

On The Floor

Tha Alkaholiks

Get your ass on the floor, on the floor
Get your ass on the floor, on the floor
Get your ass on the floor, on the floor
Get your ass on the floor, on the floorGet your ass on the floor, move it
Get your ass on the floor, move it
Get your ass on the floor, move it
Get your ass on the floor, move itGet yo' ass on the floor, uh, yeah, yeah
You know what time it is y'all
Get your ass on the floor
It's the L, it's the I, it's the K, it's the eh, eh, ehHey yo tha liks is in the place
You know them rappers with the heart and guts
Party faces on, let's get this motherfucker started up
Pop a bottle, crack a bitch, the rest I gotta figure out
Smoke a blunt, start a fight, niggaz go the nigga route'Cause this'll be the night to end all nights combined
Keep your ass up off the stage 'cause all mics is mine
'Cause Tash is off his Richter, keep 'em hangin' off the rafters
Desperado women models cry now but laugh afterCaTash'tra, and ever since I bought a house in Vegas
All the chicks is lookin' for me like the hunt for Larry Davis
But I felt you first, turn around I'm right behind you
Straight shreddin' these MC's like good weed and coffee grindersReminder, to my ex-bitch when I find ya
I'm a smack ya for the times I had ta * 69 ya
I burn you with the science, this that Killa Cal' style
So get yo' sexy ass on the floor right nowGet your ass on the floor, on the floor
Get your ass on the floor, on the floor
Get your ass on the floor, on the floor
Get your ass on the floor, on the floorGet your ass on the floor, move it
Get your ass on the floor, move it
Get your ass on the floor, move it
Get your ass on the floor, move itYeah, listen up, yo, this ain't no workout tape
It's Likwit music for the people who take work outta state
I never really considered myself a thug
But I kept pounds of bud up under my rugAnd I was never slowin', I kept it goin'
I felt I was hard to bring down like Terrell Owens
I'll be like, one time, you can get these here
I'm movin' mo' numbers than Britney SpearsIf you catch me, you'll probably give me 50 years
So I just stash my shit and just shift these gears
I was cool as the Fonz but this ain't Potzie Webber
'Cause these happy days don't last foreverNow here come the judge and he got a grudge
I shoulda seen him comin' but I didn't wanna budge

It was six in the mornin' as I lay in the bed
When they came through the door and this is what they said
Get your ass on the floor, on the floor
Get your ass on the floor, on the floor
Get your ass on the floor, on the floor
Get your ass on the floor, on the floorGet your ass on the floor, move it
Get your ass on the floor, move it
Get your ass on the floor, move it
Get your ass on the floor, move itGet your ass on the floor but this ain't no stick-up
And party on down to this brand new Liks cut
Girls grab a guy, guys grab your chick's butt
DJ cut but don't fuck the mix upI see the bouncer bouncin' sweaty niggas smokin' weed
I got about a half an ounce and he can't fuck with me
'Cause I got a few, super models hangin' on my sleeve
Thirty niggaz from the hood with chucks and white teesAnd we don't want trouble, we just tryin' to bubble
Pop bottles, pour shots, hit the scene and leave
With a little scenery, smoke a little greenery
So you ain't gotta be mean to meNigga feel the impact I make the crowd react
When I let off, it's somethin' like a terrorist attack
'Cause my tracks keep the clubs packed door to door
Get the fuck out my face and get yo' ass on the floorGet your ass on the floor, on the floor
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