All The Way Live (feat. Q-Tip & King Tee)

Tha Alkaholiks

Caps get peeled rolling in my force field
Like a nine with hollow points I keep rap flows that's ill
So when you walkin' down the block
You better watch who you approachin'
I'm not your R & B singer, so ain't no need for vocal coachin'
Just a forty and a roach and I'll admit you rock the units
While y'all niggas couldn't move me if you worked for starvin' students
Downin' all beer types, from St. Ide's to Red Stripe
(Yipes)The menace stuffin' mics down motherfuckers windpipes
Has returned to burn, it's time y'all niggas learn
I naturalize y'all niggas like relaxer in a perm
With flows that go against the grain with a story so compellin'
I should mind the people's court
Snatch the mic from Doug Llewellyn and host my own show
After Bill Cosby comes Rico
Transmitting live to all my black people
Catch my drift, I'm down with my nigga E-SwiftMy name is Tash, I'm from the group that you don't wanna fuck with
Never shy, sippin' on some why ask why
Smokin' Thai with this bitch that's more fly than Jasmin Guy
Hooked up with John Q so let me do my thing
While niggas rock the play shit that they bought from Chess King
But still, I train rhymes to flip like a seal
Niggas say my rhyme skill on the steel is unreal
But all I do is chill and swing it when I bring it
Oh shit, that's my nigga, show these niggas how you figureI bring it to your chest, pour all the way live
And deliver ill verse guaranteed to 'cause highs
When we start rappin', heads roll like Patton
With the flood blood clot the Alkaholiks rhyme a lot
Yo, I'm like Grimace when I'm on this rap scrimmage
And I got this magic, want to make your puny soul diminish
The abstract delivers, I be the Queens nigga on point
Mary Jane ain't nothin' but a jointThey called a nigga up to add a little bit of flavor
Now I'm cuttin' and slashin' like Luke's light saber
Yeah, what? You trapped in the zone
Where MC's get seared and all spots blown
And in this rap shit a nigga need to be thicky
I fuck with the crew who downs the deuce, deuce Mickey's
I'm from the rotten apple, y'all niggas can't grapple

And love to the Liks, hit your ass like a tacklePow, bust my liquid-ass style
Peace to Mad Lib and my nigga Wild ChildYo, put in the disc E while I hit the whiskey
(Bust a rhyme off the head J)
The nigga missed me, I'm in this rap game so I'ma aim to be best
It's fresh, but off the head it's like the dunk contest
I don't walk the street, I roll my Jeep in an instant
I rock the beat to sleep like an infant
The Likwit crew, comin' like this on you
With that four minute Olde English piss on youYou're bustin' dumb raps off the cap, oh shit
But I got the pen and pad locked down like a pit
I let the, ink submerger, into the thin wood sheets
Beats make my head bop, so I'ma rock it for the streets
I fill all my days with big butts and boom
I let my pants hand 'cause my big nuts need room
I'm not old school, or new school, I'm modern school, I'm ditchin'
When my girl starts bitchin' I gets got like a kitchenI fly down like the Chi-town wind
'cause I got the iller noise to make the hardcore grin
When, the saints come marchin' in
I'ma roll right by 'em in the fly Lincoln
Roughneck niggas wanna box me down
'cause I got the ladies lookin' like Foxy Brown
The Liks bring the beer Tip sticks it in your ear holes
I drop the mic and strike the Heisman poseHardcore G, I get hardcore man
From the underland a fuckin' wonderman, bam
Lunatic potential, an isperential differential
Confidentially smashin' instrumentals
On this tune I bring raps of doom to the mic
And put my rear shit in flight, peep
If the drunk funk don't wanna hump in your trunk
Man, you got some motherfuckin' junk

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