

Alkaholiks, Killin' It

Alkaholiks

Miscellaneous

Killin' It

[Tash]

Ahh, ahh

I be killin it (why Tash?) cause I be feelin it

I get money so no need for stealin it

I work diligent beneath the Earth's soil

where I write rhymes so fresh it's like I wrapped my styles in foil

But I sit at home and boil spicy rum when it's freezing

Cause I from the Likwid crew where we got drinks for every season

Maybe that's the reason why I live high all July

And the place I buy my beer is callin in for more supply

Maybe not, maybe so, maybe yes, maybe no

Maybe niggaz got some friends that wanna battle for some dough

If you know somebody holla, cause I take those extra dollars

Split that shit with J and Swift, buy a ninety-six Impala

and lace it with the deez out my own stack of cheese

Get a extra flossy floss and toss King Tee the keys

and say, 'Nigga that's yours, cause you opened up doors

Before Tha Liks had a deal, you had a nigga on tour

So God bless ya, never let this rap pressure test ya

You know who got your back when them other niggaz sweat ya'

So check uno dos while I roast this coast a toast

When it comes to beats and rhymes, you know who got the most

I be killin it (killin it) killin it (killin it)

Tha Liks rock that shit that have all ya niggaz feelin it

Killin it (killin it) killin it (killin it)

J-Ro is up next to flow

[J-Ro]

Dat's me

I be killin it (killin it) when I be feelin it

Got rum in my cup, best believe I won't be spillin it

Yo Xzibit (whattup Ro) I got to know

Do I got that Likwid flow (oh fo' sho') well here I go

Mida, mida, down the barrel of my heater

I torch ya, then skeet out in my Porsche two-seater

I'm from the home of rattlesnakes and golden bears

And Astro-vans with swivel chairs hoes come in pairs

Plus, makin money's in my genes

That's why I got money in my jeans, I got a cravin

My mind craves the knowledge, my pockets crave the cash

My mouth craves the brew, and my Johnson craves the ass

Who's on blast, Tha Liks baby, don't twist it

Just rock it, got your girl's number in my change pocket

What's her name Stella, if she's on me kinda hella

Voulez-vous coucher avec moi? is what I tell her

I get freaky like Friday, why dey, try to get loose

Wack MC's are like ?brown guts?, they have no use

I just got off the court, where I was whoopin some cats

in basketball, here's a question that I have to ask y'all

Who be killin it, is it the ladies?

Who be killin it, is it the fellas?

Who be killin it, is it the b-boys?

Who be killin it, is it the gangsters?

Who be killin it, is it the rastas?

Who be killin it, killin it, killin it, killin it...

[Xzibit]

See I be killin it, yeah, when I be feelin it

This is dedicated to the niggaz that be stealin shit

Straight from the bottom of my black-ass heart

The untamed feel no shame, on top of the game

Mr. Big Bad Insane, black John McClane
Look listen and learn, you only get what you earn
So I'ma hustle like fuck regardless, watch my smoke
Go straight for the throat, we known for rockin the boat
It's hard to find like the grade A shit, with no cuts
Tryin to stack like King Tut, and still bang the microphone up
Demandin, clear lane for crash landin
If anything I'm guaranteed to be the Last Man Standing
Pick a number motherfucker whassup?
The circumstance make you shit in your pants, and we advance
as an avalanche of soul, and everything that shine ain't gold
Just cause niggaz got brew don't make em nickel proof
My record contract reads hit man for hire
Xzibit showin grace under fire
Tha Alkaholiks killin it (killin it) killin it (killin it)
Tha Liks rock that shit that have all y'all niggaz feelin it
[Xzibit]
Once again, feelin it
Killin it (killin it) drillin it (drillin it)
What, yeah, bring it live with the... yeah
Feelin it (feelin it) killin it (killin it)
Like this
Party down, party down, party down!
Bringin it live once again, yeah, cause I be killin it
(What, stabbin it, beatin it, yeah)
Y'all niggaz ain't heard no shit like this out the West coast
Say what, wha-what, wha-what what?
I say what, wha-what, wha-what what? It's the likwid crew
We be killin it, uhh, cause we be feelin it...
Say what, say what, say what wha-what wha-what what?