

Likwit Fusion (feat the Alkaholiks & Defari)

Lootpack

If MC's don't know, if y'all niggas don't know
If my niggas don't know, if ya girlies don't know
If y'all brothers don't know, if y'all sisters don't know
About the Likwit Crew, how will you know? Well, it's the slider, the slipper, the malt liquor sipper
The nigga in the corner waiting for this turn to rip ya
I'll flip it to the mode with that wino rhyme flow
I know ya niggas be bouncing to my vinyl 'Cuz people, Rico got everything you need
If ya niggas got the chickens, I got the bird seed
I'm here to make ya bleed with the lyrics of tomorrow
With the Cisco, the Hennessy and Silver Duck, Sapporo The vodka, the brandy, the rum and fucking Coke and
The zig zags in Vegas for that chronic straight from Oakland
This beat's not redundant off the SP1200 Tash has mastered more styles than motherfucking Bernie Grundman
The beats make me tweak every time I speak, you can't take the heat
Y'all niggas need to turn the other cheek, the L I K, the W I T
Y'all niggas better go and rush that Lootpack LP Fusion Some brothers never had that inner soul capability
Their ineligibility back fired on their ability
To step inside of an unknown underground facility
With papes and props to get You was the only one with a mic in your hand
Claiming you rocked the shit
Like a lunar eclipse, as soon as it clips to ya mind state that
Jack rhymes great, black, like strikes umpire takes back As I get underground like CIA's, I be's dope
IC's like cops always need ID's
Wild Child, come and kick a freestyle
Teah, I'll make ya head swell up
When Helen Keller, tell 'em a story, Wild Child style's relevant All you pop heads drop dead and focus on my
flows
It's a matter of speaking when Wild Child be freakin' at the shows
Now uh, speaking for my bro's, when we spit shit, you spit shit
But you still get mad confused, messing with the Likwit Crew Female virgins out there, big up, props, I like sex
But I spread endurance, influence and assurance upon my mic check
So let's just break it, break it, break it down like this
Break it, break it, break it down like this Brothers with skills, no bills, no shows
Go for what you know unless you got no flows
Can the Likwit Crew MC's be defeated?
It's the Liks and the Pack and we ready to blow Yo, I was a B-boy before I got my first piece of ass
Before I ever put the rum and Coke in the glass
Before I even met my niggas E-Swift and Tash
Before I ever had a shadow of a mustache It's the ill loop digga nigga leavin' lyric lash like a whiplash
For y'all niggas is only here for cash

It's the Likwit Crew, we keep it poppin' like '85
While in '97 a lot of brothers be shady I keep it to myself like my wealth stacked, dolo phat
Rollin' on this track with my nigga Ro got my back
'Cuz if loopin' was hoopin', Madlib would have hell a ups
I be pourin' rhymes into Styrofoam cups And passing them out to everybody at the show
I'm not on the rocks, just a straight J-Ro
I'll get your body movin' like a sauna, full of piranha's
I'll make your grandmamma wanna hit the marijuana While I'm on the next level, hittin' like I wanna
Comin' like I'm Roland Hanna, gettin' iller than Madonna
Madlib the bad kid, all up in your ear hole
Grab off the gold and then transmit the soul I'm a let it be told what the Lootpack means to me
It's the return of the emcee
So Defari Heru from the Likwit Crew
Tell the party people how you do, what you do My Notebooks always in my brain
I mean even if fly, my mind forget a line
I still remember names and phrases
And endless pages of lyrics that are spirits
That's why I'm Likwit Crew member to the fullest Defari, bust back with the Lootpack rock the Palm a lot
That's why these broads grab my arm a lot and hold it tight
Flossy A's and money A's all night
I'm low kizzy on the rhyme be weekly Then I'm up at tops they say teach me
And so I do teach the truth to the youth
Meanwhile back at the lab, brand new singles are hits
This Lootpack shit straight Likwit Fusion

Songwriters

Jr. Jackson; Jack Ray Brown; Romeo Jimenez Published by

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