

# Who Dem Niggas

## Tha Alkaholiks

Intro: I am captain of egor  
Hahahaha, this nigga is doin impressions!  
He's doin impressions!  
Hi tremaine...Yo threat, you ready? (yeah)  
Sup? Verse one: threat Who is you nigga who is you?  
I know you from somewhere (where you from) the zoo  
Why you got beef with my click, fuck you punk bitch  
And fuck you too, this is l.a. zoo  
And we don't give a mad fuck about you sorry ass suckers  
Tick tock chrome off that fake gold watch  
Faster bastard don't make me have to plaster  
Players, get smoked with my bare hands  
Got the shit that sway in a wicked way  
Like tash and j, motherfuckin ro hoe  
Down with e-swift and the alkaholik crew  
And to my homies this bud's for you  
Who is dem niggas  
Verse two: e-swift Guess who nigga been down evry since  
With the l.a. zoo, my nigga threat, sway, and tense  
E motherfuckin swift ohh i, thought you knew  
Looted me some glocks in april, ninety-two  
But it's a new day, so make way shortie  
For the nigge with the brown bag wrapped around the forty  
Hold up, yo, I said hold up, here he come  
J motherfuckin ro and he's buzzin off the rum Verse three: j-ro  
Yo it's the j-ro fever, catch it  
I'm prone to grab the microphone and get evil and wreck shit  
If I hear, one more, nigga kickin up  
Das efx shit, I'm bombin, my style is uncommon  
Peep it, keep it in your brain until the next one  
My rhyme will lift you up like a muscle when I flex  
One, two, three, j-ro is who I be  
I got more bone than a cemetary  
Ninety-three mandingo, I got my own lingo  
My mexican homey, told me never trust a gringo  
But I trust no man, I'm chillin like a snowman  
I makin lots of dough, and the liks can rip a show and  
Freak it, yo e-swift freak it  
Won't ya give em up peak after funk when they seek it  
I used to walk the block with my pops playin poo-tat  
Now they be like who that, and shit how he do that Chorus: repeat 4x [oh my gosh, oh my  
gosh!] -- busta rhymes, scenario

Who dem niggas, who dem niggas  
Verse four: tash  
Tash on the mic makes niggas play the cheap  
seats

I rip shit from cali to the valley of the jeep beats  
They call me uncle sam cause my skills'll tax all y'all  
Call y'all [suckas] cause them niggas need to ball y'all  
Rhyme phat pages up and light em wit ya lighter  
Mc's keep the gifts that's like flies from a spider  
From the pimp slap, light skin, kid that turns the mics out  
Diss y'all, crew then turn around and punch your lights out  
I take to the funk sound man since my pager  
I kick the kind of shit that make you want to beat your bitch up  
The nigga, knocker, tipsy off the vodka  
Tash on the mic floats like a helicopter  
Stop the, presses, the liks rock the freshest  
I'm lookin for the bitches in the tight tight dresses  
So who them niggas with beats for your ass  
The alkaholik crew, peace out, my name is tash

Chorus  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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