

Anotha Round

Tha Alkaholiks

Yeah, it's the return of three drunk mothafuckas
Huh, yeah, it's Tha Liks
We gots Stan the guitar man in the house
Mothaclucka, uh, uh

I'm sick like a sore throat swallow, drunk act to follow
I'll make the whole bottle hollow (what a ride!)
Rollin' wit' a open container, and one in the chamber
Ten Likwit CD's in the changer
Bettin' wages on the Lakers; yo' squad is in danger
Hoes go two ways these days like my pager
Say Hoe, my name is J-Ro, oh, you didn't know? (no)
Well, fuck you then!
I hang with cats, who chase rats, and kick tats
Hit the eightball like Minnesota fats
Got more ? than biceps, relax
Pure hoes jockin' in the studio flats
When I'm in the house, take off the wave cap for hats
Got scully from a hoochie, with lips like Da Brat
Raised in the valley of the shadow of death
So I fear none, time to anty up for the beer run

We are Tha Alkaholiks
It's last call, can we get anotha round?
We are Tha Alkaholiks
And I know ya like the way it's goin' down

So all the ladies to the Limo, it's Tha Alkaholik car pool
Lyrics bang from thirty feet to blow y'all niggas off your bar stool
We back, to wet'cha, the flawless, the wallus
Regardless of your colors, Tha Liks are Alkaholiks

We the same three niggas that be makin' the noise
Doin' donuts in Ferraris, like some drunk hot boys

Do or die fool! Straight from the home of where we spark from
Where the weed'll leave ya dizzy like a tranquelizer dart gun
The L, not to be confused with Tinsletown
Well, I made a million dollars off this shit I penciled down
Flashy Tashy, be gunnin' from the worstest alliance
And when I die, I'ma donate all my verses to science
Do the tango, while rappers get strangled by the lone-shark
You be ridin' niggas dick, that's why you never make your own mark
I'm sober and justice, why this is my year
Screamin' "Party over here, fuck y'all over there!"
(Party over here, fuck y'all over there!)

King Tee started it off, and then came Tha Liks
Then Xzibit added hot done proda to the mix
Then Defari, "Hey you!" Comin' through, Likwit Crew
And ? gets the broom, who can sin it?
Who can sin it? Twisted and been it, but if the funk ain't in it
My DJ always submitted to spin it
If I said that I meant it, don't get'cha mouth pin it in ?
We feelin' with a penny, represent it

Aiyyo re-pre-sent, yo', re-si-dence

If it don't say Likwit, then you won't get bent
Aiiyo, dollars and cents, make the world just awkward
Got niggas in the hood, livin' next to their doctor
I'm a rowdy, mic-rocker, since the age of twenty-two
In the video, flossin', like "This could be you"
Likwit Crew, do it up, 'til the wheels fall off
Unlike these other niggas that had it and lost it
We stayed in the game, stayed hot, turned up the flame