

Anotha Round

Tha Liks

Yeah, it's the return of three crunk mothafuckas
Huh huh, yeah, it's tha Liks
We gots Stan the guitar man in the house
Mothaplucka, uh, uh, say what? I'm sick like a sore throat swallow, drunk act to follow
I'll make the whole bottle hollow, what a ride!
Rollin' wit' a open container, and one in the chamber
Ten Likwit CD's in the changer Bettin' wages on the Lakers, yo' squad is in danger
Hoes go two ways these days like my pager
Say hoe, my name is J-Ro, oh, you didn't know? No
Well, fuck you then I hang with cats, who chase rats, and kick tats
Hit the eightball like Minnesota Fats
Got more than biceps, relax
Pure hoes jockin' in the studio flats When I'm in the house, take off the wave cap for hats
Got scully from a hoochie, with lips like Da Brat
Raised in the valley of the shadow of death
So I fear none, time to anty up for the beer run And you know we are tha Alkaholiks
It's last call, can we get anotha round?
We are tha Alkaholiks
And I know ya like the way it's goin' down So all the ladies to the limo, it's tha Alkaholik carpool
Lyrics bang from thirty feet to blow y'all niggas off your bar stool
We back, to wet'cha, the flawless, the wallus
Regardless of your colors, tha Liks or Alkaholiks We the same three niggas that be makin' the noise
Doin' donuts in Ferrari's, like some drunk hot boys
Do or die fool! We straight from the home of where we spark from
Where the we'd all leave ya dizzy like a tranquilizer dart gun The L, not to be confused with Tinseltown
Well, I made a million dollars off this shit I penciled down
Flashy-tashy, be gunnin' from the worstest alliance
And when I die, I'ma donate all my verses to science Do the tango, while rappers get strangled by the loan shark
You be ridin' niggas dick, that's why you never make your own mark
I'm sober and justice, why this is my year
Screamin' "Party over here, fuck y'all over there!"
Party over here, fuck y'all over there! We are tha Alkaholiks
It's last call, can we get anotha round?
We are tha Alkaholiks
And I know ya like the way it's goin' down King Tee started it off, and then came tha Liks
Then Xzibit added hot done prada to the mix
Then Defari, "Hey you!" Comin' through, Likwit crew
And [incomprehensible] hits the brew, who can sin it? To tha sin it, twisted and bent it, but if the funk ain't in it
My DJ always submitted to spin it

If I said it I meant it, don't get'cha mouth pin it and augmented
We feelin' with a penny, represent it Ayyo re-pre-sent, yo' re-si-dence
If it don't say Likwit, then you won't get bent Ayyo, dollars and cents, they make the world twist awkward
Got niggas in the hood, livin' next to they doctor
I'm a rowdy, mic-rocker, since the age of twenty-two
In the video, flossin', like this could be you Likwit crew, do it up, 'til the wheels fall off it
Unlike these other niggas that had it and lost it
We stayed in the game, stayed hot, turned up the flame
Y'all know the name! We are tha Alkaholiks
It's last call, can we get anotha round?
We are tha Alkaholiks
And I know ya like the way it's goin' down We are tha Alkaholiks
It's last call, can we get anotha round?
We are tha Alkaholiks
And I know ya like the way it's goin' down
We are the Alkaholiks

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