

## **Tha Liks**

### **"Heavy Rotation"**

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Y'all didn't bring no ice?  
(Nigga)  
Nobody brought no ice?  
(Ahh, ah, ha, aww, yeah)

Yo, yo, pass the beer  
(We drink in heavy rotation)  
(Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' bout!)  
One-two, one-two  
(Ahh, ahh)

Dilated y'all  
(Toast to this)  
It's Tha Liks baby  
(Toast to this)

And y'all can't come  
(Close to this)  
Dilated, heavy rotated with Tha Liks

I'm so outlandish, my rhymes the paint, the track's the  
canvas  
Find me puffin' tampons on your nearest college  
campus  
McEn-Ro, servin' up heat like Pete Sampras  
Drinkin' Jose Cuervo like some Spanish bandits

Make women panic when I tell 'em I'ma vanish  
Don't take it personal, these are eight-one-eight antics  
Hoes, break your pockets like car mechanics  
Every mornin', I bow down and pray like a mantis

Most women can't stand this but I, ain't romantic  
So that thought you can banish to the city of Atlantis  
Me and Tash met this tan bitch, made a Likwid  
sandwich  
I consume strictly green leaves like pandas

Dig through ice for my brew, like they dig for woolly  
mammoths  
I'm volcanic up in bitches that look like Dorothy

Dandridge

Your style is Major Damage, it's played out and ripped  
up  
It needs a bandage, how do you manage? I can't stand  
it

Hops, barley, water, yeast, grain  
Distillery alcohol for the brain  
So check it out, smoke fills the area  
Drunk as fuck, launch off the aircraft carrier

Your vision blurred eyes start to blink  
You overdid it homes, you had too much to drink  
(Cut it out)  
This bout's set for twelve rounds of pain  
Tequila limes and salt, these cats hard to hang

Sixteen bar shark, teeth to fangs  
Open off Tha Liks duck season, you're in range  
Turn the page here comes the next chapter  
Battle Ev? You sign with Blue Cross or AFTRA

Heavy rotation, dilate expansion  
California funk, like Flav, we Cold Lampin'  
Fuck the format 'til they can't ignore us  
But chill Swift 'bout to kill after the chorus

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I cook up beats like dope, they should call me illegal  
We control the underground like Bugsy Siegal  
And my crew is like the mob, we whylin' off that vino  
High-rollin', takin' over your local casino

Year after year, my music pleases your ear

That's why my focus is right like Outboard gear  
Tune in, this is like a family reunion  
We like cousins and shit, hey, rockin' this bitch

Dilated and the  
(Likwid MC's)  
We gradually elevatin' to a  
(Higher degree)

We smash through the underground like we  
(SUV's)  
And spit game to the hoes and let 'em know they gettin'  
(Nuttin' for free)

Aiyyo, listen close, toast to West coast  
Where bein' gangsta ain't a hoax, we kill folks  
And C-walkin' ain't just a dance or a joke  
We stay in heavy rotation, coast to coast

Yo, it's hard to pass the bar, ask your lawyer  
Likwid, pour it on y'all from California  
Programmers, spray this on your play list  
If rap was hard liquor I'd be 'Leaving Las Vegas'

Live show radio mix tape massacre  
It's a party y'all with room for more passengers  
I turn mics to pistols and start rappin'  
And turn pistols back to mics and start blastin' 'em

J-Ro, E-Swift, Tash and them  
'Expansion Team', 'X.O.' chips, cashin' 'em  
I'm not fashionable but I am international  
I called it like, I see it on stage like Supernatural

Honies, keep flirtin' like the flows are workin'  
Don't stop 'til I'm certain then I close the curtains  
Animal House shit, coast to coast like Tha Liks  
I don't drink as much, but I'll toast to this

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Aiyyo, CaTash'll slap the track with a open fist  
backhand  
I crack fans with funk then burn rubber like the Gap

Band

Batman can't walk through my hood, it's no love  
Tash'll jack him for his cape and sport that shit to the club

Is it love or is it buzz, that got my thinkin' patterns  
Thinkin' yo' bitch is mine that's why you see me winkin' at her  
She'll be drinkin' at a tavern, out of a glass size 8  
Likwid Crew and Dilated make that ass gyrate

While you ask I take, anythin' that I could lift  
Your rapper's rappin' like CaTash y'all DJ's rappin' like Swift  
I was born with a gift, you niggaz used to average rappin'  
Your styles is old as fuck, that's why my clique start cabbage patchin'

I do this for the beer, and for the ones that ain't here  
Y'all, niggaz better make way for X, Ras and Saafir  
I'm like a tattooed tear, Tash'll never go away  
I'm 'bout to fill my quota I need X.O. every day

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The extended family of Tha Alkaholiks  
The extended family of the Likwit Crew  
The extended family of everybody that smoke bud  
Dilated Peoples in the motherfuckin' place y'all

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