

Alkaholiks

"Anotha Round"

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[J-Ro]

Yaa

Yeah

It's the return of three drunk mothafuckas

Huh, yeah

It's Tha Liks

We gots Stan the guitar man in the house

Mothaclucka

Uh-uh

What?

[Verse 1: J-Ro]

I'm sick like a sore throat swallow

Drunk act to follow

I'll make the whole bottle hollow (What a ride)

Rollin' wit' a open container

And one in the chamber

Ten Likwit CD's in the changer

Bettin' wages on the Lakers

Yo' squad is in danger

Hoes go two ways these days like my pager

Say Hoe, my name is J-Ro

Oh, you didn't know? (No)

Well, fuck you then!

I hang with cats, who chase rats, and kick tats

Hit the eightball like Minnesota fats

Got more ? than biceps, relax

Pure hoes jockin' in the studio flats

When I'm in the house, take off the wave cap for hats

Got scully from a hoochie, with lips like Da Brat

Raised in the valley of the shadow of death

So I fear none, time to ?

[Chorus]

We are Tha Alkaholiks

It's last call, can we get anotha round?

We are Tha Alkaholiks

And I know ya like the way it's goin' down

[Verse 2: Tash]

So all the ladies to the Limo

It's Tha Alkaholik car pool
Lyrics bang from thirty feet
To blow y'all niggas off your bar stool
We back, to wet'cha
The flawless, the wallus
Regardless of your colors, Tha Liks are Alkaholiks

[Tha Liks]

We the same three niggas that be makin' the noise
Doin' donuts in Ferrari's, like some drunk hot boys

Do or die fool
Straight from the home of where we spark from
Where the weed'll leave ya dizzy
Like a tranquelizer dart gun
The L, not to be confused with Tinsletown
Well, I made a million dollars off

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