

Dilated Peoples "Heavy Rotation"

Visit "[Heavy Rotation](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Y'all didn't bring no ice?
(Nigga)
Nobody brought no ice?
(Ahh, ah, ha, aww, yeah)

Yo, yo, pass the beer
(We drink in heavy rotation)
(Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' bout!)
One-two, one-two
(Ahh, ahh)

Dilated y'all
(Toast to this)
It's Tha Liks baby
(Toast to this)

And y'all can't come
(Close to this)
Dilated, heavy rotated with Tha Liks

I'm so outlandish, my rhymes the paint, the track's the
canvas
Find me puffin' tampons on your nearest college
campus
McEn-Ro, servin' up heat like Pete Sampras
Drinkin' Jose Cuervo like some Spanish bandits

Make women panic when I tell 'em I'ma vanish
Don't take it personal, these are eight-one-eight antics
Hoes, break your pockets like car mechanics
Every mornin', I bow down and pray like a mantis

Most women can't stand this but I, ain't romantic
So that thought you can banish to the city of Atlantis
Me and Tash met this tan bitch, made a Likwid
sandwich
I consume strictly green leaves like pandas

Dig through ice for my brew, like they dig for woolly
mammoths
I'm volcanic up in bitches that look like Dorothy
Dandridge

Your style is Major Damage, it's played out and ripped up
It needs a bandage, how do you manage? I can't stand it

Hops, barley, water, yeast, grain
Distillery alcohol for the brain
So check it out, smoke fills the area
Drunk as fuck, launch off the aircraft carrier

Your vision blurred eyes start to blink
You overdid it homes, you had too much to drink
(Cut it out)
This bout's set for twelve rounds of pain
Tequila limes and salt, these cats hard to hang

Sixteen bar shark, teeth to fangs
Open off Tha Liks duck season, you're in range
Turn the page here comes the next chapter
Battle Ev? You sign with Blue Cross or AFTRA

Heavy rotation, dilate expansion
California funk, like Flav, we Cold Lampin'
Fuck the format 'til they can't ignore us
But chill Swift 'bout to kill after the chorus

Dilated y'all
(Toast to this)
It's Tha Liks baby
(Toast to this)

And y'all can't come
(Close to this)
Dilated, heavy rotated with Tha Liks

Dilated y'all
(Toast to this)
It's Tha Liks baby
(Toast to this)

And y'all can't come
(Close to this)
Dilated, heavy rotated with Tha Liks

I cook up beats like dope, they should call me illegal
We control the underground like Bugsy Siegal
And my crew is like the mob, we whylin' off that vino
High-rollin', takin' over your local casino

Year after year, my music pleases your ear
That's why my focus is right like Outboard gear

Tune in, this is like a family reunion
We like cousins and shit, hey, rockin' this bitch

Dilated and the
(Likwid MC's)
We gradually elevatin' to a
(Higher degree)

We smash through the underground like we
(SUV's)
And spit game to the hoes and let 'em know they gettin'
(Nuttin' for free)

Aiyyo, listen close, toast to West coast
Where bein' gangsta ain't a hoax, we kill folks
And C-walkin' ain't just a dance or a joke
We stay in heavy rotation, coast to coast

Yo, it's hard to pass the bar, ask your lawyer
Likwid, pour it on y'all from California
Programmers, spray this on your play list
If rap was hard liquor I'd be 'Leaving Las Vegas'

Live show radio mix tape massacre
It's a party y'all with room for more passengers
I turn mics to pistols and start rappin'
And turn pistols back to mics and start blastin' 'em

J-Ro, E-Swift, Tash and them
'Expansion Team', 'X.O.' chips, cashin' 'em
I'm not fashionable but I am international
I called it like, I see it on stage like Supernatural

Honies, keep flirtin' like the flows are workin'
Don't stop 'til I'm certain then I close the curtains
Animal House shit, coast to coast like Tha Liks
I don't drink as much, but I'll toast to this

Dilated y'all
(Toast to this)
It's Tha Liks baby
(Toast to this)

And y'all can't come
(Close to this)
Dilated, heavy rotated with Tha Liks

Aiyyo, CaTash'll slap the track with a open fist
backhand
I crack fans with funk then burn rubber like the Gap
Band

Batman can't walk through my hood, it's no love
Tash'll jack him for his cape and sport that shit to the club

Is it love or is it buzz, that got my thinkin' patterns
Thinkin' yo' bitch is mine that's why you see me winkin' at her
She'll be drinkin' at a tavern, out of a glass size 8
Likwid Crew and Dilated make that ass gyrate

While you ask I take, anythin' that I could lift
Your rapper's rappin' like CaTash y'all DJ's rappin' like Swift
I was born with a gift, you niggaz used to average rappin'
Your styles is old as fuck, that's why my clique start cabbage patchin'

I do this for the beer, and for the ones that ain't here
Y'all, niggaz better make way for X, Ras and Saafir
I'm like a tattooed tear, Tash'll never go away
I'm 'bout to fill my quota I need X.O. every day

Dilated y'all
(Toast to this)
It's Tha Liks baby
(Toast to this)

And y'all can't come
(Close to this)
Dilated, heavy rotated with Tha Liks

Dilated y'all
(Toast to this)
It's Tha Liks baby
(Toast to this)

And y'all can't come
(Close to this)
Dilated, heavy rotated with Tha Liks

The extended family of Tha Alkaholiks
The extended family of the Likwit Crew
The extended family of everybody that smoke bud
Dilated Peoples in the motherfuckin' place y'all

Visit [Dilated Peoples](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.