

## Cidade Negra

### "Bottoms Up"

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Intro: Tash

Yes yes yes yes yes yeah-he-ha-ha-ha!  
Back to drown ya'll motherfuckaz!  
Who we got, we got, we got  
We got the Liks, we got the Liks, we got the Liks  
Cause MC's in ninety-five, MC's in ninety-five  
MC's in ninety-five that think they rock like  
MC's in ninety-five, MC's in ninety-five  
MC's in ninety-five that swear they rock live

Verse One:

MC's in ninety-five they need way more rehearsin  
They write they booty kyrics then they add they little  
curse in  
YOu're not a true hip-hop person  
Spend a little time with your rhymes and quit makin  
wack versions  
I send this shit out to all them niggaz from that group  
With the ninety minute demo sounding just like Snoop  
You better bizzay, your ass up out my rhyme zone  
Fore I leave you on the ground broke up like pine cones  
You're rootin and tootin but ain't did no shootin  
while the freshest hip-hop, it curses verses like a  
wicked witch  
Disaster, cock the rhyme flows back to kill  
To get me out your system takes more than Golden  
Seal  
Cause I bust so many flows I gotta file my shit in  
columns  
while MC's be goin down like Olympiads that slalom,  
rock-bottom  
I got em, left without no watchers  
While I be housin niggaz like they put up for adoption  
I rock loaded, I never get promoted  
But through the bullshit my crew stays devoted  
While you be bustin lyrics bout the funs y'all niggaz  
toted  
I'll be standin like a b-boy with both arms folded  
But no excuses, I still get the loosest

When Rico's in the house tryin to grab the mic and juice  
this  
So back the fuck up like we told you last time  
Cause it's the Licks in the house with the ninety-five  
rhymes

Chorus: Repeat 4X

We can do our thing (we can do our thing), bottoms up!

Verse Two: J-Ro

I wake up, kill a roach, call the homies, hit some  
weights  
Reminisce about the shows we did in forty-eight  
states  
Banned in the rest, but we was on tour with who  
De La, and Quest, we made the crowd say yes (yes)  
Now it's like fuck, Make Room, move your ass out my  
way  
Bay-bee, bay-bee  
With all these hoes around clwon, why you wanna  
bang?  
Let's have a celebration like Kool and the Gang  
I bring it all the way back, like a punk return  
I rock some spots and call more shots than Chick  
Hearns  
The only MC I like is Amante  
I was drinkin Asi Spumante wit cha auntie  
Bust them lyrics shots from the AKG  
When it comes to style and finesse, I'm the epitome  
Hit a beat, make em all retire, flyer  
higher than a jet, like Stet I'm on fire  
Causin pain like a runaway train you don't stop  
Drop the track, now watch it flow back to the top  
I'm the J-R-O, not J-E-R-U  
And you know what we came to do, bottoms up!

Chorus

Verse Three: King Tee

When you hear screams, that means King Tee walked  
in  
The advertisement, and that nigga's bent  
Raise up off the wall, bitches Last Call  
Ready for the ruckus, pushin motherfuckers off the  
stage  
Teela's got a brand new gauge  
So Make Room, for the crew with beats that  
I got a complex I guess I bust best with stress

A mess, don't bring that shit to the West, cause  
Uhhh, I bring drama, like Jeffery Dahmer  
Choppin up MC's with they mama  
Ah-hah! Oops I made a funny with the dozens  
The one-est, who busts rough rhymes for the cousins  
Super Nigga's comin! Faster than a bullet  
Leapin over buildings, wavin at the children  
And don't even trip cause the Alkaholiks funk don't  
cease  
Tash I'm up out this piece

Chorus (repeat until fades)

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