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', "Liks, liks, liks 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 Liks 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 meI 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 piecesNo 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 TroutmanSo 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-linersOh, 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 atHere 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 longYou'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 underI'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 meFemales 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 creepTo 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 offWord 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 outCan 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

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