

## **Tha Liks**

### **"Anotha Round"**

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Yeah, it's the return of three crunk mothafuckas  
Huh huh, yeah, it's tha Liks  
We gots Stan the guitar man in the house  
Mothaplucka, uh, uh, say what?

I'm sick like a sore throat swallow, drunk act to follow  
I'll make the whole bottle hollow, what a ride!  
Rollin' wit' a open container, and one in the chamber  
Ten Likwit CD's in the changer

Bettin' wages on the Lakers, yo' squad is in danger  
Hoes go two ways these days like my pager  
Say hoe, my name is J-Ro, oh, you didn't know? No  
Well, fuck you then

I hang with cats, who chase rats, and kick tats  
Hit the eightball like Minnesota Fats  
Got more than biceps, relax  
Pure hoes jockin' in the studio flats

When I'm in the house, take off the wave cap for hats  
Got scully from a hoochie, with lips like Da Brat  
Raised in the valley of the shadow of death  
So I fear none, time to anty up for the beer run

And you know we are tha Alkaholiks  
It's last call, can we get anotha round?  
We are tha Alkaholiks  
And I know ya like the way it's goin' down

So all the ladies to the limo, it's tha Alkaholik carpool  
Lyrics bang from thirty feet to blow y'all niggas off your  
bar stool  
We back, to wet'cha, the flawless, the wallus  
Regardless of your colors, tha Liks or Alkaholiks

We the same three niggas that be makin' the noise  
Doin' donuts in Ferrari's, like some drunk hot boys  
Do or die fool! We straight from the home of where we  
spark from  
Where the we'd all leave ya dizzy like a tranquilizer  
dart gun

The L, not to be confused with Tinseltown  
Well, I made a million dollars off this shit I penciled  
down  
Flashy-tashy, be gunnin' from the worstest alliance  
And when I die, I'ma donate all my verses to science

Do the tango, while rappers get strangled by the loan  
shark  
You be ridin' niggas dick, that's why you never make  
your own mark  
I'm sober and justice, why this is my year  
Screamin' "Party over here, fuck y'all over there!"  
Party over here, fuck y'all over there!

We are tha Alkaholiks  
It's last call, can we get anotha round?  
We are tha Alkaholiks  
And I know ya like the way it's goin' down

King Tee started it off, and then came tha Liks  
Then Xzibit added hot done prada to the mix  
Then Defari, "Hey you!" Comin' through, Likwit crew  
And [incomprehensible] hits the brew, who can sin it?

To tha sin it, twisted and bent it, but if the funk ain't in it  
My DJ always submitted to spin it  
If I said it I meant it, don't get'cha mouth pin it and  
augmented  
We feelin' with a penny, represent it

Aiyyo re-pre-sent, yo' re-si-dence  
If it don't say Likwit, then you won't get bent

Aiyyo, dollars and cents, they make the world twist  
awkward  
Got niggas in the hood, livin' next to they doctor  
I'm a rowdy, mic-rocker, since the age of twenty-two  
In the video, flossin', like this could be you

Likwit crew, do it up, 'til the wheels fall off it  
Unlike these other niggas that had it and lost it  
We stayed in the game, stayed hot, turned up the  
flame  
Y'all know the name!

We are tha Alkaholiks  
It's last call, can we get anotha round?  
We are tha Alkaholiks  
And I know ya like the way it's goin' down

We are tha Alkaholiks  
It's last call, can we get anotha round?  
We are tha Alkaholiks  
And I know ya like the way it's goin' down  
We are the Alkaholiks

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