

## **Big Tymers F/ Juvenile, Lil' Wayne**

### **"L-I-K-S"**

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[Tash]

Ha ha, hahaha! Straight ignorance at it's finest  
We got the rowdy ass Alkaholik boys in the house  
tonight  
They brought they homeboys the Animal House to  
come fuck witch'all  
Animal House full of skateboarders, headbangers,  
slang bashers  
Y'know, check me out

Aiyyo Tha Liks work beats like Custom Auto  
When the fans hear the name they straight rush a  
bottle  
It's two-thou' now niggaz what's the motto?  
(Keep it pourin motherfucker) ahh 'til it hurts to swallow  
I got a Rollo-ass style with no strings attached  
If you ain't come to battle don't bring yo' raps  
It's Tha Liks baby, yeah yeah the same team  
Yo Swift, tell these niggaz what the fuck the name  
means

[E-Swift]

Aight  
{L} Lush, lewd  
Leanin on the ledge of the bar, loud rowdy and rude  
Longevity, lots of enegry  
Legendary Likwid Crew for life, large following  
{I} Illustrious, impressive  
In your rap section, not imperfection  
International, inner city nigga  
I'm the truth in the isolated booth, idolize my group  
{K} K.O. niggaz  
who keep runnin off at the mouth, keep it bouncin down  
South  
We stay keyed, keep on givin the fans what they need  
Keep it rough for these streets (Swift)  
{S} So inebriated, so faded  
So underrated, so concentrated  
So focused, so much ambition  
So much recognition, that's the definition of

[Chorus]

{L}.. to the motherfuckin {I}.. to the motherfuckin  
{K}.. to the motherfuckin {S}.. what comes next? It's  
the  
{L}.. to the motherfuckin {I}.. to the motherfuckin  
{K}.. to the motherfuckin {S}.. what comes next?

[Tash]

So when Tha Liks is on the set it's that same shit  
perpetual  
A gang of rookie niggaz tryin to drink against  
professionals  
But y'all bow down around drink six  
When you seein nine of us but it's only three Liks  
Headbangin beats leaves necks with pinched nerves  
Tash slurs word serves when I'm sippin C-derb  
But y'all already know what's the name of my team  
So yo J, tell these niggaz what the fuck the name  
means

[J-Ro]

{L} Los Angeles, lyrical manhandlers  
Got ladies laid up in the lab, livin skanless  
For the love of brew, younger son named Lou  
Likwid niggaz in the party laminate your whole body  
{I} I'm usin alcohol infusion  
You idiots get bruised cause you choosin an illusion  
How can I be inhumane?  
In a world full of animals I'm pure like Iverson handles  
{K} You know you better kneel to Likwid Knights  
We down with the King plus we knit real tight  
We got the knack to make knots, leave me the fuck  
alone  
before I break you down from kneecaps to knuckle  
bones  
{S} Shit you done walked into a storm  
We reign seven feet above the norm  
Pull it over to the side, I'm slip slidin and swervin  
Servin this broad in a suburban, I hit her with the

[Chorus]

{L}.. {I}.. {\*music fades\*}

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