

# Captain Hook

## Tha Alkaholiks

I knew this nigga by the name of Captain Hook  
Who had a record deal but no lyrics in his book  
But everywhere you looked he had a poster for his single  
The one he bit the oldie track and stole the oldie jingle  
But I be comin' from a different angle 'Cause I want that pot of gold below the hardcore rainbow  
But name your price and you'd be down to sell your moms  
I'm on a different level while the Devil grease your palms  
Sign your life away in ink, 'cause you think you got the talents But look at Hook's bank account and zero is the  
balance  
I repeat, zero, people 'cause he be worried 'bout his hook  
So he could get a spin from [unverified] But Rico, blow them type niggaz through the rooftop  
'Cause [unverified] only plays you if you R and B or Tupac  
So one single later, he fallin' out the game  
But before that nigga left, he left us his name Captain Hook, Captain, Captain, Captain Hook  
Spend a little time wit' cha rhymes  
Captain Hook, Captain, Captain, Captain Hook  
Spend a little time wit' cha rhymes Drink drink, we drunk, we drunk, drunk  
Drink drink we drunk, we drunk drunk  
Drink drink, we drunk, we drunk, drunk  
Drink drink we drunk, we drunk drunk And for your info, I can set it off to any tempo  
And have you niggaz puzzled while I make it look so simple  
'Cause deep inside my mental I got stacks of lyrics hidden  
That's why I get the props that Captain Hooks don't be gettin' Plus they be counterfeitin', styles straight scandals  
Spendin' too much time tryin' to party off the handle  
I bust to Orlando, tryin' to better what I got  
(Why?)  
'Cause I'm Tash the likwifyer here to take somebody's spot But not that nigga named Captain Hooks  
'Cause he's the type of rapper, that's always worried 'bout his looks  
But overnight success don't impress the West that's freshest  
He need to take his cheese and invest in rappin' lessons Or catch one for free right here on me  
Or catch me late Friday night on 92.3  
And after lesson three, if his style still stank  
I'ma tie his ass up and make him walk the plank Captain Hook, Captain, Captain, Captain Hook  
Spend a little time wit' cha rhymes  
Captain Hook, Captain, Captain, Captain Hook  
Spend a little time wit' cha rhymes Drink drink, we drunk, we drunk, drunk  
Drink drink we drunk, we drunk drunk  
Drink drink, we drunk, we drunk, drunk  
Drink drink we drunk, we drunk drunk I was in my Likwid cruise ship, just sailin' the seas

When Captain Hook came and stole my steez  
Oh Hook, caught a left hook, for stealin' my hook  
In no time he stole a rhyme out my notebook I'm the the Pacific Ocean, floatin'  
Chasin' his broken ass out to Oakland  
But Who Ridas said he came and stole they name  
And he got E-40's briefcase full of game So I, set myself back on the Ro's quest  
With the Farra hey brew up in the crow's nest  
He could see L.A., there was trouble you see  
Oh shit, he just stole a flow from WC Now he's throwin' up the dub I gotta catch the fuckin' scrub  
He'll go down like a sub cause I'ma cut him like a shrub  
He wants pub, yeah, he's all on Blass  
He moved real fast on Snoop and Ras Kass Captain Hook, Captain, Captain, Captain Hook  
Spend a little time wit' cha rhymes  
Captain Hook, Captain, Captain, Captain Hook  
Spend a little time wit' cha rhymes Drink drink, we drunk, we drunk, drunk  
Drink drink we drunk, we drunk drunk  
Drink drink, we drunk, we drunk, drunk  
Drink drink we drunk, we drunk drunk Now I'm in Atlanta and his trail is hotter than a sausage  
I'm took late, he took Outkast out as a hostage  
I wonder could he squab with the Goodie MoB  
I think he got the best of me, just how many would he rob I floated out to Queens but it seems I just missed him  
They said he robbed Cool J for his boomin' system  
He went to Shaolin' and stole Method Man's bio  
and he buried everything somewhere in Ohio Bone Thugs saw him, at the Crossroad  
with a empty treasure chest that he was tryin' to load  
He was last seen sailin', into the distance  
We gotta catch this crook and we need your assistance Yeah, if you happen to see this punk scallywag out there  
Don't try to apprehend him, just call Tha Liks  
And if you suddenly got some rhymes missin'  
You know who did it Captain Hook, yeah, we gonna catch his ass  
Beaten down the motherfuckin' hatches  
We gonna feed his ass to the gators  
But first we gonna Drink drink, we drunk, we drunk, drunk  
Drink drink we drunk, we drunk drunk  
Drink drink, we drunk, we drunk, drunk  
Drink drink we drunk, we drunk drunk

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