

# The Next Level

Tha Alkaholiks

Welcome to the next level

The L-I-K-S, what makes them motherfuckers so damn fresh

Youse a nigga everybody diss cause you can't bust this  
You got a bad name like Dick Butkis  
Welcome to the next level, of rhyme flowin'  
Scratchin', hookin' up beats, and hoe catchin'  
Everytime I come home, I got fifty messages  
I only call back the girls with big big breasteses  
Ooh, I got bitties, in all the major cities  
The safest way to have sex is right between her (tittes)  
I beeped this fillie from Philly, we was puffin on a Phillie  
She started actin' silly, so I popped her like a Willie  
I'm like Cucamonga, I'm way out  
And you know I got the flow that'll never play out  
I was raised in Cali just like a palm tree  
I rock the mic from London to the Mohabi  
Tash Diamond D and the Ro to the J  
Amazing feats happen when we come out to play

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Out the funk bag of tricks  
Just for kicks, I represent with the Liks  
So here's the Vicks, I'm hittin' harder than a brick  
Tricks get slick, and face the dick real quick  
You better recognize, adjust your bifocals  
Your style is local, I sit on beats in Acapulco  
I put words together like Peter Jennings  
And skate on motherfuckers like Peggy Flemming  
So woah to those who owe  
From one oh four five six to nine oh two one oh  
I'm sippin' on pina colada  
Two blocks off La Cienega, at the Ramada  
But hold up, I'm not done yet  
I get hard like the perm pimps wear on Sunset  
So recognize when you feel it  
DITC, you can't steal it, aight

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My men, my men

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For all my niggaz in the places with blunts in they faces  
Off the two turntables with the anvil cases  
It's the L-I-K's that blaze and amaze that  
(Gots to roll deep) in these crazy-ass days  
Bu the Alkaholik rhymers, King Tee and Diamond D  
Got the gats pointed at ya like we're to round three  
Cause nineteen ninety-four is the year we overdo it  
With the house party beats and flowin' like fluid  
Cause ain't nothin' too but to do that shit and print it

But it's all about the loot so every move is documented  
And vented, by the man born for lyric kickin'  
Coolin' out with your bitch eatin' sweet and sour chicken

Exceeding Visa limits if the tab's on you  
I get drunk and reminisce about the shit I used to do  
We used ta, take out crews as a hobby after two in the lobby  
Me, Mike D, and my beatbox Robby  
Sendin kids back to the lab for more practice  
The only way they'd win, if we battled to see who's the wackest  
Ten years later, still a hip-hop slave  
A prehistoric b-boy makin' beats in my cave  
The L-I-K-S, what makes them motherfuckers so damn fresh  
It's the, liquid flows that we spillin' on ya  
Broadcastin' live from Southern California, and we out

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