

# Tha Liks, Anotha Round

[J-Ro]

Yeah, it's the return of three drunk mothafuckas  
Huh, yeah, it's Tha Liks  
We gots Stan the guitar man in the house  
Mothaclucka, uh, uh

[J-Ro]

I'm sick like a sore throat swallow, drunk act to follow  
I'll make the whole bottle hollow (what a ride!)  
Rollin' wit' a open container, and one in the chamber  
Ten Likwit CD's in the changer  
Bettin' wages on the Lakers; yo' squad is in danger  
Hoes go two ways these days like my pager  
Say Hoe, my name is J-Ro, oh, you didn't know? (no)  
Well, fuck you then!  
I hang with cats, who chase rats, and kick tats  
Hit the eightball like Minnesota fats  
Got more ? than biceps, relax  
Pure hoes jockin' in the studio flats  
When I'm in the house, take off the wave cap for hats  
Got scully from a hoochie, with lips like Da Brat  
Raised in the valley of the shadow of death  
So I fear none, time to anty up for the beer run

[Chorus]

We are Tha Alkaholiks  
It's last call, can we get anotha round?  
We are Tha Alkaholiks  
And I know ya like the way it's goin' down

[Tash]

So all the ladies to the Limo, it's Tha Alkaholik car pool  
Lyrics bang from thirty feet to blow y'all niggas off your bar stool  
We back, to wet'cha, the flawless, the wallus  
Regardless of your colors, Tha Liks are Alkaholiks

[Tha Liks]

We the same three niggas that be makin' the noise  
Doin' donuts in Ferraris, like some drunk hot boys

[Tash]

Do or die fool! Straight from the home of where we spark from  
Where the weed'll leave ya dizzy like a tranquelizer dart gun  
The L, not to be confused with Tinsletown  
Well, I made a million dollars off this shit I penciled down  
Flashy Tashy, be gunnin' from the worstest alliance  
And when I die, I'ma donate all my verses to science  
Do the tango, while rappers get strangled by the lone-shark  
You be ridin' niggas dick, that's why you never make your own mark  
I'm sober and justice, why this is my year  
Screamin' &quot;Party over here, fuck y'all over there!&quot;  
(Party over here, fuck y'all over there!)

[Chorus]

[J-Ro]

King Tee started it off, and then came Tha Liks  
Then Xzibit added hot done proda to the mix  
Then Defari, &quot;Hey you!&quot; Comin' through, Likwit Crew  
And ? gets the broom, who can sin it?  
Who can sin it? Twisted and been it, but if the funk ain't in it  
My DJ always submitted to spin it  
If I said that I meant it, don't get'cha mouth pin it in ?  
We feelin' with a penny, represent it

[Tash]

Aiyyo re-pre-sent, yo', re-si-dence

If it don't say Likwit, then you won't get bent

Aiyyo, dollars and cents, make the world just awkward

Got niggas in the hood, livin' next to their doctor

I'm a rowdy, mic-rocker, since the age of twenty-two

In the video, flossin', like "This could be you"

Likwit Crew, do it up, 'til the wheels fall off

Unlike these other niggas that had it and lost it

We stayed in the game, stayed hot, turned up the flame

[Pharoahe Monch] ("Y'all know the name!")

[Chorus x2]