

Alkaholiks

"Likwit Ridas"

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Intro:

WhoRidas. Tha Alkaholiks (X8)

WhoRidas:

Fo-sho shots get dropped and popped just like a
picklock
With the master key, but the master key be me
I assign chop from hot, like a cold on a stove
And commence to roll, like a tire
A real rider will ride ya, like a stallion with a chair
Any buster be cherbin', in the game that's embarrassin'
And we came prepared because I'm round hoe
On the down low
And I hit the block with a 50 brown drama metal calico
From the O to Mexico, we rip shows, gotta let them
know
How we flow, when we get the doe and roll a little
harder
So we smoke a hundered yarder, Bogard, who ridin'
Marvin?
No duckin' and dodgin', my niggas be ridin'
But we be no gangstas, straight laced parlayers
You stick around and watch my money lay ya
And I know them haters, don't want to see you excel
On the way to Bogel, but them busters always bumpin'
They gun with a story to tell, fresh off the press
Hittin' hard like a tech on the target

Scratching ""Just grab the mic, ? don't do it right.""

J-Ro:

J-Ro rock the party till the needle start skippin'
I'm trippin' like Pippen, long hour sippin'
Uh, ? deep into books on my shelves
I like them sexy ladies that can do for they damn selves
What good is a beautiful dame, with a Royals Royce
frame
And a Volkswagen brain
My style be kind of old, like gold
But it's the reason why I still mold, C-notes in my bill
fold

I like my brew real cold, it's the Ro-gram you with me
Swift won't you hit me, one time, fo the troubles in
these rhymes
Niggas do crimes and never make it past they primes
My flows are numerous like East Valley murders
Bustin' shit off like talk is cheap like Rall

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