

Tash, Blackula

(feat. Tha Alkaholiks)

[Tash] Yo, Ro'Gram where you at homey?

[J-Ro]

At nighttime I'm on the prowl, and I'm livin foul like Blackula
Got a microphone made out of chrome shaped like a spatula
cause I'm flippin rhymes at three times the speed of lightning
You dare to compare to the Golden Bear it's kind of frightening
You can meditate, til you levitate, but never rate
higher than a seven/eight, yeah I had to set em straight
I know you feelin these, I ramsack yo' facilities
I'm ill at ease, with these MC's, who ain't got no abilities
(get at me) I make MC's, run out like batteries
I roll the bleeze and then I blow like Cannonball Adderly

You try to get with Likwit but yo' brew ain't cold enough
cold enough
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cold enough

[Tash]

Ahhhh, y'all ain't even gotta clue what my clique gon' do
Fast money, fast cars, niggaz sleep until two
My Likwit niggaz roundezous, we cop Kung-Fus and split em
When "The Freaks Come Out at Night" CaTash be right wit em
Stone-faced, but only when I'm loaded wit funs
Big guns, I'll make you do the Nestea plunge
I only came to have some fun but I get caught up in the rapture
I don't even write lyrics no more, I manufacture
Cold shit, you know that Old Gold shit, that raw shit
That drunken Alkahol shit that make you say, "Ahhh Shit!"
Them motherfuckers is too slick for Michael
We be creepin up on you like police on bikes

It's the middle of the - hype, night
All the ladies looking - right, right
My Likwit niggaz keep it - tight, tight
Rowdy niggaz wanna - fight, fight
It's the middle of the - hype, night
All the ladies looking - right, right
My Likwit niggaz keep it..

[E-Swift]

Me and my niggaz out lookin for a party to crash
Mashed out to Long Beach but we stop for some gas
I pull in first, CaTash pulled in last
J-Ro steady rollin blunts of the Moroccan hash

[Tash]

Since it's all about the cash, we ?? on that smash
Hit up Four-Five and Carson, scoop Xzibit and Brad
The sounds beatin so hard it's vibratin my glass
Blast, plus we drivin way too fast

[E-Swift]

Slow down, you can't crash the whip
Slow down and hit a dip
Cause I paid a lot of money for this ?? kit
We runnin late for a show, we got this money to get
The nightlife'll have you caught up in all types of shit

[Tash]

Like what?

Like this, like that, like that like this
I drink St. Ide's, I don't be fuckin with Crist'
Cause we the type of clique that need to drink somethin stronger
When Tha Liks is in the house, the party last longer

[E-Swift]

I dedicate this song to, bitches and thugs
who party down at the club and show Tha Liks love
Even with creatine, injected in your spleen
you couldn't compete with my all-star Likwit team

[Tash]

Cause Tha Liks reign supreme of all hip-hop scenes
We heard about your bougie party, bumrushed it in jeans
and still pulled the hoes most likely to succeed
Where that nigga J-Ro? - Most likely smokin weed

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[J-Ro]

Yo, check it out (uh-huh)
Turn up the level more so I can hear the shit forever more
I came out of nowhere, like Predator
That's a metaphor, if you rap-impaired, you might say what happened there
While the b-boys clap and cheer, bring that beat back in here!
Nighttime is the right time to write rhymes
Why you wanna bite mine? I blow you away like White Lines
I think you better let it go, get yo' ass off my pedestal
before you need attention, and it's gonna be medical
If rap was basketball I'd have the Earl the Pearl handles
I drink everything but Jack Daniels
Rap scandals, don't interest me, I don't get dressy
Tha Liks rock the shows but leave the whole crowd messy

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