Party Ya Ass Off

Tha Alkaholiks

Say what? Say what?Drink, smoke, party ya ass off
Drink, smoke it, party ya ass off
Drink it, smoke it, party ya ass off
Drink it, smoke it, party ya ass offWhassup white girl?
Drink, smoke, party ya ass off
You know you ain't got no ass to party off
But fuck it, we'll work wit'chu, it's Tha LiksI know y'all heard the rumors 'bout Tha Alkies grand finale
How J-Ro shot Swift and Tash moved out of Cali
Half that shit is true, half that shit is true lies
It'll be a cold day in hell before the Likwit crew dividesAll I can say is save some space for me
We the best that ever did it and bow out gracefully
Yeah, we three different solo careers about to blast off
But right about now we bout to party ya ass offDrink, smoke, party ya ass off
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Drink it, smoke it, party ya ass off[Incomprehensible]
Drink, smoke, party ya ass offWhile my pen electric slides across the pages of my notepad
With no dad, CaTash spans the earth like a nomad
I go grab the dollars while y'all askin' whose is it
Only bitches on the list when the Likwit crew visitsXzibit that's my nigga, stop askin' stupid questions
I got too much time invested in these studio sessions
Let's get the show on the road, spot dates, award tours
J-Ro tell these niggaz what the fuck we in it for?We in it for the love, we in it for the chippers
We in it for the chicks walkin' 'round in fuzzy slippers
We on our final mission and we ready to blast off
Drink, smoke, party ya ass offThis ain't tic-tac-toe, I got a click clack flow
The number one objective is to get that dough
From Pacoma to Corona droppin' hip-hop on ya
Tha Liks are on your side just like a kidney donorSo drink, smoke, party ya ass off
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Drink it, smoke it, party ya ass off
Drink it, smoke it, party ya ass offMy word is bond, your bond is ten percent
You ask your moms to put the house up but moms is payin' rent

You got bent, look at all the shit you sent her through
Out there startin' shit like the King T interviewI'm the black Bryant Gumbel, the city is a jungle
That's why we smoke trees and stack cheese by the bundle
You fake A and R's make me think it would be beautiful
To throw a live hand grenade up in your cubicleAll I know is rap labels is craps tables
Put yo' nuts on the coffin and pray to black angels
My tour pass dangles from my neck to my wishbone
We been on tour with everybody, Snoop Dogg to FishboneJ-Ro, one thousand degrees
I chain smoke MC's, and you'll be burnin' beggin' please
Alkaholiks got y'all drunk for years
Now we drinkin' beers at the bar like Norm on CheersDrink, smoke, party ya ass off
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