

# Tore Down

Tha Alkaholiks

Stop, listen, what's that sound  
Likwid motherfuckers came to tear the house down

Hey yo, last FreshFest we was rockin Good Times  
This LikwidFest I be bustin out rhymes  
When Loot Pack's on your set we'll take total control  
of your mind feet body and inner soul  
Multiple beats to subject to discussion  
Wild Child sets it off after DJ Rome bring in my cuts in  
Can't understand overnight MC's that can't afford  
to get broken with the mic whether it's with or without a cord  
So I grab hip-hop right before wack MC's infect it  
Come attackin to your forehead and slowly make you respect it  
and then inject it, into your system, and when your veins  
start pulsatin, showin you Loot Pack, rocks the nation  
I'm on the court, Wild Child rocks the fort  
Keanu Reeves and Sinbad givin support, that gets my love  
I'd appreciate it, if y'all appreciate it, then rock with us  
Real hip-hop's not hard to spot like shoplifters (I see you)  
I flip that rhythmic, technique no gimmick  
But when you see Loot Pack rock, watch us freak the physic, yo  
I must confess I'm from the West about Fresh  
Don't try and test cause I break MC's down to they flesh

So put your best against this, it don't matter who flows  
When they step in my direction Rico slows they rolls like  
AHH, cause my brain tells me go against the grain  
Cause these other niggaz out here all be rappin just the same  
But I spit flames, I kick ass and take names  
Fuck the boozy dames, this art should be placed in frames  
and hung up on the wall right next to Picasso  
I heard niggaz comin down the pike, not so hot so  
Tash comes blazin, Loot Pack blazin  
Hot enough to fry you into california raisins  
Cause my Alkie style of rhymin is ahead of it's time  
I make words connect lovely like Coronas and lime  
So where you rhymes at? Break em out, don't be scared, show me  
Everytime I flow I feel like y'all niggaz owe me  
The one and only from the group you could feel  
cause it's a million Alkaholiks on the Earth (and that's real)

Stop, listen, what's that sound  
Likwid motherfuckers came to tear the house down  
(Uh, I'm to' down, uh, I'm to' down, uh, I might skip this round)  
Stop... what's that sound  
Likwid motherfuckers came to tear the house down  
(I'm to' down, I'm to' down y'all, I'm to' down y'all, I'm to' down)

We got that rhyme elevation racin like a mad liberation  
circle and run your base and, bust hip-hop  
preservation if you heard this on your station yo then you know  
that we'll knock you out with just, light ones  
Cut ya like a throne was on the cut slicer, I wet ya  
Yo I kick flavor, got more beats than my nigga got  
beeps on his pager, cause my flavor's like major  
Rhyme patterns intertwine with the beat offtime  
Then I read off lines or freestyle rhyme

Make ya rewind the crate digga niggaz, always, spliff rhyme rip  
Never slip my hop hips a grip  
With the Likwidation lyrical radiation you're facin  
fate worse than freebasin, with them flows your chasin  
Lyrics lead the Pack way, so I can blast a  
rapper that ain't classy, get up out this fast lane  
Cause you'll be feelin mass pain from being phony  
like when a nigga swear he know me, yo it be no comprehende  
Been doin this long you might as well call me a sensei

Round and round I go  
This rapper's name is J-Ro  
Wack MC's don't waste your timeeeee  
(let me stick to the rhyme)

Niggaz talk about scrappin when they can't scrape a grape  
That's why I choose to stick to myself like a roll of tape  
You don't wanna battle dog, I got a catalog  
of rhymes, break it down to your enzymes  
But your ass talk trash, know when your style is garb-y  
You soft as a Barbie, hard as Terence Trent D'Arby  
You the wackest MC I ever heard  
You fly like a wingless bird, it's absurd, you get the  
D-I, C-K, in-ya-mouth, all-day  
for comin outside anyway, my style's terrific many say  
You lightweight like ashes, it's goin down like plane crashes  
at all Alkaholik bashes

Yeah that's right West coast this the tear down  
Likwid crew in the place, knowwhatI'msayin?  
Yo fuck that let me shout it out to all the homeboys coast II coast  
Turnin them forties upside down  
Big up to King Tee and Xzibit  
Big up to the whole Likwid crew, big up to Mobb Deep  
The Def Squad, Cypress Hill, Wu-Tang, Westside Connection  
Uhh, to tear it down, I'm to' down, I might have to miss this round...