Off the Wall

Tha Alkaholiks

Chorus:
Get your back up off the wall
And you can get it, get it, get it, get it
(repeat 4X)
Tash:
I heard niggaz want to know who flips the most hoes
The R&B singers or the niggaz with flows
So what I did was take a poll, like Clinton versus Dole
(So the fake rappers wouldn't be out of control)
And the more girls I asked, the more I heard 'em say
They said they wanted balls, pussy niggaz stay away
Good choice, 'cause Rico don't be losing his voice and no...(activator spraying sound)
To make my hair look moist
Just a sack of pommel that I got from John Dale
'cause this is how I do it but it ain't Montel
It's the knight in rusty armor, hardcore rap designer
That be dissin pussy niggaz in scoops of eyeliner
'cause look at how you dress, you think you lookin fresh
With your leather vest wrapped around your cutie bird chest
Keep freezing while I keep easing down the road
'cause Tash will scoop your girl no matter what y'all niggaz sold
Gold or double plat
Catastrophe will have your girl butt-naked laying flat (laying flat)
Horizontal, while I'm running all up in it
To the rap jams, you know, that 99 beats a minuteParty shit
The R&B singers try to swipe
That's why they callin me to make they remixes hype
But I'm the type of cat to go to your show and boo ya
Black ya, blue ya
Then throw my tape to ya[Chorus:][J-Ro:]
Who the hell let the dog out the gate?
Ready or not, here I come to set it straight
'cause it's a thin line between love and hate
So emcees bow down and prepare to meet your fate
'cause these(smiling faces)smiling faces sometimes
They want to backstab and bite my rhymes
But I keep a pack skin tight
You want to pen fight?

Just give in, 'cause you know you'll never win, right?
It ain't no sunshine in the midnight hour
A 3-day shower couldn't wash away my soul power
(Stop, Look, and Listen)That's the way of the world
I turn cowboys to girls, lions to squirrels
Is it just my imagination, or is my generation
Fascinated by gun play and incarceration
Peace to the departed, I get it started like A-be
see, It ain't nothin like the real thing baby
I'm taking it to the streets, but the burbs is much cleaner
(Searching for Mary Jane, man. Have you seen her?)
Yeah. I found love on a two way street
Now, I'm bout to roll her up in between these sheets(Say what)
This is my message to emcees to make 'em quiver
Signed, sealed, delivered[Chorus:]
[Tash:]So, no matter where you turn, everywhere you look
They say them Alkaholik niggaz is "off the hook"
'cause, we quick to sellin rhymers to the top and pop the cork
Got love throughout the South, got love throughout New York
So word to my mama, Tanya, 'cause I'ma bomb ya
With Off The Wall lyrics that hype you up and calm ya
Damn! 'cause there's ladies up there smooth
Pass the 40 to me man, you know the name of my group(Tha Alkaholiks)[J-Ro:]
It's our time to glisten. Who be dissin?
How you gonna rhyme with all your teeth missin?(The Likwit Crew party)
Ain't no need for actin hard
When we pull your card, you're outta here, rules the bar
Most rappers sound the same, they foldin too much game
But I do know, and you know nobody beats Tha Liks
Well, check it
How you gonna get the ladies naked[Chorus(x12)][Female:]
Nobody beats Tha Liks (4X)
You know nobody can beat Tha Liks
I know nobody can beat Tha Liks
We rock you on and on
Nobody beats Tha Liks

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