The Next Level

Tha Alkaholiks

Welcome to the next level
The L I K S, what makes them motherfuckers so damn freshYou'se a nigga, everybody diss 'cuz 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'
Every time 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 playWelcome to the next level
The L I K S, what makes them motherfuckers so damn freshOut 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 FlemmingSo 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, aightWelcome to the next level
The L I K S, what makes them motherfuckers so damn freshMy men, my menWelcome to the next level
The L I K S, what makes them motherfuckers so damn freshFor 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
(Got's to roll deep)

In these crazy-ass days
Bu the Alkaholik rhymer, King Tee and Diamond D
Got the gats pointed at ya like we're to 'round three'Cuz nineteen ninety-four is the year we overdo it
With the house party beats and flowin' like fluid
'Cuz 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 chickenExceeding 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 beat box Robby
Sendin' kids back to the lab for more practice
The only way they'd win, if we battled to see who's the wackiestTen 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 outWelcome to the next level
The L I K S, what makes them motherfuckers so damn fresh

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