

# 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 off Ya 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 jam I 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 rhythmic  
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 pieces  
No 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 at  
Here 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 sayers, 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 off Word 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 anyway Yo we gotta give a shout out, a shout out Can 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 flipping Everybody that's down with real hip-hop  
West coast East coast North and South

Songwriters

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