

# Only When I'm Drunk

## Tha Alkaholiks

Intro: tash, speaking to j-roYo whassup man, get up man [\*urrrp\* I can't bust man]  
Get up nigga, bust [i'm fucked]  
Get up you gotta do your verse nigga  
[aight I'll try it] get up nigga!Verse one: j-roI get drunk and I stumble to the phone  
And conjure up a bitch to bone when I'm alone  
Ohh shit, tow back, I need to take a piss  
Only when I'm drunk I sing a song like this  
My grandma and your grandma \*urrrp\*  
Sittin by the fire  
Hold on, turn the beat off [nah, keep it goin  
J-ro can you make it? ] I'm just not knowin  
I get drunk and start talkin mo' shit  
And when I got a gun in my hand you better get, out  
Cause my brain just ain't what it used to be  
Forget tryin to raionalize, cover your eyes  
Ah d-\*urrrp\*, damn I'm drunk  
I need a chunk, no better yet a hunk of that funk  
When I get drunk I might act uncouth  
But when I get drunk I always tell the truth  
Yeah I'm good, I'm bad, I'm dope, I'm freaky fresh  
I make hip-hop fans say yes yes  
The likes comin through, you know we gonna blow upop  
Hold up, hold up, I think I gotta...  
\*urrrrrrp\* damn, false alarm  
Gettin all the ladies with my cool charm  
When I get drunk I might even call my daddy a punk  
Yeah, but only when I'm dr-\*urp\* drunk  
Yeah, let me pass the forty, to my nigga, tashVerse two: tash, e-swiftIt goes one for the chronic,  
two for the amnesia  
It's the pimp-slap niggy with drinks in the freezer  
Bust the one out, two out, [flips] type of rapper  
That'd get you our your seat quicker than a car jacker  
Slip a colt for the fever when I'm coolin with my people  
Got hoes in east columus like I'm billy dee wrinkle  
Cause I move like, I'm smooth like I'm harry belafonte  
Lookin for them niggaz that jumped my homey dante  
All up in this bitch with the gin and tanqueray  
Drink like mr. wendal smoke bud like dr. dre  
But that's cause I'm old enough to do that type of shit  
Got damn I gotta piss I pass the mic to e-swift  
Yeah, I get drunk and can't nobody whoop me  
I'm trippin, must be the brew that I was sippin

Kickin in, guess I shouldn'ta mixed it with the gin  
Cause when I'm layin on my back I can feel the room spin  
One too many, I reckon  
Feelin I got ta earl, any second  
Wanna get up but can't move, feels like I'm stuck in the groove  
What the fuck was I tryin to prove?  
I get a rep for downin four-o's  
All the hoes knows them alkaholik bros  
Niggaz call me dad I got a fifth in the trunk  
Might fuck an ugly bitch but only when I'm drunk  
Verse three: j-ro  
Aight, think I'm feelin a little  
better  
Ready to bust this, like this  
And ya don't miss, check it out  
I get drunk and start thinkin bout my friends  
That passed on with every forty ounce the memory will last on  
Black man muzzle, mike lee and suavey d  
The three mc's will always live in my memories  
We used to rock shows, we used to rock hoes  
And drink forty-o's, and wear the same clothes  
Damn I wish we could go through it again  
But I know one day we gonna do it again  
And when that day comes it's gonna be live  
But I ain't in no hurry so I don't drink and drive  
The alkaholiks we gets funky when we drinkin  
Just a lil sumthin, to pump up the thinkin  
Outro: j-ro  
Beer run! ante up nigga  
Ha ha, put the money in the hat  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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