

# Hip Hop Drunkies (feat. Ol' Dirty Bastard)

## Tha Alkaholiks

What's yo' name? What's yo' name?  
My name is, Ol Dirty Bastard and I'ma Alkaholik  
Yeah, me too nigga You're now rockin' with tha liks so start reachin' for the ozone  
I see some girls I know but y'all look different with your clothes on  
What's up though, Tash came to steal it like the Grinch  
While I'm leavin' niggaz puzzled like I said my shit in French But it's all olde English that I'm  
bringin' from beneath  
Try to bite my style on wax and watch these lyrics crack your teeth  
'Cause I make words connect like West side when I test glide  
My drunken lyrical hand glider, nobody's tighter Than a ruff rap provider, with ninety ways to  
peel ya  
So I know the three words sound familiar  
(Tash will kill ya)  
I filter out the weak every time I speak  
I drink to hit the peak to make my mind go  
(Beep)  
I'm def-da-fyin', you rappin' like my client  
Tryin' to scrape me for the style that slam harder than Kobe Bryant  
Be quiet, this is likwidation from the west  
Motherfuck ya boozy show, I got my own special guest Yo, yo, breaker, breaker breaker one  
nine  
I bust this bitch in the behind with the silver shine  
'Cause she thought she was fine  
She winked at me, I thought it was fine This nigga poutin', this hoe was mine  
I had the alcohol in me, took my time  
Let a nigga ro Tate turn on the table  
Put in the diamond needle, pull it to your ego What, you the king in the chair on my ground  
The Tyson of sound, it's twenty seconds to a round  
Scavenger nigga, yous a shrimp, a full line of shit  
My ear can't digest it  
Stop drinkin' all that motherfuckin' water  
Let's take it to the land  
So I can Godzilla up your sheeit  
Mr. Tiny Tim Man Niggaz be creepin' up my beanstalk  
When I start to come down on your fuckin' asses  
Try to chip shit on up, get these nuts  
Motherfucker what The ro pimped the flow like a hoe  
So I should rap on the mack rap hone  
My rhymes hittin' hard enough to crack a bone  
I divide square MC's like math  
Bend you in half and drink a genuine draft I stop him, then I skied out with all wampum  
When he's layin' on the ground, I let my dog scrilla chop him

I feels it's all about skills  
 The outcome's unbelievable like Tyson Holy field  
 Your lyrics are loaners return em to they  
 rightful owners  
 My style is wild, like g's or the pistol's  
 No need to ask, I put you on like a ski mask  
 We can fight the power like this was P.E. Class  
 I bomb squads like hank shock  
 Peace to my nigga Scott puttin' stickers on the block  
 I drink more Brewster's than punky  
 It's the further adventures of the hip hop drunkies  
 You bitches are hoes  
 Put it in ya like my motherfuckin' hoe  
 Or in your butt hole, ear hole  
 Where ever the fuck it goes  
 You bitches are hoes  
 Put it in ya like my motherfuckin' hoe  
 Or in your butt hole, ear hole  
 Where ever the fuck it goes  
 Yeah, yo, yo, yo  
 No disrespect to any architect  
 Who tried to perfect, oh what the heck  
 I'm a MC director, rhyme inspector  
 Rated top ten, Brooklyn borough sector  
 Its the pack town original B-Boy I'm rappin'  
 What's happenin', so dope got the pope clappin'  
 I'm smackin', on some chicken, what you kickin'  
 You trickin', while I'm vickin' hoes you stick your dick in  
 Step outta place, Tash will smack  
 your taste out your face  
 'Cause there's nowhere to hide unless you move to outer space  
 'Cause I waste motherfuckers like toxic fumes  
 So you betta when you hear the  
 (Make room, boom, boom)  
 Hey, sugar plum, how can you assume  
 That the pitch of the volume, doesn't have no tune  
 I'm not your everyday, regular rap star peddler  
 One on one at your rap seminar  
 Beware of the hard way, three's the hard way  
 At you fuckers  
 So aiyyo, my name is J-Ro  
 And my style is so dope they call it ya, yo  
 I don't rap fast, I love green grass  
 Nuttin' nice on the mic, call me a mean ass  
 Extra Da-Llama, bring ha, ha, ha  
 Extra extra bring the Da-Llama  
 a better one, then slice a versa  
 God acre, massacre murdered  
 Also known as a rap wrecka, not a rhyme rebel  
 You're just rhyme to survive streets  
 True beaters, minerals and rhymes survive lyrics  
 Like the acre without the attic, but not the only Asiatic  
 True God but my dick is my lightning rob  
 Hoe don't kick that mumbo jumbo  
 See this the type of shit niggaz don't try at home  
 I come funk'n up the spot like Micheal Jordan's cologne  
 With the mega drunken, style to keep the crowd pumpin'  
 Niggaz lookin' at me like, Tash is up to somethin'  
 (Get drunk and I stumbled)  
 But I didn't come to trip, I came to bring it to ya humble  
 Tumble all your plots and all your plans  
 Ol Dirty's in the house and that's my motherfuckin' man  
 It's the Likwid crew comin' through

with Ol Dirty from the Wu  
Passin' your party, jettin' out with Allt he brew  
So what y'all new, niggaz think you wanna do?  
It's the Likwid crew comin' through with Ol Dirty from the Wu  
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So what y'all new, niggaz think you wanna do?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>