

# Likwit Ridas

Tha Alkaholiks

WhoRidas. Tha Alkaholiks (8x)

Fo-sho shots get dropped and popped just like a picklock  
With the master key, but the master key be me  
I assign chop from hot, like a cold on a stove  
And commence to roll, like a tire  
A real rider will ride ya, like a stallion with a chair  
Any buster be cherbin', in the game that's embarrassin'  
And we came prepared because I'm round hoe  
On the down low  
And I hit the block with a 50 brown drama metal calico  
From the O to Mexico, we rip shows, gotta let them know  
How we flow, when we get the doe and roll a little harder  
So we smoke a hundered yarder, Bogard, who ridin' Marvin?  
No duckin' and dodgin', my niggas be ridin'  
But we be no gangstas, straight laced parlayers  
You stick around and watch my money lay ya  
And I know them haters, don't want to see you excel  
On the way to Bogel, but them busters always bumpin'  
They gun with a story to tell, fresh off the press  
Hittin' hard like a tech on the target

Scratching "Just grab the mic, ? don't do it right."

J-Ro rock the party till the needle start skippin'  
I'm trippin' like Pippen, long hour sippin'  
Uh, ? deep into books on my shelves  
I like them sexy ladies that can do for they damn selves  
What good is a beautiful dame, with a Royals Royce frame  
And a Volkswagen brain  
My style be kind of old, like gold  
But it's the reason why I still mold, C-notes in my bill fold  
I like my brew real cold, it's the Ro-gram you with me  
Swift won't you hit me, one time, fo the troubles in these rhymes  
Niggas do crimes and never make it past they primes  
My flows are numerous like East Valley murders  
Bustin' shit off like talk is cheap like Rally's burgers  
You know that cool niggero, riding on a metro  
With the Cold 4-0, I really don't like to permote guns  
But I got one, a pistol grip shot gun  
My other one weighs a ton, son, kid, loc, dog, whatever  
Fuckin' with the Likwit will get your head severed  
WhoRidas get it poppin' lik Buggalo shrimp, we got a perment job  
At rappin', we just attempt, and I  
Pimp the flow like Imp the Dimp  
And I run around 40's like my nigga Shawn Kemp, and I'm out

This is how it goes down, check out he sound  
Westcoast underground, who is the tightest?  
The Liks and WhoRidas  
(2x)

Trust no one, smash, with my family do or die  
When we ride on by cartel, street gangs by bail makes mail  
Won't stop, I sell, I need to proceed  
I can't cross what a nigga need with greed  
So I sit with Walley, and make my plan till dividens will end

With this look, my grand one of a kind like a brick  
To buy some shit once find, and flip it twice  
But don't put a thang on hold we roll  
We stay on the road, I gotta make my fetti even if it's off the wall  
Gotta stay on the ball, my gift to gab, make a lotta cash  
Sit back in a lab and strike oil like an Arab  
For sheeze, I know my brown preeza, oh Jesus  
In my lifetime so many fans movin' hand to hand  
So many niggas ou there trying to be the man  
Like Neon Deion, got jacked like peons  
On the front line for the first time

Hey, what's the big idea? Put that gun away Harry we have a deal.

It's never too late to improve your barganing position.

And to whom it my concern, it's Tash turn to burn  
Bored as fuck with the mic I snatch that shit from Howard Stern  
And host my own show  
Cause Tash is bout it bout when it's crowded  
I'm here to rock y'all niggas even though I'm Guinestouted  
So slide some oil to these stiff MC's  
While I get into this style that bones like M 3's  
Cause I'm here to clock cheese, my style is mega costly  
Even Oakland niggas ay "Tash is hella saucy" (What!)  
I stomp out the cop out, no ties or split deciesions  
The Hennessy is fuckin' with my vision  
But even half blind, I still find a rhyme to blow your mind  
That's why I walk around L.A. with more hoes than Ginuwine  
So jump in the saddle if y'all niggas wanna battle  
Cause I roll shake and rattle till your whole crew skidattle  
I'm posted to be chosen as the one to keep it pumpin'  
That's why you lookin' at me like "Tash is up to somethin'."  
I am though, I'm peepin' out the ladies on the wall  
That keep they self together with draweres that match they bras  
I feel 'em and I know them bitches feel me  
Cause I go by the name of (Catashtophy!)