

Tha Alkaholiks, Tore Down

(feat. Loot Pack)

Stop, listen, what's that sound
Likwid motherfuckers came to tear the house down

[Wild Child]

Hey yo, last FreshFest we was rockin Good Times
This LikwidFest I be bustin out rhymes
When Loot Pack's on your set we'll take total control
of your mind feet body and inner soul
Multiple beats to subject to discussion
Wild Child sets it off after DJ Rome bring in my cuts in
Can't understand overnight MC's that can't afford
to get broken with the mic whether it's with or without a cord
So I grab hip-hop right before wack MC's infect it
Come attackin to your forehead and slowly make you respect it
and then inject it, into your system, and when your veins
start pulsatin, showin you Loot Pack, rocks the nation
I'm on the court, Wild Child rocks the fort
Keanu Reeves and Sinbad givin support, that gets my love
I'd appreciate it, if y'all appreciate it, then rock with us
Real hip-hop's not hard to spot like shoplifters (I see you)
I flip that rhythmic, technique no gimmick
But when you see Loot Pack rock, watch us freak the physic, yo
I must confess I'm from the West about Fresh
Don't try and test cause I break MC's down to they flesh

[Tash]

So put your best against this, it don't matter who flows
When they step in my direction Rico slows they rolls like
AHH, cause my brain tells me go against the grain
Cause these other niggaz out here all be rappin just the same
But I spit flames, I kick ass and take names
Fuck the boozy dames, this art should be placed in frames
and hung up on the wall right next to Picasso
I heard niggaz comin down the pike, not so hot so
Tash comes blazin, Loot Pack blazin
Hot enough to fry you into california raisins
Cause my Alkie style of rhymin is ahead of it's time
I make words connect lovely like Coronas and lime
So where you rhymes at? Break em out, don't be scared, show me
Everytime I flow I feel like y'all niggaz owe me
The one and only from the group you could feel
cause it's a million Alkaholiks on the Earth (and that's real)

[Chorus:]

Stop, listen, what's that sound
Likwid motherfuckers came to tear the house down
(Uh, I'm to' down, uh, I'm to' down, uh, I might skip this round)
Stop... what's that sound
Likwid motherfuckers came to tear the house down
(I'm to' down, I'm to' down y'all, I'm to' down y'all, I'm to' down)

[Loot Pack]

We got that rhyme elevation racin like a mad liberation
circle and run your base and, bust hip-hop
preservation if you heard this on your station yo then you know
that we'll knock you out with just, light ones
Cut ya like a throne was on the cut slicer, I wet ya
Yo I kick flavor, got more beats than my nigga got
beeps on his pager, cause my flavor's like major
Rhyme patterns intertwine with the beat offtime
Then I read off lines or freestyle rhyme

Make ya rewind the crate digga niggaz, always, spliff rhyme rip
Never slip my hop hips a grip
With the Likwidation lyrical radiation you're facin
fate worse than freebasin, with them flows your chasin
Lyrics lead the Pack way, so I can blast a
rapper that ain't classy, get up out this fast lane
Cause you'll be feelin mass pain from being phony
like when a nigga swear he know me, yo it be no comprehende
Been doin this long you might as well call me a sensei

[J-Ro]

Round and round I go
This rapper's name is J-Ro
Wack MC's don't waste your timeeeee
(let me stick to the rhyme)

Niggaz talk about scrappin when they can't scrape a grape
That's why I choose to stick to myself like a roll of tape
You don't wanna battle dog, I got a catalog
of rhymes, break it down to your enzymes
But your ass talk trash, know when your style is garb-y
You soft as a Barbie, hard as Terence Trent D'Arby
You the wackest MC I ever heard
You fly like a wingless bird, it's absurd, you get the
D-I, C-K, in-ya-mouth, all-day
for comin outside anyway, my style's terrific many say
You lightweight like ashes, it's goin down like plane crashes
at all Alkaholik bashes

[Chorus]

[Tash]

Yeah that's right West coast this the tear down
Likwid crew in the place, knowhatl'msayin?
Yo fuck that let me shout it out to all the homeboys coast II coast
Turnin them forties upside down
Big up to King Tee and Xzibit
Big up to the whole Likwid crew, big up to Mobb Deep
The Def Squad, Cypress Hill, Wu-Tang, Westside Connection
Uhh, to tear it down, I'm to' down, I might have to miss this round...