WLIX

Tha Alkaholiks

Ayo, they came down, you know
I know y'all get asses all the time
But do me this favor
I want y'all to bust the freestyles for us
I want to know who's first up, you freestyle?Yo yo, we got Crackerjack from the Loot Pack
About to see this shit off, a Crackerjack
Set it off. I know we on the radio, yo Crackerjack
Set it offYa dumb dunce it goes once upon the rhyme, Jack is out
To clench a fist and drop flows that gets papes like The Abyss
All in this, freestyle's wild when I'm throwing this
Non-bogus brothers shake the hip and toe and just
Get involved, roll with the souled, make the head nod
Look at the bash slash back I kick the abstract
Make brothers say "Damn, that rap's fat," recline that ass back
A smack-back and slap from Wild Child with the ram shack
I used to pick up the damn slack bed on the ramps back
In the days, when Eric, was in the, honey phase
Nowadays, turn in applications
Rocking the Appalachians with the ladies with the sexy activations
On the Black watch, I own a black watch, although I'm Black watch
You want to, confront who? A microphone check one two
Complicated for ya (yeah)
I got the naps that break the picks
Plus the props from the Licks
Ha ha, Loot Pack's on the rise
Saying, "Licks licks licks boy, run your backside"
Yo, J-Rocc, Mad Lib, my man
Just, get on the mic and please arise the jamI bust the animated suspension, vocabulary wack MC prevention
My division is itching for the switch
Pitching upon the West coast, the best brad and boast
Braggadocios, ferocious emotional osmosis
I skip like a stone when I lake over a break
I rip microphones and I take over the fake crews
I wish I could sing like Smokey do
But I'm vocally locin' with the Loot Pack crew
I'm Mad Lib, the bad kid, brothers try to do what I did
Back in junior high, 'cause I'm fly with my
Vocabulary tradition, total chaos rhythmatic
Static, in fact they case erase so stay off

Cause nobody knows how it goes with the flows
And rows of hoes froze, chosen bust erosion on the lows when
The ill speak, plus the licks knot thick
Mad quick to rock ya lip, like hip-hop to grits
But yo freak this, I come with uniqueness
I'm like Pepe LePew yo, hoes are my weakness
Back in high school you didn't think I could get nifty
Now I'm on your magazine rack down at Thrifty
Since eighty-three I been housing folks
All the way from Orange Country out to Thousand Oaks
It ain't another rapper in the country who can crunch me
If you don't believe me, run up and try to punch me
I flip the funk like Monk, Higgins when I'm digging
I'm swigging on a Snapple 'cause my crew be wicked when we gig it
I rock the mad vocab, when my toe jabs I'm so bad
I make you flow bad, like when I blow lads to piecesNo releases on the two steel wheels
Comes the lyrical skills that kills more ducks than oils spills
My niggas run for the hills, I can track 'em through the mountains
Rico kick that kind of shit that got more bounce than Roger Troutman
So pass the weed to the top top seed
With lyrics as deadly as the VD's that make ya lungs bleed
Plus I dig like coal miners through the crates of old timers
I be blowing up the spot like dynamite with one-liners
Oh remind, are to my ex-bitch when I find ya
I'm a smack you for them times I had to start sixty-nine
Yes on the low, my nigga with the hat to the back
Get on the mic and show these niggas where you atHere I am doing shows, wall to wall
Nate stacks tall I still won't fall
Never will I be sellout poverty, some don't believe in me
Still I get my verbs on, my verse on, I raps long
You're dead wrong, all in all should say the sale starts
When AandR says go, you start with the dope verse
And you're sold, now you're on clearance when the record starts selling
But I'm not willing, to be uncovered from the depths of the under
I'm under, for the duration
The past present future revelation
I gain the trunks of those who comprehend
Because the know I send niggas through the other end
Of this industry, commercial side envies me
Females are freaking me, no time for 'em
At least not yet, just a few that I will call bitch
I'm not a player, strict rhyme sayer, say your prayers
Now I lay me down to sleep
Don't sleep, I'm on the creep
To invade the holes of the ill-minded

I find it's fat, rewind it back slack, not here boy
Wack to the skull-crack when I attack
Unleashing crazy chaos you're way off, so stay off
I'm about to blast offWord is bond! On this snoop babe, that's how we do it
(You know what I'm saying?) And that's how we do it, on KLI, K
What is this? KLIX? Oh yeah.
Where we at again?
Ah it don't matter, we rock it for the whole world anywayYo we gotta give a shout out, a shout outCan we give a shout out?I'd like to give a shout out to everybody that's listening
To this radio station right now, I hope you got your tapes
On record 'cause you know we just flippingEverybody that's down with real hip-hop
West coast East coast North and South

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