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
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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 trophiesI'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 minesI 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 gallonsSlurred 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 XzibitCatash 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' differenceFor 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 listCall it what you wanna call it
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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 it

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