

# 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 minute Party 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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