

# W.L.I.X

## Tha Alkaholiks

Alright, we're back on WLIX this is Voodoo and uhAiyyo, they came down, you know

I know y'all get asses all the time but do me this favor

I want y'all to bust the freestyles for us

I wanna know who's first up, you freestyle?Yo, yo, we got Crackerjack from the Loot Pack

'Bout to se this shit off, ay Crackerjack

Set it off, I know we on the radio, yo Crackerjack

Set it offYa dumb dunce it goes once upon the rhyme, Jack is out

To clench a fist and drop flows that gets papes like The Abyss

All in this, freestyle's wild when I'm throwin' this

Non-bogus brothers shake the hip and toe and justGet involved, roll with the sould, make the head nod

Look at the bash slash back, I kick the abstract

Make brothers say, "Damn, that rap's fat," recline that ass back

A smack-back and slap from Wild Child with the ramshackI used to pick up the damn slack bed on the ramps  
back

In the days, when Eric, was in the, honey phase

Nowadays, turn in applications

Rockin' the Appalachians with the ladies with the sexy activationsOn the Blackwatch, I own a black watch,  
although I'm Blackwatch

You want to, confront who? A microphone check, one, two

Complicated for ya, I got the naps that break the pics

Plus the props from the LiksHa haa, Loot Pack's on the rise

Sayin', "Lik's, lik's, lik's boy, run your backside"

Yo, J-Ro, Mad Lib, my man

Just, get on the mic and please arise the jamI bust the animated suspension, vocabulary wack MC prevention  
My division is itchin' for the switch

Pitchin' upon the West coast, the best brad and boast

Bragadocious, ferocious emotional osmosisI skip like the stone when I lake over a break

I rip microphones and I take over the fake crews

I wish I could sing like Smokey do

But I'm vocally locin' with the Loot Pack crewI'm Mad Lib, the bad kid, brothers try to do what I did

Back in junior high 'cause I'm fly with my

Vocabulary tradition, total chaos rhythmatic

Static, in fact they case erase so stay off'Cause nobody knows how it goes with the flows

And rows of hoes froze, chosen bust erosion on the lows when

The ill speak, plus the Lik's knot thick

Mad quick to rock ya lip, like Hip-Hop to gritsBut yo freak this, I come with uniqueness

I'm like Pepe LePew yo, hoes are my weakness

Back in high school you didn't think I could get nifty

Now, I'm on your magazine rack down at ThriftySince eighty-three, I've been housin' folks

All the way from Orange Country out to Thousand Oaks  
It ain't another rapper in the country that can crunch me  
If you don't believe me, run up and try to punch me I flip the funk like Monk, Higgins when I'm diggin'  
I'm swiggin' on a Snapple 'cause my crew be wicked when we gig it  
I rock the mad vocab when my toe jabs I'm so bad  
I make you flow bad like when I blow lads to pieces No releases on the two steel wheels  
Comes the lyrical skills that kills more ducks than oils spills  
My niggaz run for the hills, I can track 'em through the mountains  
Rico kick that kind of shit that got more bounce than Roger Troutman So pass the weed to the top, top seed  
With lyrics as deadly as the VD's that make ya lungs bleed  
Plus I dig like coal miners through the crates of old timers  
I be blowin' up the spot like dynamite with one-liners Oh, reminder to my ex-bitch when I find ya  
I'ma smack you for them times I had to start sixty-nine  
Yes on the low, my nigga with the hat to the back  
Get on the mic and show these niggaz where you at Here I am doin' shows, wall to wall  
Nate stacks tall I still won't fall  
Never will I be sellout poverty, some don't believe in me  
Still I get my verbs on, my verse on, I raps long You're dead wrong, all in all should say the sale starts  
When A&R says go, you start with the dope verse  
And you're sold, now, you're on clearance when the record starts sellin'  
But I'm not willin' to be uncovered from the depths of the under I'm under, for the duration, the past present  
future revelation  
I gain the trunks of those who comprehend  
Because they know I send niggaz through the other end  
Of this industry, commercial side envies me Females are freakin' me, no time for 'em  
At least not yet, just a few that I will call bitch  
I'm not a player, strict rhyme sayer, say your prayers  
Now, I lay me down to sleep, don't sleep, I'm on the creep To invade the holes of the ill-minded  
I find it's fat, rewind it back slack, not here boy  
Wack to the skull-crack when I attack  
Unleashin' crazy chaos you're way off, so stay off, I'm about to blast off Word is bond, on this snoop babe,  
that's how we do it  
And that's how we do it, on KLI, K, what is this? KLIX? Oh yeah  
Where we at again? Ah it don't matter, we rock it for the whole world Anyway, yo we gotta give a shout out, a  
shout out Can we give a shout out? I'd like to give a shout out to everybody that's Listenin' to this radio station  
right now, I hope you got your tapes  
On record 'cause you know we just flippin'  
Everybody that's down with real Hip-Hop  
West coast, East coast, North and South