Who Dem Niggas

Tha Alkaholiks

I am Captain of Egor
This nigga is doing impressions
He's doing impressions
Hi TremaineYo Threat, you ready?
(Yeah)
'Sup?Who is you nigga, who is you?
I know you from somewhere, The Zoo
(Where you from?)
Why you got beef with my click, fuck you, punk bitchAnd fuck you too, this is L.A. Zoo
And we don't give a mad fuck about you sorry ass suckers
Tick tock chrome off that fake gold watch
Faster bastard, don't make me have to plasterPlayers, get smoked with my bare hands
Got the shit that sway in a wicked way
Like Tash and J, motherfucking Ro hoe
Down with E-Swift and the Alkaholik crewAnd to my homies this Bud's for you
Who is dem niggas?Guess who nigga been down evrysince?
With the L.A. Zoo, my nigga Threat, Sway and Tense
E motherfucking Swift, I thought you knew
Looted me some glocks in April, Ninety-TwoBut it's a new day, so make way shortie
For the nigge with the brown bag wrapped around the forty
Hold up, yo, I said hold up, here he come
J motherfucking Ro and he's buzzing off the rumIt's the J-Ro fever, catch it
I'm prone to grab the microphone and get evil and wreck shit
If I hear, one more, nigga kicking up
Das EFX shit, I'm bombing, my style is uncommonPeep it, keep it in your brain until the next one
My rhyme will lift you up like a muscle when I flex
One, two, three, J-Ro is who I be
I got more bone than a cemeteryNinety-Three Mandingo, I got my own lingo
My Mexican homey, told me never trust a gringo
But I trust no man, I'm chilling like a snowman
I making lots of dough and the Liks can rip a show andFreak it, E-Swift, freak it
Won't ya give 'em up peak after funk when they seek it?
I used to walk the block with my pops playing poo-tat
Now they be like who that and shit, how he do that?(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas
(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas
(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)

Who dem niggas, who dem niggasTash on the mic makes niggas play the cheap seats
I rip shit from Cali to the Valley of the Jeep Beats
They call me Uncle Sam 'cause my skills'll tax all y'all
Call y'all cause them niggas need to ball y'all
(Suckas)Rhyme phat pages up and light 'em wit ya lighter
MC's keep the gifts that's like flies from a spider
From the pimp slap, light skin, kid that turns the mics out
Diss y'all, crew then turn around and punch your lights outI take to the funk sound man since my pager
I kick the kind of shit that make you want to beat your bitch up
The nigga, knocker, tipsy off the vodka
Tash on the mic floats like a helicopterStop the, presses, the Liks rock the freshest
I'm looking for the bitches in the tight, tight dresses
So who them niggas with beats for your ass
The Alkaholik crew, peace out, my name is Tash(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas
(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas
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