Coast II Coast

Tha Alkaholiks

[Intro:]From city to city, coast II coast
Friday night is the night they like to party the most
(We came, to rock, for everybody)
From city to city, coast II coast
Friday night is the night they like to party the most
From city to city, coast II coast (all night y'all)
Friday night is the night they like to party the most[Verse One: Tash](From city to city, coast II coast)
I make rappers see more stars than Space Ghost
Cause my fiver I kick lyrics make em sound like (walkie talkies)
So the poet cracks the Moet while they drink the Old Milwaukee
Off the hook with (droppin visions) so the Leo of the trio
(Without the sexy voice) scoops more hoes than Theo
So I dedicate this rap to all my ghetto spokesmodels
Dressin like y'all paid, redeemin Coke bottles
So nod to the oddness as the story gets told
While I burn these MC's like Rotisierrie Gold
Cause you know the reputation of the L-I-K-Ses
The crew that wets you with they beer until somebody undresses
I bust my shit and peel! Grab my wheels of steel
If y'all niggaz can't feel me than y'all niggaz ain't real
I hit so hard the WBC
Called to ask me could the champ come and train with me
Cause my liquidatin flows transpose on niggaroles
Individuals, close they eyes, cause I blurred they visuals
And I'm about to be as large as Houdini in a minute
(Now the party didn't start) Till the Liks walked in it[Chorus:]From city to city, coast II coast
Friday night is the night they like to party the most
All night y'all (city to city) all night y'all
When the Liks is (coast II coast) in the house get hype y'allFrom city to city, coast II coast
Friday night is the night they like to party the most
All night y'all (city to city) all night y'all
(from coast II coast) The Liks is in the house to make it right y'all[Verse Two: J-Ro]Yeah... check out my Ro-gram
Since I was a kid I got darker
I write rhymes so phat I need a marker
My style gets bit like Peter Parker
If imitation is the greatest form of flattery...
...punk don't flatter me
I slam you like a pogue on my dog with no fleas and ticks

Chicks love them light-skinned rap niggaz called the Liks
Youse a wizard, with no tricks, the J-R-O got the spells
You never even heard Rock the Bells
My cash flows, like a bloody nose
It stains all your clothes, and your pill-ows
I come from the home of the Rodney King beatin
Pacoma CA, Riff Rack is where I'm eatin
Your style is like *do Do DOO* out of service
The Liks walk in the jam the punk MC's be gettin nervous
I never take falls, I got more balls than pre-hauls
I flow without flaws to scrape all you sucka paws
Never ever find the fool that stole my brew
(I'ma do mean, terrible, nasty things to you)
Don't lose me, I make a rude bwoy say excuse me
If you choose the real shit you can't refuse me
Ask your grandpap I bust the dandy rap
I be posted in the bar like Andy Capp
And I, could, just, go, all, the, way
On Friday[Interlude:]Yo whassup baby!!!
Yo wasn't that your nigga there performin?
Nah nah that wasn't him
Yo it was mad niggaz in that piece yo
What? What was they mad about?
...Yo kid
Kid?!! I'm old enough to be your uncle, heh
Anyway, where the BUD at?
Sorry we do not drink!
What the hell you talkin bout we don't drink
I mean the chronic
Oh you wanna smoke a L or sumthin?
An L? Fuck is that?
Man, word
Nathin
Who the fuck is Nate, tell him
It's Iesha, Farrah, and Kath true...[Chorus:]From city to city, coast II coast
Friday night is the night they like to party the most
And there's so many niggaz on the planet left to rock yo
don't be surprised when we rappin on your blockFrom city to city, coast II coast
Friday night is the night they like to party the most
To all the hoses and all the third-leggers
We comin old school like biscuits and Kreggers[Verse Three: J-Ro, E-Swift, Tash]Yo, first they didn't know me now the hoes be on my Moby
But I'm just a nigga kickin me shit like Reggie Roby
My name ain't Toby call me J-to the
Talk on my cellular telly got a belly like Buddah

I ain't Barry Gordy's son but I Rock(s)well
When I eat Jamaican food I get the ox tail
Get in the bushes with your punk style, you bore us
I should kick my foot through your windshield like Chuck NorrisI jump out the bushes and ambush your crew
Push you and moosh you like a bitch, what you wanna do
It's round two nigga I'm showin no love
It's like a heavyweight match, but without the gloves
You just can't rock a show, you're too quick to fatigue
I think you ain't busy since Red was in seas
You need to put a little more thought into your writin
Your style is Virginia Slim, while mine is Phillie tightenedSo stop biting what your mouth can't chew
A nova eat you but my DJ flow better than you
But when I go to set it call the closest paramedic
Cause you faker than that motherfuckin jewelry that's cosmetic
So hold on to your seats while I rock these beats
Cause these are just the repeats of our amazing feats
Cause even Kurtis Blow knows we break beats like world records
So my style'll hurt you worser than a cut that's infected
And we O... W... T...

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