

# Heavy Rotation

## Dilated Peoples

Y'all didn't bring no ice?

(Nigga)

Nobody brought no ice?

(Ahh, ah, ha, aww, yeah)Yo, yo, pass the beer

(We drink in heavy rotation)

(Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' bout!)

One-two, one-two

(Ahh, ahh)Dilated y'all

(Toast to this)

It's Tha Liks baby

(Toast to this)And y'all can't come

(Close to this)

Dilated, heavy rotated with Tha LiksI'm so outlandish, my rhymes the paint, the track's the canvas

Find me puffin' tampons on your nearest college campus

McEn-Ro, servin' up heat like Pete Sampras

Drinkin' Jose Cuervo like some Spanish banditsMake women panic when I tell 'em I'ma vanish

Don't take it personal, these are eight-one-eight antics

Hoes, break your pockets like car mechanics

Every mornin', I bow down and pray like a mantisMost women can't stand this but I, ain't romantic

So that thought you can banish to the city of Atlantis

Me and Tash met this tan bitch, made a Likwid sandwich

I consume strictly green leaves like pandasDig through ice for my brew, like they dig for woolly mammoths

I'm volcanic up in bitches that look like Dorothy Dandridge

Your style is Major Damage, it's played out and ripped up

It needs a bandage, how do you manage? I can't stand itHops, barley, water, yeast, grain

Distillery alcohol for the brain

So check it out, smoke fills the area

Drunk as fuck, launch off the aircraft carrierYour vision blurred eyes start to blink

You overdid it homes, you had too much to drink

(Cut it out)

This bout's set for twelve rounds of pain

Tequila limes and salt, these cats hard to hangSixteen bar shark, teeth to fangs

Open off Tha Liks duck season, you're in range

Turn the page here comes the next chapter

Battle Ev? You sign with Blue Cross or AFTRAHeavy rotation, dilate expansion

California funk, like Flav, we Cold Lampin'

Fuck the format 'til they can't ignore us

But chill Swift 'bout to kill after the chorusDilated y'all

(Toast to this)

It's Tha Liks baby  
 (Toast to this)And y'all can't come  
 (Close to this)  
 Dilated, heavy rotated with Tha LiksDilated y'all  
 (Toast to this)  
 It's Tha Liks baby  
 (Toast to this)And y'all can't come  
 (Close to this)  
 Dilated, heavy rotated with Tha LiksI cook up beats like dope, they should call me illegal  
 We control the underground like Bugsy Siegal  
 And my crew is like the mob, we whylin' off that vino  
 High-rollin', takin' over your local casinoYear after year, my music pleases your ear  
 That's why my focus is right like Outboard gear  
 Tune in, this is like a family reunion  
 We like cousins and shit, hey, rockin' this bitchDilated and the  
 (Likwid MC's)  
 We gradually elevatin' to a  
 (Higher degree)We smash through the underground like we  
 (SUV's)  
 And spit game to the hoes and let 'em know they gettin'  
 (Nuttin' for free)Aiiyo, listen close, toast to West coast  
 Where bein' gangsta ain't a hoax, we kill folks  
 And C-walkin' ain't just a dance or a joke  
 We stay in heavy rotation, coast to coastYo, it's hard to pass the bar, ask your lawyer  
 Likwid, pour it on y'all from California  
 Programmers, spray this on your play list  
 If rap was hard liquor I'd be 'Leaving Las Vegas'Live show radio mix tape massacre  
 It's a party y'all with room for more passengers  
 I turn mics to pistols and start rappin'  
 And turn pistols back to mics and start blastin' 'emJ-Ro, E-Swift, Tash and them  
 'Expansion Team', 'X.O.' chips, cashin' 'em  
 I'm not fashionable but I am international  
 I called it like, I see it on stage like SupernaturalHonies, keep flirtin' like the flows are workin'  
 Don't stop 'til I'm certain then I close the curtains  
 Animal House shit, coast to coast like Tha Liks  
 I don't drink as much, but I'll toast to thisDilated y'all  
 (Toast to this)  
 It's Tha Liks baby  
 (Toast to this)And y'all can't come  
 (Close to this)  
 Dilated, heavy rotated with Tha LiksAiiyo, CaTash'll slap the track with a open fist backhand  
 I crack fans with funk then burn rubber like the Gap Band  
 Batman can't walk through my hood, it's no love  
 Tash'll jack him for his cape and sport that shit to the clubIs it love or is it buzz, that got my thinkin' patterns  
 Thinkin' yo' bitch is mine that's why you see me winkin' at her

She'll be drinkin' at a tavern, out of a glass size 8  
Likwid Crew and Dilated make that ass gyrate While you ask I take, anythin' that I could lift  
Your rapper's rappin' like CaTash y'all DJ's rappin' like Swift  
I was born with a gift, you niggaz used to average rappin'  
Your styles is old as fuck, that's why my clique start cabbage patchin' I do this for the beer, and for the ones that  
ain't here  
Y'all, niggaz better make way for X, Ras and Saafir  
I'm like a tattooed tear, Tash'll never go away  
I'm 'bout to fill my quota I need X.O. every day Dilated y'all  
(Toast to this)  
It's Tha Liks baby  
(Toast to this) And y'all can't come  
(Close to this)  
Dilated, heavy rotated with Tha Liks Dilated y'all  
(Toast to this)  
It's Tha Liks baby  
(Toast to this) And y'all can't come  
(Close to this)  
Dilated, heavy rotated with Tha Liks The extended family of Tha Alkaholiks  
The extended family of the Likwit Crew  
The extended family of everybody that smoke bud  
Dilated Peoples in the motherfuckin' place y'all

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