

Tha Alkaholiks, Likwit

[Verse One: Tash]

I hang MC's with my noose, watch me get loose
The nigga flippin more styles than Snapple got juice
Cause I'm too hot to handle, got more soul in my pinky
Than a niggy pickin his afro and I left the skin not stinky
The freshest, yes it's, the rhymer with the bottle
Kickin it with my homie like Lamont do with Rollo
Live at the Apollo, they still couldn't do it
Cause even in New York the crew be buzzin off the fluid
So testing (one), testing (two), testing (three)
Too much Olde E will make you pee
As you can see I'm the Alkaholik tipsy off the whiskey
Get with the clippers never nappy like Misty
I didn't grow dreads, cause dreads is for the rastas
Tha Alkaholik click straight knockin out imposters
Gots to roll deep like ants at a picnic
Get with the crew that's flowin like Likwit

[Verse Two: J-Ro]

Every night I pray to god please, no more wack MC's
I catch a few z's, wake up and bust these
I get over like a high jumper, freaks be on my weinie
Cause they know I'm packin more shit than Bandini
The freshest on the map servin raps with all fixins
E-Swift does the mixin, pockets fat like Rickie Nixon
(Ain't no party like a Alkaholik party)
So don't be a nitwit, get with the Likwit
[ah yeah, ah yeah] Yeah a little louder a little louder a little louder
One two one two yeah just like that, yo
Yo, (flowin like Likwit)
Ahh yeah (ahh yeah ahh yeah ahh yeah) flowin like Likwit
Owwwwwww, King Tee

[Verse Three: King Tee]

Here comes the Lik, or should I say Likwit
As I gets funky on a track that my nigga E-Swift did
Rollin with the Alkaholik group, call me trooper
Run of the mill skills got your neck in the noose
but hey, I be the K-I-N-G Tee for short
Big ballin nigga playin rhymes like a sport
Wicked when I kick it, yeah that's the ticket
Tossin up a forty still buzzin off the Likwit

[Verse Four: J-Ro]

You ain't got enough skill, to fill up a cup
So niggy won't you just shut the [hold up]
The girls call me dookie man cause I'm the shit can't you smell son
I gots more freaks than Prince Rogers Nelson
I can't be stopped I got hip-hop wreckin powers
I gotta say what's up to my buddy Ricky Flowers
We got that Likwit funk, we get drunk with the
.... (hell motherfuckin yeah)