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 stuntPeople 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 titleI 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' atYo, 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 ShanteYo, 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 HennesseyAnd 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 alleyRunnin' 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 youYo, 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 arteryMy 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 poolI'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 coffeeYeah, 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 'emAiyyo 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 suckleGot 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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