

Tha Liks "Bully Foot"

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Yeah yeah yeah yeah my name is, Bust-Down-Some'n
Mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm
And I am alongside, Alkaholiks-In-Some'n
Mmhmm-mmm-mmm-mmm-mmm
Shit feel good nigga, what the fuck y'all want
Mhmmm-mmm
Let me feel on some bitches, with this bully foot rap

Now, every time I give y'all shit that
Blow up the spot, fuck what you got
And bless and execute strategical plots
That's to Extinction Level Event these wack niggaz offa
this block
Me and Tha Alkaholiks havin a drinkwatchin y'all niggaz
get sick
Holdin ya stomachs 'til you earl in the sink
The type of dude I never put in my clicksbecause you
funny
And you be sittin down with your legs crossed like a
bitch
I be the foul mouth quick to toast y'all, so alled
Niggaz who like to boast we let your bodies float along
the coast y'all
This very given moment, opponetniggaz like you
Ain't allowed up in our circle cause we don'tone it
We love to microphone it, perhaps
What we gon' do instead is give y'all gutter beats and
raw sewage
And for the last thing that I'ma make clear
That when we present watch your step when you be
comin' here

Every-time-we-give-y'all-shit-that
Blow up the spot (fuck what you got, we got)
Shit for the East and the South and the West coast
We blazin hot (controllin the block, you better)
Watch-yo'-head-while-we-bust-somethin
To make ya duck (said get down nigga what) You know
We-got-shit-that-make-y'all-wild-out
To bounce in the truck (aiyyo, get with the funk, y'know)

This world's tryin to make me crack, but it still ain't

broke me
I fall down and just rebound like Charles Oakley
Hoes be like all he wanna do is poke me
Bitch what you think I wanna do, the hokey pokey
Her boyfriend Smokey said he was gonna smoke me
Her daddy crazy loc he tried to beat me and choke me
And she still want me, keep blowin up my Noki'
Tryin to provoke me to fall for okey-dokey
Don't quote me boy, cause I ain't said shit
I'm just spittin liquid in the middle of the pit
Turn it up a bit, burn it up and hit the bomb
I'm iller than Sadaam takin Carrie's mom to the prom
Cool and calm, Macken-Ro, Likwid don
Bust rounds with Busta Rhymes, then I roll up, one
You got ice I got ice, but who nice on these mics

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We out for justice so bust this it's Busta and the Alkies
Niggaz wanna know the secret but they just can't get it
out me
So they talk that shit about me but to me that's never
not
They pop that shit across the room while I down
another shot
I smoke a hefty bag of doz and black out, and lose
composure
Close my eyes and throw a bottle (I'm fuckin up) this
party over
I still got that flare so just stare from over there
Cause I'm so accurate with guns I put parts in niggaz
hair
So I declare war Tha Liks, we fierce competitors
The feds be checkin fo' us writin letters to these editors
like
QuotTha Liks is veterans they straight from California
We ain't even give a fuck when they sprayed that beer
on us quotlike
{RRRRAHHH RAARRRAOW} just like a Dungeon Dragon
Taggin Tash up on the wall while my pants is saggin
Draggin niggaz through the mud clear blood all
through the club
The quickest way to show some love is let a nigga hit
your bud

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