

# 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 returnI rock some spots and call more shots than Chick Hearns

The only MC I like is Amante

I was drinkin' Asi Spumante witcha auntie

Bust them lyrics shots from the AKGWhen 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 upWe 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 stageTeela'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, 'causeUhh, 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 cousinsSuper 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 pieceWe 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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