

T.G. Sheppard

"Rockin' With The Best"

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[tash] uhh... ahh, uhh uhh
[j-ro] uhh, ah one two
[tash] check it out
[j-ro] ah one two and ah, ah one two
[tash] it's tha liks
[j-ro] ah yes yes, you're now rockin with the best
Yes yes, you're now rockin with the best
Uhh, come from the what?
Yes, you're now rockin with the best
[defari] one two, defari's in the house
[j-ro] defari in the house, you're now rockin with the best

Verse one: j-ro

Everytime I rhyme I swing mine like wind chimes
It's crack a brew, tie your shoe, do a backspin time
I quit sellin weed but I stuff dimes in my sack
Tj rolls, crackerjacks, mad lib, loot pack
I make you move and change your number like ? to wear you out
Like slacks, like when the button on your back pocket cracks
I used to roll with moms, shotgun in the datsun
Rest in peace shouts out to donnie latoya watson
A real mother for ya, the ro will never bore ya
I clock mail like mel be spittin game like a lawyer
I rolled it up, spark it, then I blow like
Branford got one more son than sanford's tryin to send him to stanford
... and ohh yo like quasimoto
My name rings bells, it's time for tha likwit photo
Yes... ladies and gentlemen...
You are now rockin with the best

Chorus: all

Yes, you are now rockin, you are now rockin
You are now rockin with the best
(repeat 2x)

Verse two: phil da agony

You're now rockin with the best, maximum capacity
For mc's that ain't for the schlitz malt liquor bull
Pullin words like tug of war from my memory banks
Core secure, sweat pours through the forces I give em
more
Who wanna see a likwit mc
Without the glass ya laugh, feel the wrath of the blast
Of the liquor in the flask, so don't ask, or form the
question
Verbal harassment, to your environment
Music element, to your concious, the beat ready rocker
Sippin the vodka straight smokin the sess that niggaz
hate
I got the the grammer for panorama city, with bills in
my socks
So they won't break in my pocket on the block
Fool I'm bout to go purchase me some old gold beer
My niggaz gettin wasted on my stairs and under the
stairs
Liks can cock while I'm twistin my beers
You gotta be able to twist at least three, to phil da
agony, really
My currency stretch, for the stress
While I book my matches, askin niggaz who wanna
match this
Yes, you are now rockin, you are now rockin
You are now rockin with the best

Chorus

Verse three: tash, e-swift

Niggaz think I'm off my rocker, but big tash is lifted off
that vodka
So rappers know it's curtains from the second that I
spot ya
Cause the top notcher goes the extra length to bring it
liver
Get me drunk enough and tash'll crash a party skydivin
Cause to danger I'm no stranger, my mic has insurance
But just to keep it safe I called e-40 for endurance
So it's a everyday occurance for the alkie fam to slam
The likwid hits that make y'all niggaz say, "yes God
damn!"
So get off your ass and jayam, to the sounds of rum
and coke
While I blow my smoke and show you how deep my
likwid soak
Into your brain, I still got the style they can't explain

But my homey wanna bust so tell these niggaz what's
your name!

I'm e-swift, my beats are known to leave speakers
blown

In any fuckin zone, my style is prone to wet the
microphone

The hardcore music conductor, the likwit mc slash
Beat constructor, rockin this motherfucker

That's some stuff niggaz I'm finished, if lyrics
Need to be replenished I'm sendin bitin mc's to the
dentist

To get they grill fixed cause they got too addicted
Now they feelin the pain that tha liks have inflicted
I make clubs swing like tiger woods on the green
I go the whole eighteen, avoiding anything in between
Niggaz tune into these flows like friday night mix
shows

On the radio, my crew is unfadeable

Chorus

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