

## **Tha Alkaholiks "Tore Down"**

Visit "[Tore Down](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Stop, listen, what's that sound?  
Likwid motherfuckers came to tear the house down

Hey yo, last FreshFest we was rockin' good times  
This LikwidFest I be bustin' out rhymes  
When Loot Pack's on your set we'll take total control  
Of your mind, feet, body and inner soul  
Multiple beats to subject to discussion  
Wild Child sets it off after DJ Rome bring in my cuts in  
Can't understand overnight MC's that can't afford  
To get broken with the mic, whether it's with or without  
a cord

So I grab hip hop right before wack MC's infect it  
Come attackin' to your forehead and slowly make you  
respect it  
And then inject it into your system  
And when your veins start pulsatin', showin' you Loot  
Pack  
Rocks the nation, I'm on the court, Wild Child rocks the  
fort  
Keanu Reeves and Sinbad givin' support, that gets my  
love

I'd appreciate it if y'all appreciate it, then rock with us  
Real hip hop's not hard to spot like shoplifters  
(I see you)  
I flip that rhythmic, technique no gimmick  
But when you see Loot Pack rock, watch us freak the  
physic, yo  
I must confess I'm from the west about Fresh  
Don't try and test 'cuz I break MC's down to they flesh

So put your best against this, it don't matter who flows  
When they step in my direction Rico slows, they rolls  
like  
Ahh, 'cuz my brain tells me go against the grain  
'Cuz these other niggaz out here all be rappin' just the  
same  
But I spit flames, I kick ass and take names  
Fuck the boozy dames, this art should be placed in  
frames

And hung up on the wall right next to Picasso  
I heard niggaz comin' down the pike, not so hot so

Tash comes blazin', Loot Pack blazin'  
Hot enough to fry you into California raisins  
'Cuz my Alkie style of rhymin' is ahead of its time  
I make words connect lovely like Coronas and lime  
So where you rhymes at? Break 'em out, don't be  
scared, show me  
Every time I flow I feel like y'all niggaz owe me  
The one and only from the group you could feel  
'Cuz it's a million Alkaholiks on the Earth  
(And that's real)

Stop, listen, what's that sound  
Likwid motherfuckers came to tear the house down  
(Uh, I'm to' down, uh, I'm to' down, uh, I might skip this  
'round)  
Stop, what's that sound  
Likwid motherfuckers came to tear the house down  
(I'm to' down, I'm to' down y'all, I'm to' down y'all, I'm  
to' down)

We got that rhyme elevation racin' like a mad liberation  
Circle and run your base and, bust hip-hop  
Preservation if you heard this on your station, yo, then  
you know  
That we'll knock you out with just, light ones  
Cut ya like a throne was on the cut slicer, I wet ya  
Yo, I kick flavor, got more beats than my nigga got  
Beeps on his pager 'cuz my flavor's like major  
Rhyme patterns intertwine with the beat offtime  
Then I read off lines or freestyle rhyme

Make ya rewind the crate digga niggaz, always, spliff  
rhyme rip  
Never slip my hop hips a grip  
With the Likwidation lyrical radiation you're facin'  
Fate worse than freebasin', with them flows you're  
chasin'  
Lyrics lead the Pack way, so I can blast a rapper that  
ain't classy  
Get up out this fast lane  
'Cuz you'll be feelin' mass pain from being phony  
Like when a nigga swear he know me, yo, it be no  
comprehende  
Been doin' this long, you might as well call me a sensei

Round and round I go  
This rapper's name is J-Ro  
Wack MC's don't waste your time

(Let me stick to the rhyme)

Niggaz talk about scrappin' when they can't scrape a grape  
That's why I choose to stick to myself like a roll of tape  
You don't wanna battle dog, I got a catalog of rhymes  
Break it down to your enzymes  
But your ass talk trash, know when your style is garby  
You soft as a Barbie, hard as Terence Trent D'Arby

You the wackest MC I ever heard  
You fly like a wingless bird, it's absurd, you get the  
D I C K, in-ya-mouth, all day  
For comin' outside anyway, my style's terrific many say  
You lightweight like ashes, it's goin' down like plane  
crashes  
At all Alkaholik bashes

Stop, listen, what's that sound  
Likwid motherfuckers came to tear the house down  
(Uh, I'm to' down, uh, I'm to' down, uh, I might skip this  
'round)  
Stop, what's that sound  
Likwid motherfuckers came to tear the house down  
(I'm to' down, I'm to' down y'all, I'm to' down y'all, I'm  
to' down)

Yeah that's right west coast this the tear down  
Likwid crew in the place, knowwhat!msayin'?  
Yo, fuck that, let me shout it out to all the homeboys  
coast ll coast  
Turnin' them forties upside down, big up to King Tee  
and Xzibit  
Big up to the whole Likwid crew, big up to Mobb Deep  
The Def Squad, Cypress Hill, Wu-Tang, Westside  
Connection  
Uhh, to tear it down, I'm to' down, I might have to miss  
this round

Visit [Tha Alkaholiks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.