

## **Tha Alkaholiks "Killin' It"**

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Ahh, ahh, I be killin' it  
(Why Tash?)  
'Cause I be feelin' it  
I get money so no need for stealin' it

I work diligent beneath the earth's soil  
Where I write rhymes so fresh it's like I wrapped my  
styles in foil  
But I sit at home and boil spicy rum when it's freezing  
'Cause I from the Likwid crew where we got drinks for  
every season

Maybe that's the reason why I live high all July  
And the place I buy my beer is callin' in for more supply  
Maybe not, maybe so, maybe yes, maybe no  
Maybe niggaz got some friends that wanna battle for  
some dough

If you know somebody holla, 'cause I take those extra  
dollars  
Split that shit with J and Swift, buy a ninety-six Impala  
And lace it with the deez out my own stack of cheese  
Get a extra flossy floss and toss King Tee the keys

And say, nigga that's your's, 'cause you opened up  
doors  
Before Tha Liks had a deal, you had a nigga on tour  
So God bless ya, never let this rap pressure test ya  
You know who got your back when them other niggaz  
sweat ya'

So check uno dos while I roast this coast a toast  
When it comes to beats and rhymes, you know who got  
the most  
I be killin' it  
(Killin' it)  
Killin' it  
(killin' it)

Tha Liks rock that shit that have all ya niggaz feelin' it  
Killin' it  
(Killin' it)

Killin' it  
(Killin' it)  
J-Ro is up next to flow

Dat's me  
I be killin' it  
(Killin' it)  
When I be feelin' it  
Got rum in my cup, best believe I won't be spillin' it

Yo, Xzibit  
(Whattup Ro?)  
I got to know, do I got that Likwid flow  
(Oh, fo' sho')  
Well, here I go, mida, mida, down the barrel of my  
heater  
I torch ya, then skeet out in my Porsche two-seater

I'm from the home of rattlesnakes and golden bears  
And Astro vans with swivel chairs hoes come in pairs  
Plus makin' money's in my genes  
That's why I got money in my jeans, I got a cravin'

My mind craves the knowledge, my pockets crave the  
cash  
My mouth craves the brew and my Johnson craves the  
ass  
Who's on blast? Tha Liks, baby, don't twist it  
Just rock it, got your girl's number in my change pocket

What's her name? Stella, if she's on me kinda hella  
[Unverified], is what I tell her  
I get freaky like Friday, why dey, try to get loose  
Wack MC's are like [unverified], they have no use

I just got off the court, where I was whoopin' some cats  
In basketball, here's a question that I have to ask y'all  
Who be killin' it, is it the ladies? Who be killin' it, is it the  
fellas?  
Who be killin' it, is it the b-boys? Who be killin' it, is it  
the gangsters?  
Who be killin' it, is it the rastas? Who be killin' it  
Killin' it, killin' it, killin' it?

See I be killin' it, yeah, when I be feelin' it  
This is dedicated to the niggaz that be stealin' shit  
Straight from the bottom of my black ass heart  
The untamed feel no shame, on top of the game

Mr. Big Bad Insane, black John McClane  
Look, listen and learn, you only get what you earn

So I'ma hustle like fuck regardless, watch my smoke  
Go straight for the throat, we known for rockin' the boat

It's hard to find like the grade A shit, with no cuts  
Tryin' to stack like King Tut and still bang the  
microphone up  
Demandin', clear lane for crash landin'  
If anything I'm guaranteed to be the 'Last Man  
Standing'

Pick a number motherfucker, whassup?  
The circumstance make you shit in your pants and we  
advance  
As an avalanche of soul and everything that shine ain't  
gold  
Just 'cause niggaz got brew don't make 'em nickel  
proof

My record contract reads hit man for hire  
Xzibit showin grace under fire  
Tha Alkaholiks killin' it  
(Killin' it)  
Killin' it  
(Killin' it)

Tha Liks rock that shit that have all y'all niggaz feelin' it  
Once again feelin' it, killin' it  
(Killin' it)  
Drillin' it  
(Drillin' it)

What, yeah, bring it live with the, yeah, feelin' it  
(Feelin' it)  
Killin' it  
(Killin' it)  
Like this

Party down, party down, party down  
Bringin' it live once again, yeah, 'cause I be killin' it  
(What, stabbin' it, beatin' it, yeah)  
Y'all niggaz ain't heard no shit like this out the West  
coast

Say what, wha, what, wha, what, what?  
I say what, wha, what, wha, what, what? It's the likwid  
crew  
We be killin' it, uhh, 'cause we be feelin' it  
Say what, say what, say what, wha, what, wha, what,  
what?

