

Tha Liks, Sickness

(feat. Butch Cassidy)

[Tash]

You ready? Are you ready?

Aiyyo we need some beer to the stage quick (quick-quick-quick..)

Alkaholiks on the set (ooh-OOOH!)

Y'all ready? (ooh-OOP!) Uhh..

Aiyyo it's six million drinks to try, choose one

So you can catch a buzz while Likwid show you how it's done

Bouncin off the walls is just my niggaz havin fun

With all these weak niggaz, why the fuck'd we lose Pun?

Damn it's a trip to see the world twist around us

But Tha Alkaholik clique, a.k.a. the 40 downers

gets twisty, twisty, yak and brews

Black Rob flows is "Whoa!"; Tha Liks is like "Whoo!";

Is there a doctor in the house cause somebody gonna need him

Tash fight for his right to party, I need my freedom

So I can drink in public without the cops eyein me

F.B.I. spyin me cause everybody buyin me

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

I got drunk and got down with Tha Liks

But before I put it down all I need is a fix

Now bust a nut - I rhymes aways on different days

And everybody wonder how I stay so blazed

I'm like a sickness; I'm like a sickness but there is no cure

And when you hear my voice don't it sound so pure

Tha Alka-holiks know, come bust fo' sho'

So whether we together kickin down the doors

[J-Ro]

From Lake Buteras to Paris generic rappers get embarassed

We inherit b-boy Sermons just like Erick's

Liks been flowin longer than your grandparent's marriage

Eatin buzzed brownies more than Bugs eat carrots

Kick back in the 'llac like a horse and a carriage

Spittin "The Facts of Life"; more than Tudy and Ms. Garrett

When I'm runnin my errands Dayton rims feel like Ferris

Get socked in your larynx, if yo' ass get careless

[Tash]

Aiyyo who stole the soul? I did cause I was desperate

Send a random note to Loud - I want a million for my next shit

I know you got the money Steve just reach into that grab bag

Then step back and watch me drop these "Bombs On Baghdad";

Cause Tash rap melodical, drunk periodical

Niggaz think they hot but I'm seein they ain't got it though

I'm from L.A. you from Idaho, no skills you gotta go

Fo' albums deep, so y'all motherfuckers gotta know

We birds of a feather so we, smoke together

Tha Liks and Rocwilder gonna, choke whoever

ain't in this motherfucker comin raw dog style

Hold my drink Mr. Tan while I jump in the crowd

[Chorus]

[J-Ro]

Excuse my gutter language, but fuck bein famous

Ro bust for nameless don of rhymin china chainless

Olde English ancient drive Chevy's with paint chips

I breathe herb, so they say my words is tainted

Let's take it back to "Colors"; get your face painted with fat caps

I got more rhymes in my mind than you can fit in your backpacks

Go 'head, eat 'em up like snack packs
I stay busy like crack shacks
I like my hoes with the lickable toes
And the silver dollar nipples that be pokin out the clothes
Now I suppose you want flows like MackinRo's
Cause you be standin on the stage at all our motherfuckin shows
James Robinson, even my name is dominant
Lyrics astonishin from the Likwid Conglomerate
My crew in it, I'm in it, so we remain prominent
Rap game I'm bombin it, it's too much Uncle Tom in it

[Chorus x2]