

Wu-Tang Clan

"Likwit Rhyming"

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[Xzibit]

From now and forever its the Likwit Emcee

"From now and forever its the Likwit Emcee" -Scratched
by Tony Touch

[Defari]

Danger danger, wild west ranger ranger
Rearrange'a the mark ass stranger
Behold, the look on my face stone cold
With a rare cowboy style that never grow old
I'm the Golden State bear with a rough flare, plus
debanare
Time for me and mine, but for any kind I can't care
Stormy weather rain liquid
Defari con Tony Toca, Tash, and Xzibit
Break necks bounce with it when I spit it
Knockin this jam is a form of calasthenics
Let it knock when you mashin down the block
Rims spank with the car wash
Watch the bitches stop
An look, always stay five steps ahead
Hard at work, while you tricks lay in bed
Dead to the world but ?Hayru? he be the sun
Always burnin, 'cuz my job is never done
Run from one time I rather dump an AK
Thats for all the black and brown that got carried away
To the morg, when I look in the mirror I see the Lord

"Oh my God" -Scratched by TT

[Tash]

Since niggas wanna set trip
It's time to start the checklist
Tash the Likwit rhymer runnin through your city
reckless
Blame it on the hennisey, we drink that shit for
breakfast
My style be standin out like my homie Tony's necklace
This is flawless raw'less for ya ballers
Nah, fuck y'all, this is for all my drunken alcoholiks

Nah, fuck dat, this is for my homie Tony Touch
I told ya homeboy we come through in the clutch
New York, L.A. its not the same thing
Y'all niggas rob, out here we gangbang
Guns to the ammo, niggas think they Rambo
Standin on the corner with they khakis and they flannel
Dang yo' flow sound just like D's
Who wanna battle three G's for T's
Please, read it off the lips of the Alki-bumrusher
Fuck you up so bad, Tony wouldn't wanna Touch ya

Say what?
Say what?
Say what?
Say what?
Say what?
Say what?
I'll fuck you up so bad, Tony wouldn't wanna Touch ya
Say what?
I'll fuck you up so bad, Tony wouldn't wanna Touch ya

[Xzibit]
Lets get upclose and personal, malicious, Sid Vicious
I bang bitches, you might find yourself missin tonight
Rapper's Delight, keep it at the house but ain't fuckin it
right
Got'choo stuck in the headlights, can't move
Impact is all of the sudden, vehicular homicide
But I ain't stoppin for nothin
Me and my cousin, strong buzzin, and playin a dozen
Pushin and shovin', leads to gettin sucked and rolled
up
Like a nigga with a mask and a gun, hold up
Rappers act like they ain't gon' die for small fry
Try to reply, don't touch what you ain't gon' buy
I ain't gon' lie, motherfucker love to get high
Barely get by with scraps and pennies
Now we winnin Grammy's and Emmy's
And party with the henni and remi
Got a big bang theory nigga keepin it hot
Its the art versus ??? or not

[Scratched by TT]
"Let me show some off me skills here"
"Alright....that does it"

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