

Bottoms Up

Tha Alkaholiks

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yeah
Back to drown ya'll motherfuckaz
Who we got, we got, we got
We got the Liks, we got the Liks, we got the Liks'Cause MC's in ninety-five, MC's in ninety-five
MC's in ninety-five that think they rock like
MC's in ninety-five, MC's in ninety-five
MC's in ninety-five that swear they rock liveMC's in ninety-five they need way more rehearsin'
They write they booty lyrics then they add they little curse in
You're not a true hip-hop person
Spend a little time with your rhymes and quit makin' wack versionsI send this shit out to all them niggaz from
that group
With the ninety minute demo sounding just like Snoop
You better bizzay, your ass up out my rhyme zone
'Fore I leave you on the ground broke up like pine conesYou're rootin' and tootin' but ain't did no shootin'
While the freshest hip-hop, it curses verses like a wicked witch
Disaster, cock the rhyme flows back to kill
To get me out your system takes more than Golden Seal'Cause I bust so many flows I gotta file my shit in
columns
While MC's be goin' down like Olympiads that slalom, rock-bottom
I got 'em, left without no watchers
While I be housin' niggaz like they put up for adoptionI rock loaded, I never get promoted
But through the bullshit my crew stays devoted
While you be bustin' lyrics bout the funs y'all niggaz toted
I'll be standin' like a b-boy with both arms foldedBut no excuses, I still get the loosest
When Rico's in the house tryin' to grab the mic and juice this
So back the fuck up like we told you last time
'Cause it's the Liks in the house with the ninety-five rhymesWe can do our thing, bottoms up
(We can do our thing)
We can do our thing, bottoms up
(We can do our thing)We can do our thing, bottoms up
(We can do our thing)
We can do our thing, bottoms up
(We can do our thing)I wake up, kill a roach, call the homies, hit some weights
Reminisce about the shows we did in forty-eight states
Banned in the rest, but we was on tour with who
De La, and Quest, we made the crowd say yes
(Yes)Now it's like fuck, Make Room
Move your ass out my way, bay bee, bay bee
With all these hoes around clown, why you wanna bang?

Let's have a celebration like Kool and the Gang
 I bring it all the way back, like a punk return
 I rock some spots and call more shots than Chick Hearn
 The only MC I like is Amante
 I was drinkin' Asi Spumante witcha auntie
 Bust them lyrics shots from the AKG
 When it comes to style and finesse, I'm the epitome
 Hit a beat, make 'em all retire, flyer
 Higher than a jet, like Stet I'm on fire
 'Causin' pain like a runaway train you don't stop
 Drop the track, now watch it flow back to the top
 I'm the J R O, not J E R U
 And you know what we came to do, bottoms up
 We can do our thing, bottoms up
 (We can do our thing)
 When you hear screams, that means King Tee walked in
 The advertisement, and that nigga's bent
 Raise up off the wall, bitches Last Call
 Ready for the ruckus, pushin' motherfuckers off the stage
 Teela's got a brand new gauge
 So Make Room, for the crew with beats that
 I got a complex I guess I bust best with stress
 A mess, don't bring that shit to the West, 'cause
 Uhh, I bring drama, like Jeffery Dahmer
 Choppin' up MC's with they mama
 Ah-hah, oops I made a funny with the dozens
 The one-est, who busts rough rhymes for the cousins
 Super Nigga's comin' faster than a bullet
 Leapin' over buildings, wavin' at the children
 And don't even trip 'cause the Alkaholiks funk don't cease
 Tash I'm up out this piece
 We can do our thing, bottoms up
 (We can do our thing)
 We can do our thing, bottoms up
 (We can do our thing)
 We can do our thing, bottoms up
 (We can do our thing)

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