

Off The Wall

Tha Alkaholiks

Dude, what you got on my forty homey?
One two, likwid, likwid, likwid
What you think motherfucker?
Course I do - came down
Fuck it up, uhh, uhh

Get your back up off the wall "get with it"
And you can get it, get it, get it, get it
Get your back up off the wall "get with it"
And you can get it, get it, get it, yeah

I heard niggaz wanna know who scoops the most hoes
The R&B singers or the niggaz with flows
So what I did was took a poll like Clinton versus Dole
(Cause the flames rappers swingin be out of control)
And the more girls I asked, the more I heard em say
They said they want it raw, silky nigga stay away
Good choice, cuz Rico don't be losin his voice and no...
to make my hair look moist
Just a sack of palm dale that I got from Dontrell
Cuz this is how I do it but it ain't Montell
It's the knight in rusty armor, hardcore rap designer
That be dissin silky niggaz in suits and eyeliner
Cuz look at how you dress, you think you lookin fresh
in your leather vest, wrapped around your puny bird chest
Keep freezin, while I keep easin down the road
Cause Tash'll scoop your girl no matter what y'all niggaz sold
Gold, or double plat
CaTashTrophe'll have your girl butt-naked layin flat (which way is that)
Horizontal, while I'm runnin all up in it
To the rap jams, you know, that 99 beats a minute
party shit! The R&B niggaz try to swipe
That's why they call MC's to make they remixes hype
But I'm the type of cat to come to your show and boo ya
Black ya, blue ya, then throw my tape to ya

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(2x)

Who the hell let the dog out the gate?
Ready or not, here I come to set it straight
Cause it's a thin line between love and hate
So MC's bow down and prepare to meet your fate
Cause these (smilin faces) smilin faces sometimes
they wanna backstab and bite my rhymes
But I keep a pack (skin tight) you wanna pen fight?
Just give in, cause you know you'll never win, right?
It ain't no sunshine in the midnight hour
A three day shower couldn't wash away my soul power
(Stop look and listen) That's the way of the world
I turn cowboys to girls, lions to squirrels
Is it just my imagination, or is my generation
Fascinated by gunplay, and incarceration
Peace to the departed, I get it started like A-B

C, it ain't nothin like the real thing baby
I'm takin it to the streets, but this version's much cleaner
(I'm searching for Mary Jane, man have you seen her?)
Yeah, I found love on a two way street
Now I'm bout to roll her up in between these sheets (say what)
This is my message to MC's to make em quiver
Signed, sealed, delivered

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I be tight like fish pussy, so funky niggaz gotta gush me
So dark you can't overlook me
Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall
I call up Tha Liks and we drunk em all
Heavy or small, you drink, forget it
You ask who is it? I already got your bitch digit
It's the permanent chiller, occasional iller
Lyrical cap pealer, hype stealer
Savage nigga chiller, microphone fuhreala
skill dealer, stadium thriller, I'll break in Manila
One of a kind prime time rhyme thriller
Superstar status guerilla, still I
to this day drink Olde English cannot stand Miller
A real hip-hop berzerker
At the surface yeah, you got the right to be nervous
Originality you lack
So take that move back catch a heart attack
Get your back up off the wall

Get your back up off the wall "get with it"
And you can get it, get it, get it, get it
Get your back up off the wall "get with it"
And you can get it, get it, get it, yeah
(4x)

Nobody beats Tha Liks (4x)
You know nobody can beat Tha Liks
I know nobody can beat Tha Liks
We rock you on and on
Nobody beats Tha Liks