Last Call

Tha Alkaholiks

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 alkaholik 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] alkaholik 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 shitChorus[j-ro] yeah... that nigga squid is in the houseVerse 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, scram 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 rawVerse 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 coastChorus[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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