

# Alkaholik

## Xzibit

C'mon

Xzibit

Yeah

E-dubIt's that millenium ridiculous flow, I never let go

Niggaz gettin' knocked out is part of my show

Let 'em know who they fuckin' with yo, a rhyme wrangler

Triangular, push-up the hillside stranglerDangle a, nigga by the ankle off the balcony

Now let his punk ass go, look out below

It's a tale of two cities, come out when the sun go down

We officially not fuckin' aroundStuck in the ground, fitted with a suit in a pine box

With my fresh pressed khakis in a slingshot

So heat box all day in a nigga face

And all you bitches see the dick that you shoulda hateCall it what you wanna call it

I'm a fuckin' alkaholik

Bring it if you really want it

Ain't gotta put no extras on itCall it what you wanna call it

I'm a fuckin' alkaholik

Bring it if you really want it

Ain't gotta put no extras on itYo, I'm in the zone and lyrically gone

Got the spot blown, boom, Oklahoma

Watch the aroma, catch those who love me

My underground dirty cats on dune buggiesI be the type to take your watch and flaunt it

Kidnap T.Lewis and Jimmy Jam on it

Yo, I bang a nigga head till his neck pop

Do a KRS-One to a "black cop"X and E's, out for cream

Get the money, while you stay broker than Al Bundy

Uhh, give it to y'all, in any given Sunday

With J. Foxx name the spot, make it hot(I hate E so much right now)

Blow it down hooker bounce

Come off the ropes like J.Snooka

Two fly motherfuckers you can't fuck widdit

Backed by open bar, so y'all forget itCall it what you wanna call it

I'm a fuckin' alkaholik

Bring it if you really want it

Ain't gotta put no extras on itCall it what you wanna call it

I'm a fuckin' alkaholik

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Ain't gotta put no extras on itJ McEnroe, cam smashin', party crashin'

I eat MCs like a ration

I'm sockin' niggaz in they goatees  
I leave you stiffer than that fool on my basketball trophies I'm in the room with 10 G's, countin' ten G's  
Cause we need a bag of weed  
(can you smell it?)  
Now we need ten dimes to blow on deez like wind chimes  
Time to close the blinds 'cause you all in mines I bought a bottle for the session and did not share it  
Drink so much captain Mo' all I need is a parrot  
You took the alkaholik challenge and lost your balance  
You underground, we under water, drinkin' liquid by the gallons Slurred words, double vision, brain bustin',  
head rushin'  
Since I'm too drunk to walk, I rock a party on crutches  
And still rush the roughest MC who wanna get it  
Forget it, it's Likwit, Tha Liks and Xzibit Catash on the blast the final piece to the puzzle  
I slap bitches on the ass I slap tits up out the muzzle  
I shuffle with the microphone, bang rhymes consistent  
You wack and I'm catash and that's the motherfuckin' difference For instance, "21 and over" set your clocks  
back  
Still standin' where the rocks at  
Two thousand one, we still young guns that's restless  
(Thirty niggaz, sixty hoes)  
And that's the motherfuckin' guest list Call it what you wanna call it  
I'm a fuckin' alkaholik  
Bring it if you really want it  
Ain't gotta put no extras on it Call it what you wanna call it  
I'm a fuckin' alkaholik  
Bring it if you really want it  
Ain't gotta put no extras on it

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