skit dick you can't tell me shit
We kick it wicked, so you can get addicted
To the hip-hop that we drop, get with the liquid

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: J-Ro, Tash]

Punk MC's get bent, I'll leave a dent in what you sent
I got your city covered like a motherfuckin tent
Some say I rap funny, give my money to the needy
The way I bust will get you dizzy like a VD
I hang with thugs I'm like drugs so why try me
I'm swift like Ozzie Smith, your flow ain't goin by me
He's a sufferin succcootash, throw him in the trash
Show him you the man that'll boom bash

I hold MC's up like money it ain't funny
When I leave em in the corner broke up like crash dummies
Get a doctor, sock the, volts to the chest

For the cardiac arrest, fuckin with the freshest
Cause even on your best, I leave you like Ness
Cause I'm colder than a forty straight out the ice chest
So it's easy to distinguish who drunk the Olde English
Cause it stays in my system till I drain it out my...

[arguement with girl]

How many alcoholics we got here in the house? [cheer]
How many pot-heads we got? [cheer]
Same fuckin assholes