

# Blackula

## Tash

Yo, Ro'Gram where you at, homey? At nighttime I'm on the prow and I'm livin' foul like Blackula  
Got a microphone made out of chrome shaped like a spatula  
'Cause I'm flippin' rhymes at three times the speed of lightning  
You dare to compare to the golden bear, it's kind of frightening You can meditate 'til you levitate but never rate  
Higher than a seven, eight, yeah, I had to set 'em straight  
I know you feelin' these, I ram sack yo' facilities  
I'm ill at ease with these MCs, who ain't got no abilities Get at me, I make MCs run out like batteries  
I roll the bleeze and then I blow like cannonball adderly  
You try to get with Likwit but yo' brew ain't cold enough, cold enough  
You try to get with Likwit but yo' brew ain't cold enough, cold enough Y'all ain't even gotta clue what my  
clique gon' do  
Fast money, fast cars, niggaz sleep until two  
My Likwit niggaz rendezvous, we cop Kung-fus and split 'em  
When the freaks come out at night, CaTash be right wit 'em Stone faced but only when I'm loaded wit funs  
Big guns, I'll make you do the nestea plunge  
I only came to have some fun but I get caught up in the rapture  
I don't even write lyrics no more, I manufacture Cold shit, you know that old gold shit, that raw shit  
That drunken alkahol shit that make you say, aw shit  
Them motherfuckers is too slick for Michael  
We be creepin' up on you like police on bikes It's the middle of the hype night  
All the ladies looking right, right  
My Likwit niggaz, keep it tight, tight  
Rowdy niggaz wanna fight, fight It's the middle of the hype night  
All the ladies looking right, right  
My Likwit niggaz keep it Me and my niggaz out lookin' for a party to crash  
Mashed out to Long Beach but we stop for some gas  
I pull in first, CaTash pulled in last  
J-Ro steady rollin' blunts of the Moroccan hash Since, it's all about the cash, we lay on that smash  
Hit up four five and Carson, scoop Xzibit and Brad  
The sounds beatin' so hard it's vibratin' my glass  
Blast, plus we drivin' way too fast Slow down, you can't crash the whip, slow down  
And hit a dip 'cause I paid a lot of money for this promise kit  
We runnin' late for a show, we got this money to get  
The nightlife'll have you caught up in all types of shit Like what? Like this, like that, like that like this  
I drink St. Ide's, I don't be fuckin' with Crist'  
'Cause we the type of clique that need to drink somethin' stronger  
When tha Liks is in the house, the party last longer I dedicate this song to, bitches and thugs  
Who party down at the club and show tha Liks love  
Even with creatine injected in your spleen

You couldn't compete with my all-star Likwit team 'Cause tha Liks reign supreme of all hip-hop scenes  
We heard about your boogie party, bumrushed it in jeans  
And still pulled the hoes most likely to succeed  
Where that nigga J-Ro? Most likely smokin' weed It's the middle of the night, night  
All the ladies looking right, right  
My Likwit niggaz keep it tight, tight  
Rowdy niggaz wanna fight, fight It's the middle of the night, night  
All the ladies looking right, right  
My Likwit niggaz keep it tight, tight  
Rowdy niggaz wanna fight, fight Yo, check it out  
Turn up the level more so I can hear the shit forever more  
I came out of nowhere like predator, that's a metaphor  
If you rap-impaired, you might say what happened there  
While the B-boys clap and cheer, bring that beat back in here Nighttime is the right time to write rhymes  
Why you wanna bite mine? I blow you away like white lines  
I think, you better let it go, get yo' ass off my pedestal  
Before you need attention and it's gonna be medical If rap was basketball, I'd have the earl the pearl handles  
I drink everything but Jack Daniels  
Rap scandals don't interest me, I don't get dressy  
Tha Liks rock the shows but leave the whole crowd messy It's the middle of the night, night  
All the ladies looking right, right  
My Likwit niggaz keep it tight, tight  
Rowdy niggaz wanna fight, fight It's the middle of the night, night  
All the ladies looking right, right  
My Likwit niggaz keep it tight, tight  
Rowdy niggaz wanna fight, fight

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