

# 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 niggas  
Tash 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 out  
I 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 helicopter  
Stop 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  
(Oh, my gosh, oh, my gosh)  
Who dem niggas, who dem niggas

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