

# Chaos

## Tha Alkaholiks

Let it go  
Oh, yeah, we got drums  
Woo, Alkaholiks, let's get it crackin' y'all  
Ay J-Ro, teach these niggaz how to stunt  
People gather round, J-Ro is on arrival  
Raised in the ghetto, sing songs called 'Survival'  
Chillin' in my drawers in hotels like the Bible  
Alkaholiks, West coast legends is the title  
I can't shoot you with my knife, I can't stab you with my gun  
So the only thing left is to hit you with the drums  
Uh, huh, uhh, we in this bitch, no kickin' back  
J-Ro, tell these niggaz where the fuck you sippin' at  
Yo, I'm sippin' on the dock of the bay, puffin' on hay  
Used to sell bombay and sip Andre  
West West like Kanye, I got the rhythm like Kwame  
I used to have a crush on Shante  
Yo, E-Swift, I don't think that you bent  
But goddamn homeboy, where all the gin went?  
J-Ro, yo, I believe that's me  
Say what? You up next on the Hennessy  
And once you hear the Capital J, rap, it'll stay  
In your brain all day, it always happens that way  
I come from L.A., Cali, East side of the Valley  
Dilly-dally, ran through an alley  
Runnin' through an alley in my corduroy flip-flops  
We drink a lot of beer so it's that West coast hip-hop  
Kick box our way out of trouble, just to bubble  
Meet us at the bar y'all, where everybody love you  
Yo, my rhymes at parties, took out more MC's than brown  
Bacardi  
I'm totally gnarly  
Stumble through the crowd like excuse me, pardon me  
Sip hops and barely 'til I pop an artery  
My beats so fly, niggaz try to charter me  
I'm an Alkaholik but that's only one part of me  
My main man Tash is like Cool Raoul  
He got bitches butt-naked in the swimming pool  
I'm rowdy, I'm cocky, I'm like Jeremy Shockey  
I'm a giant in this game, y'all better back up off me  
You also the most frosty, drink until we saucy  
Keep bitches up all night like black coffee  
Yeah, you know Cinnamon, she hang with crazy Kim and them  
They always in the club, tryin' to take a nigga's Benjamins  
Feminine women, we be runnin' all up in 'em  
Then we send 'em home broke  
Because we wouldn't spend a cent on 'em  
Aiyyo CaTash, a people person, shake hands and kiss babies  
Politician in my mission, stack grands and spit crazy  
I roll with a tight crew like Mushmouth and Russell  
Girls wanna grab my love muscle and suckle  
Got trees in my duffel, get a ride from the airport

I take the shuttle, no need for rebuttal  
Huddle round your speaker, got the system blastin'  
And we takin' everything, it ain't no need for askin'  
Got the headbangin' beats, so nigga pass the aspirin  
We bumrushin' the door in an un-orderly fashion  
This is the year that we cash in  
Catch me in Miami in the sun just baskin'  
Catch me in L.A. in the streets just mashin'  
The name is E-Swift, I move quick when I'm dashin'  
I'm swift on the cut with my hands when I'm scratchin'  
Alkaholiks back and the legacy's lastin'

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