Read My Lips

Tha Alkaholiks

Back once again to wet up the whole area
Check my style out
It's the lipsRead my lips, my dick be makin' bitches leave tips
Castin' shadows over battles like a lunar eclipse
'Cause the man that makes you jump
Like you the grand prize winner of a Lexus
I'm back again to test your reflexes
If you don't think I can flow then you can ask E-Swift
If you don't believe Swift then you can call Steve Griff
If you don't believe Griff then step up to fuck with ICall you up and send you as a gift to hieroglyph
'Cause the Liks got lyric tricks datin' back to eighty-six
While my thousand dollar system still busts the pause mix
So my style be comin' at you more deadlin' than a cobra
With these niggaz on my mind like is he drunk or is he sober
Mind your biz while I rhymes like Biz to the tent
I slam like a fifth that stays hidden
Not to be fucked with, under any circumstances
And I don't have to sing to send these bitches into trancesI give the party people what they like
Somethin' hype, to keep 'em rockin' all night
I give the party people what they like
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Somethin' hype, to keep 'em rockin' all nightNext it's, the man freakin' funky flow flexes
Bustin' in my all day I dream about sexes
Walk into your living room there I am
Stroll to your kitchen there I am
Run to your backyard hmm there I am
Everywhere you look there goes the Ro-gram
That's why you hate me, you can't escape me
You can't even erase me off your tapeWe the A L K A H O L I K S
Comin' like new pimps humps and stress to your chest
J, to the R-O, just rockin' on
I keep the party poppin' till a new day is born
The Alkaholik name won't change not a bit
I told you on the last skit dick you can't tell me shit
We kick it wicked, so you can get addicted
To the hip-hop that we drop, get with the liquidI give the party people what they like

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Somethin' hype, to keep 'em rockin' all nightPunk MC's get bent, I'll leave a dent in what you sent
I got your city covered like a motherfuckin' tent
Some say I rap funny, give my money to the needy
The way I get busy will get you dizzy like a VD
I hang with thugs I'm like drugs so why try me
I'm swift like Ozzie Smith, your flow ain't goin' by me
He's a sufferin' succcootash, throw him in the trash
Show him you the man that'll boom bashI hold MC's up like money it ain't funny
When I leave 'em in the corner broke up like crash dummies
Get a doctor, sock the, volts to the chest
For the cardiac arrest, fuckin' with the freshest
'Cause even on your best, I leave you like Ness
'Cause I'm colder than a forty straight out the ice chest
So it's easy to distinguish who drunk the Olde English
'Cause it stays in my system till I drain it out my{How many alcoholics we got here in the house?
How many pot-heads we got?
Same fuckin' assholes}

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