

# L-I-K-S

## Tha Liks

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Ha ha, ha, ha, ha, straight ignorance at it's finest  
We got the rowdy ass Alkaholik boys in the house tonight  
They brought they homeboys the Animal House to come fuck witch'all  
Animal House full of skateboarders, head bangers, slang bashers  
Y'know, check me out Aiyyo Tha Liks work beats like custom auto  
When the fans hear the name they straight rush a bottle  
It's two thou' now niggaz what's the motto?  
(Keep it pourin' motherfucker)  
Ah 'til it hurts to swallow I got a Rollo ass style with no strings attached  
If you ain't come to battle don't bring yo' raps  
It's tha Liks baby, yeah, yeah, the same team  
Yo Swift, tell these niggaz what the fuck the name means Aight  
Leanin' on the ledge of the bar, loud rowdy and rude  
Longevity, lots of energy  
Legendary Likwid Crew for life, large following  
Illustrious, impressive In your rap section, not imperfection  
International, inner city nigga  
I'm the truth in the isolated booth  
Idolize my group Who keep runnin' off at the mouth, keep it bouncin' down South  
We stay keyed, keep on givin' the fans what they need  
Keep it rough for these streets  
(Swift) So inebriated, so faded  
So underrated, so concentrated  
So focused, so much ambition  
So much recognition, that's the definition of L, to the motherfuckin'  
I, to the motherfuckin'  
K, to the motherfuckin'  
S, what comes next? It's the  
L, to the motherfuckin'  
I, to the motherfuckin'  
K, to the motherfuckin'  
S, what comes next? It's the So when tha Liks is on the set it's that same shit perpetual

A gang of rookie niggaz tryin' to drink against professionals  
But y'all bow down around drink six  
When you seein' nine of us but it's only three LiksHeadbangin' beats leaves necks with pinched nerves  
Tash slurs word serves when I'm sippin' C-derb  
But y'all already know what's the name of my team  
So yo J, tell these niggaz what the fuck the name meansLos Angeles, lyrical manhandlers  
Got ladies laid up in the lab, livin' skanless  
For the love of brew, younger son named Lou  
Likwid niggaz in the party laminate your whole bodyI'm usin' alcohol infusion  
You idiots get bruised 'cause you choosin' an illusion  
How can I be inhumane?  
In a world full of animals I'm pure like Iverson handlesYou know you better kneel to Likwid Knights  
We down with the King plus we knit real tight  
We got the knack to make knots, leave me the fuck alone  
Before I break you down from kneecaps to knuckle bonesShit you done walked into a storm  
We reign seven feet above the norm  
Pull it over to the side, I'm slip slidin' and swervin'  
Servin' this broad in a suburban, I hit her with theL, to the motherfuckin'  
I, to the motherfuckin'  
K, to the motherfuckin'  
S, what comes next? It's the  
L, to the motherfuckin'  
I, to the motherfuckin'  
K, to the motherfuckin'  
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