

# Last Call

## Tha Alkoholiks

Intro: bartender and j-roYo last call, last call, last call for alcohol!

At two, you're through!{j-ro} ay bartendah! bartender!

{bart} yo whassup man?

{j-ro} ay man, man let me get a... rummmmm an coke

{bart} yo man don't you think you had a little bit too much to drink?

{j-ro} ay just let me get one more man

{bart} yo man I'm lookin out for you man, it's your life

{j-ro} man I'll hop over this motherfucker and get my own damn drinkHey niggy, what time it is...Verse one:

tashIt's time to roll my sleeves, fuck a few mc's up

Another rough cut, from the crew that won't ease up

The alkoholik click, aka the forty downers

Flips rhymes like calvin flips fries and quarter pounders

I never drink and drive 'cause I might spill my drink

I failed the breathalizer so they took me to the clink

Niggaz earlin in the sink cause they can't fade the cisco

I'm from the old school but I never rocked a disco

Loops from the group that, likes to smack the bitches

Tha liks is hittin hookers like a gangsta hittin switches

Front, to the back, to the side, to the side

And make you dance with these bitches but, no electric slidin

And I'm about to flip, but first I'm bout to sip

Off the forty ounce of brew that I was savin for the trip

Back to the lab 'cause all I do is bang cuts

That's why I hang around my group like a dick hang with nutsVerse two: j-roI push one two's when niggaz step

on my shoes

Oh you haven't heard the news I've been giving fools blues

Manhandling chumps that step up, just to keep my rep up

I push my fist through your grill

I never became a gangsta, thanks ta, my skill

On the nine inches of steel

You ask me what the k's for, they don't mean nothin

["k's for the way my dee-jay's kuttin" -- schoolly d, p.s.k.]Chorus: tash, groupLast call y'all {call y'all}

Call y'all {call y'all}

{last call, for alcohol}

Last call y'all {call y'all}

Call y'all {call y'all}

{last call, for alcohol}[j-ro] yeah... word

[tash] alkoholik style niggaVerse three: e-swiftUh, I be one of dem niggaz known to drink a gang of brewskis

Float like the wind, so all y'all can call me cool breeze

Cooler than my man morris day in the winter  
The dope rhyme inventor, rockin shows at the center  
So pass the mic on the, down low  
Now go grab a forty from the liquor sto'  
And you don't stop {don't stop} and you don't quit {don't quit}  
Unless you're in the studio making wack shit  
Chorus[j-ro] yeah... that nigga squid is in the house  
Verse four: j-  
roI got a forty-four mag with the clip (with a clip)  
So mc's watch your lip, cause I'm shootin from the hip ahh  
I rip like oprah, in tight jeans do  
And splits a needle wrap a pair man because them shits is on the fritz  
It's crazy, a few mc's amaze me  
With this alkie style of rock, mr. spock couldn't phase me  
Rhymin pays me, but I do it anyway  
Many say, ay, when it comes to rhymes you got plenty j  
I'm so cool I drink forty ounces of freon  
You never see me on the stage with a peon  
When we on the microphone it's like jordan all alone  
We slam, competition, scam damn  
Can we get along? nope.  
Switchblade to the throat to mc's who ain't dope  
Call me j-ro the clepto, 'cause I'm stealing to the jaw  
Of these half-baked rappers, trying to get raw  
Verse five: tashSoul in my strut, muscle in my hustle  
It's just a little something for them punks that wanna bust they little  
Def jam comedy, raps that make me crack up  
You better call the one-time and tell em send a backup  
'cause I'm about to act up, I couldn't kick a verse  
J-ro say he got it bad, so that mean I got it worse  
Check uno dos, crack a forty, make a toast  
Let me rip the instrumental and impress the west coast  
Chorus[j-ro] uhh... damn it feels like my bones is rattling  
Uhh ohhh shit! I'm outta here...Ohh yeah, tell the sons of jones to kiss my ass

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