

# Likwit (feat. King Tee)

## Tha Alkaholiks

Verse one: tash

I hang mc's with my noose, watch me get loose  
The nigga flippin more styles than snapple got juice  
Cause I'm too hot to handle, got more soul in my pinky  
Than a niggy pickin his afro in a leopard skin dashiki  
The freshest, yes it's, the rhymer with the bottle  
Kickin it with my homie like lamont do with rollo  
Live at the apollo, they still couldn't do it  
Cause even in new york the crew be buzzin off the fluid  
So testing [one], testing [two], testing [three]  
Too much olde e will make you pee  
As you can see I'm the alkaholik tipsy off the whiskey  
Get with the clippers never nappy like misty  
I didn't grow dreads, cause dreads is for the rastas  
Tha alkaholik click straight knockin out imposters  
Gots to roll deep like ants at a picnic  
Get with the crew that's flowin like likwit

Verse two: j-ro

Every night I pray to God please, no more wack mc's  
I catch a few z's, wake up and bust these  
I get over like a high jumper, freaks be on my weenie  
Cause they know I'm packin more shit than bandini  
The freshest on the map servin raps with all fixins  
E-swift does the mixin, pockets fat like rickie nixon  
[ain't no party like a alkaholik party]  
So don't be a nitwit, get with the likwit  
[ah yeah, ah yeah] yeah a little louder a little louder a little louder  
One two one two yeah just like that, yo  
Yo, [flowin like likwit]  
Ahh yeah [ahh yeah ahh yeah ahh yeah] flowin like likwit  
Owwwww, king tee  
Verse three: king tee  
Here comes the lik, or should I say likwit  
As I gets funky on a track that my nigga e-swift did  
Rollin with the alkaholik group, call me trooper  
Run of the mill skills got your neck in the noose  
But hey, I be the k-i-n-g tee for short  
Big ballin nigga playin rhymes like a sport  
Wicked when I kick it, yeah that's the ticket

Tossin up a forty still buzzin off the likwit

Verse four: j-ro

You ain't got enough skill, to fill up a cup

So niggy won't you just shut the [hold up]

The girls call me dookie man cause I'm the shit can't you smell son

I gots more freaks than prince rogers nelson

I can't be stopped I got hip-hop wreckin powers

I gotta say what's up to my buddy ricky flowers

We got that likwit funk, we get drunk with the

.... [hell motherfuckin yeah]

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