## Tha Liks, Promote Violins

(feat. Kurupt Young Gotti)

[Kurupt Young Gotti] Ever since I was young I wanted to be Somethin like what I am, uhuhhhhhh...

[J-Ro] We promote violins! [Y.G.] Yeah - check me out [J-Ro] We promote violins!

[Y.G.] E-Swiftulaus, Kurupt Young Gotti Neo Deastro[?]

[Y.G.] Franklin Gostra the Sixth, Sixth...

(Let's go, Kurupt..)

[Kurupt]

May I laugh [?] to yourself, shells Before honor and war I just can't tell I can't fake these soliloquies, silencers off The art of warfare in here violence is off (ha) Po-po's gone, periscopes on Telescopes on, and tell her that hope gone And show her that war is war, fours and forty-fours Banana peeling clips stacked ceiling to floor boards Head up the concourse, like [?] in concourse Scissorhands bulldoze ran like Honda Accords I'm perfect with every note, 'til the periscope's on Play like the accordian perfect with every chord We combine, mental body and soul's Columbine Hope floats like public streams, ravines Harm forces that bear armed forces Puttin body parts all over walls and public signs Anxious as Ginuwine Congressional street scholar, professional street soldier Intellectual Manitoba, California to Cuba Gooding like Cuba Gooding gettin blown like a tuba Dead in the head shells shed red October Shed and spread, cock and pop the glock only I'm with King Tee and Tha Liks, Alkahol it up like bitch - get the fuck off my dick I got pistols, pills, acid, bombs Crank, crystalized coke in lines I don't give a fuck (we don't give a fuck about nuttin) I don't give a fuck (we don't give a fuck about nuttin)

I don't give a fuck (we don't give a fuck about nuttin)

You the only one walkin around with a hot stolen gun

## [J-Ro]

Thinkin you Napolean and dream of holdin some while I'm rollin one it's like a medieval upheaval, the regal get chopped up and found on both coasts, gettin ate up by the seagulls Now you out for the season, J-Ro is the reason you freezin In the cold sneezin While I'm takin pictures cheesin at the Likwid meetin eatin And we all got heat that be repeatin for you knee-gaz We trippin sippin on Hen and ready to guench yo' thirst Every time I kick a verse you wish you'd thought of it first I need a NURSE (why J?) before my head burst from divin headfirst into your local networks Some people think hip-hop is so obnoxious Some people get a kick out of it like shoe boxes I hope that, MC'sll get a lot of G's per rap Cause while the microphones are on, the place I'll spit my words at If I was in the ring with four men, they'd have to get more men with mops and towels for all the liquid pourin

King Tee and Tha Liks, and Kurupt fuck it up like BITCH, get the fuck off my dick I got hookers, hoes, tramps, pigeons Bitches, rats, sluts with big butts I don't give a fuck (I don't give a fuck) I don't give a fuck (I don't give a MOTHERfuck)

## [Tash]

(There it is.. there it goes..) So while the clock be tock tickin Tha Liks be hop hippin Straight drop-kickin victims 'til they egos stop trippin Bitchin while my set is on set to set it off While they set to set-trippin but still can't get it off This section sectioned off for the fly hoes and Alkies Y'all niggaz know the rules you can't pop bottles without me It's Likwid, and all my niggaz is Don Kings Gettin drunk, writin rhymes by the pool in Palm Springs Cause ain't nuttin changed but the size of the bottles We still rock the shows with a Rollo-ass wobble So look but don't touch cause everybody know the facts is Tash a maniac, Tash had tracks with actors Still with Tha Liks, alcoholed it up like BITCH, get the fuck off my dick I got juice, gin, Mo' (Cris) Hen Walkin in the mall with thirty thousand to spend So fuck y'all (we, don't, give, a)

## [Kurupt]

I don't give a fuck (fuck, don't, give, a)
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I don't give a fuck (fuck, don't, give, a)
I don't give a fuck (fuck, don't, give, a)
I don't give a fuck