

# Read My Lips

## Tha Alkaholiks

Back once again to wet up the whole area  
Check my style out  
It's the lipsRead my lips, my dick be makin' bitches leave tips  
Cassin' 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 ICall 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 trancesI give the party people what they like  
Somethin' hype, to keep 'em rockin' all night  
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Somethin' hype, to keep 'em rockin' all nightNext 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 tapeWe the A L K A 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' till 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 liquidI give the party people what they like

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Somethin' hype, to keep 'em rockin' all nightPunk 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 get busy 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' succootash, throw him in the trash  
Show him you the man that'll boom bashI 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{How many alcoholics we got here in the house?  
How many pot-heads we got?  
Same fuckin' assholes}

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