

Tha Liks "Bar Code"

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The drunken funk'n has returned
Let's take it back to the old school one time y'all, uhh
Ya fucking with me? Damn right y'all fuck with us boy
(Shot glass, ha ain't it drunk)
Alkaholiks, say what?
(Yo Tash, smack these niggaz up!)

With my Alkaholiks style still coming of age
Free as a bird the beer fly on stage
Ain't here for no fronting just to say a lil' somethin
A nigga like CaTash'll get this motherfucker pumpin'

I walk with a bop that make the cops shine flashlights
And I ain't drunk shit, I'm still faded from last night
That's right y'all, the Alkahol be spitting
Comin' through bitches

I drink a lot of ale, smoke a lot of L's a day
Got kegs in my room and bales of hay
Twenty-five roaches piled in my ashtray
Some like it slow some live the fast way

All the ladies know I'm wild and nas-tay
I live the rap life like my nigga Tash say
I down the whole brew, never half way
I'm back and forth to the bar in the Likwid Cafe

Now put yo' bottles to yo' lips
When I sip, you sip, we sip altogether now
Back, and, forth to the bar y'all
Back, and, forth to the bar y'all

Now put yo' bottles to yo' lips
When I sip, you sip, we sip altogether now
Back, and, forth to the bar y'all
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They say one man's trash is the next man's treasure
Next man pain be the other man's pleasure
Whatever you wanna drink ma we bought the bar out
Last cats to call out, who wan' fall out?

Worst case scenario walking, I hate talking
Do the damn thing, let your dogs start barking
Embracing the bass yeah who keep you laced
With Hennessey to the face, tequila with no chaser

Liks bang kicks, kick dirt on tricks
Fucking smoked out rappers y'all fiend for hits
I just drop my shit, never stop serving
Everything bump even the two-way versions

I'm the West coast Julius Earving, been through the
worst
Survived starving to death and dying of thirst
Come through, bring a home girl, double the fun bitch
'Cause two heads is better than one, so let's go

Now put yo' bottles to yo' lips
When I sip, you sip, we sip altogether now
Back, and, forth to the bar y'all
Back, and, forth to the bar y'all

So, if Tash die tonight, rap music don't owe me shit
I done did it all homey off blood sweat and spit (yes)
Spit-zophrenic off about a half a gallon
Of that strong shit that make me think Bucks like Ray
Allen

Profiling in the beat-up ass bucket like fuck it
Bitch I make this car look good
Knock on wood, knock on MC's just for practice
'Cause y'all niggaz can't fuck with these drunken-ass
tactics

We stompin', romping niggaz
With the bumpkin rhymes that keep the b-boys jumping
Saying ho, ladies saying ow
Get it now front row wipe that brew from your brow

Cristal and malt liquor go down the same pipe
You drink with us you probably piss in the bed the same
night
You throwing up on your clothes no hoes fo' sho'
Now you on your back pointing at the sky with your toes

Now put yo' bottles to yo' lips
When I sip, you sip, we sip altogether now
Back, and, forth to the bar y'all
Back, and, forth to the bar y'all

Now put yo' bottles to yo' lips
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