

Benzino F/ Fabolous, G-Dep

"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 Rally's burgers
You know that cool niggero, riding on a metro
With the Cold 4-0, I really don't like to permote guns
But I got one, a pistol grip shot gun
My other one weighs a ton, son, kid, loc, dog, whatever
Fuckin' with the Likwit will get your head severed
WhoRidas get it poppin' lik Buggalo shrimp, we got a
perment job
At rappin', we just attempt, and I
Pimp the flow like Imp the Dimp
And I run around 40's like my nigga Shawn Kemp, and
I'm out

Hook:

This is how it goes down, check out he sound
Westcoast underground, who is the tightest?
The Liks and WhoRidas (X2)

WhoRidas:

Trust no one, smash, with my family do or die
When we ride on by cartel, street gangs by bail makes
mail
Won't stop, I sell, I need to proceed
I can't cross what a nigga need with greed
So I sit with Walley, and make my plan till dividens will
end
With this look, my grand one of a kind like a brick
To buy some shit once find, and flip it twice
But don't put a thang on hold we roll
We stay on the road, I gtta make my fetti even if it's off
the wall
Gotta stay on the ball, my gift to gab, make a lotta cash
Sit back in a lab and strike oil like an Arab
For sheeze, I know my brown preeza, oh Jesus
In my lifetime so many fans movin' hand to hand
So many niggas ou there trying to be the man
Like Neon Deion, got jacked like peons
On the front line for the first time

Talking:

Hey, what's the big idea? Put that gun away Harry we
have a deal.

It's never too late to improve your bargaining position.

Tash:

And to whom it my concern, it's Tash turn to burn
Bored as fuck with the mic I snatch that shit from
Howard Stern
And host my own show
Cause Tash is bout it bout when it's crowded
I'm here to rock y'all niggas even though I'm
Guinestouted
So slide some oil to these stiff MC's
While I get into this style that bones like M 3's
Cause I'm here to clock cheese, my style is mega costly
Even Oakland niggas ay "Tash is hella saucy" (What!)
I stomp out the cop out, no ties or split deciesions
The Hennessy is fuckin' with my vision
But even half blind, I still find a rhyme to blow your
mind
That's why I walk around L.A. with more hoes than
Ginuwine
So jump in the saddle if y'all niggas wanna battle
Cause I roll shake and rattle till your whole crew
skidattle
I'm posted to be chosen as the one to keep it pumpin'
That's why you lookin' at me like "Tash is up to
somethin'."
I am though, I'm peepin' out the ladies on the wall
That keep they self together with draweres that match
they bras
I feel 'em and I know them bitches feel me
Cause I go by the name of (Catashtophy!)

Hook (X2)

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