

# Tha Liks, Bar Code

(feat. Xzibit)

[Tash]

The drunken funk'n has returned  
Let's take it back to the old school one time y'all, uhh  
Ya fuckin with me? Damn right y'all fuck with us boy  
(Shotglass, ha! Ain't it drunk) Alkaholiks, say what?  
(Yo Tash, smack these niggaz up!)

With my Alkaholik style still comin of age  
Free as a bird the beer fly on stage  
Ain't here for no frontin just to say a lil' somethin  
A nigga like CaTash'll get this motherfucker pumpin  
I walk with a bop that make the cops shine flashlights  
And I ain't drunk shit, I'm still faded from last night  
That's right y'all, the Alkahol be spittin  
Comin through bitches..

[J-Ro]

I drink a lot of ale, smoke a lot of L's a day  
Got kegs in my room and bales of hay  
Twenty-five roaches piled in my ashtray  
Some like it slow some live the fast way  
All the ladies know I'm wild and nas-tay  
I live the "Rap Life" like my nigga Tash say  
I down the whole brew, never half way  
I'm back and forth to the bar in the Likwid Cafe

[Chorus x2: Tha Liks]

Now put yo' bottles to yo' lips  
When I sip, you sip, we sip - altogether now  
Back, and, forth - to the bar y'all  
Back, and, forth - to the bar y'all

[Xzibit]

They say one man's trash is the next man's treasure  
Next man pain be the other man's pleasure  
Whatever you wanna drink ma we bought the bar out  
Last cats to call out, who wan' fall out?  
Worst case scenario walkin, I hate talkin  
Do the damn thing, let your dogs start barkin  
Embracin the bass (yeah) who keep you laced  
with Henessey to the face, tequila with no chaser  
Liks - bang kicks, kick dirt on tricks  
Fuckin smoked out rappers y'all fiend for hits  
I just - drop my shit, never stop servin  
Everything bump even the two-way versions  
I'm the West coast Julius Earving, been through the worst  
Survived starvin to death and dyin of thirst  
Come through, bring a homegirl, double the fun bitch  
Cause two heads is better than one, so let's go

[Chorus]

[Tash]

So if Tash die tonight, rap music don't owe me shit  
I done did it all homey off blood sweat and spit (yes)  
Spit-zophrenic off about a half a gallon  
of that strong shit that make me think Bucks like Ray Allen  
Profilin in the beat-up ass bucket like fuck it  
Bitch I make this car look good  
Knock on wood, knock on MC's just for practice  
Cause y'all niggaz can't fuck with these drunken-ass tactics

[J-Ro]

We - stompin, rompin niggaz  
with the bumpin rhymes that keep the b-boys jumpin  
Sayin ho, ladies sayin ow  
Get it now front row wipe that brew from your brow  
Cristal and malt liquor go down the same pipe  
You drink with us you probably piss in the bed the same night  
You throwin up on your clothes no hoes fo' sho'  
Now you on your back pointin at the sky with your toes

[Chorus x2: as beat fades]