

Yo, I'm from Killa Cali
I wrote this rhyme in an alley
The tall can MC stepping fresh out the valley
I'm hella fresh comin straight through your chest
I blow a hole in you soul, I'm constantly on a roll
Cuz in order to survive, you gots to have drive
Like a rental, but I'ma call you Ben cuz you gentle
My crew's blowin up like a Pinto
Hip hop's gettin rotten but we stay fresh like a Mento
So put it in your mouth
We gonna show you what this rap shit is really all about
We gonna turn this bitch out like Goldie
This cut will still bump when it's an oldie
And if we still ain't sold platinum or gold
That'll be the bigges lie you ever told me, hold me...back
Black, I snack on the wack and wash it down with a fifth of Yak
It's like that and that's the way it is
You can ask his to stay out my biz
Girl, I'm off the hook, plug me into your adaptor
I'm sending wack rhymes to the rafters
Turn up your skill factor, you bitin rhymes like a Raptor
You thought we was through but this is still the first chapter
Before I go, can I get an "Ooh Ooh!"
It's J-Ro, baby, from the Likwit Crew

Funny style

Now watch me run amuck
And gun em up with the shit
Rebel rhymin from Tha Liks
Alkaholistics all true with no tricks
The infrared pointed at they lips
And man they don't speak, they keep the conversation petite
They shit is weak, I'm concrete like the beat
Bust that ass, super nigga jeep class
Me last in the game, no problem
Sit and drink a fifth with my nigga James Robinson
Check your alcoholic pulse while its throbbing
The Likwit Squad, the entourage
Get exquisite, get addicted, get Xzibit
Fellas wanna test King Topsy but its risky
He probably slap a nigga in his mouth like a bitch. G
So kick rocks and step back by the mile
Them sober niggaz act funny style