

B.G. F/ Juvenile

"Pour More Likwit"

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[Defari]

Man yo' glass is empty already?
I just poured you one

[J-Ro]

It was full a minute ago

[Defari]

Ah yeah, fo sho it's all Alkaholiks, Likwit crew
You know me Rogran

[J-Ro]

What you wanna do?

[Defari]

Ah, you know what I'ma do..
(What's happenin?)
Off top!
(C'mon)

[Chorus]

We gon' pour more likwit
(Keep your glass filled to the top
Take another shot, we gonna -)
Pour More Likwit
(We bout to take another trip back to the bar
Keep 'em coming y'all, and -)
Pour More Likwit
J: Hennessy, Cognac, fat sacks front to back, fuck that
Pour More Likwit
D: Alkaholiks, King Tee, Defari, thought you knew
(Up, up and away!)

[J-Ro]

There's a reason why they call us Likwit crew
Cause of the things we do - flows, liquor, and brew
Who knew? - when I was 14 bustin' my first nut
That I would be on the stage with Defari bustin' on this
cut
Shit, we real playerz, game stacked in layers
Y'all niggaz keep lookin' so I'm pissin' on the stairs

Who knew? - when I played Pop Warner for the Golden Bears
That I'd travel the globe, all expense paid airfares
I wear Air's, it ain't fair -
When you see me at the bar wit a chick with long hair
Hoes bangin', flows bangin', clothes bangin', shows bangin'
But I ain't bangin', I got two sons, that's my set
And I'll bet that you'll never forget
That your girl was in the front while she came all dripping wet
It seems like we the last emcees on the whole planet
We seen this from the Paq town to Venice, time to panic

[Chorus]

[Defari]

Lift your glass if you from L.A
This one compliments to E-Swift
Let me do my thang
As a 3-1-0 king, 3-2-3 star
The 8-1-8 ambassador
The 2-1-3 legend, 5-6-2 I thought you knew
The 7-1-4, open your door, give me some more
Even the 9-0-9 can get a piece of this rhyme
And when I push from Diego to Oaktown I use the "5"
I'm a live southern section nigga, all L.A. fabulous
For those who don't know what that mean, that mean
I'm from Los Angeles
It's scandalous how niggaz don't hesitate - to claim the glory of L.A
But really they be from another state
See ME, I'm a true born Golden State nigga
UCLA Hospital born nigga
Four extra large Pico lowlands nigga
And hit after hit, well shit we gettin' figgas
I'm stone colder, grown older
Look around the lands and my man you'll find a new breed of soldiers
So them old days is over, y'all relic niggaz finished
I'ma put that on my business, J-Ro is my witness when I
-

[Chorus] - w/ variations

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