

Tha Liks "Sickness"

Visit "[Sickness](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You ready? Are you ready?
Aiiyo, we need some beer to the stage quick
(Quick, quick, quick)
Alkaholiks on the set, y'all ready? Uhh

Aiiyo, it's six million drinks to try, choose one
So you can catch a buzz while Likwid show you how it's
done
Bouncin' off the walls is just my niggaz havin' fun
With all these weak niggaz, why the fuck'd we lose
Pun?

Damn! It's a trip to see the world twist around us
But Tha Alkaholik clique A.K.A. The 40 Downers
Gets twisty, twisty, yak and brews
Black Rob flows is "Whoa!", Tha Liks is like "Whoo!"

Is there a doctor in the house 'cause somebody gonna
need him?
Tash fight for his right to party, I need my freedom
So I can drink in public without the cops eyein' me
F.B.I. spyin' me cause everybody buyin' me

I got drunk and got down with Tha Liks
But before I put it down all I need is a fix
Now bust a nut, I rhymes away on different days
And everybody wonder how I stay so blazed

I'm like a sickness, I'm like a sickness but there is no
cure
And when you hear my voice don't it sound so pure?
Tha Alka-holiks know, come bust fo' sho'
So whether we together kickin' down the doors

From Lake Buteras to Paris generic rappers get
embarrassed
We inherit B-boy Sermons just like Erick's
Liks been flowin' longer than your grandparent's
marriage
Eatin' buzzed brownies more than Bugs eat carrots

Kick back in the 'Llac like a horse and a carriage

Spittin' "The Facts of Life" more than Tudy and Ms.
Garrett
When I'm runnin' my errands, Dayton rims feel like
Ferris
Get socked in your larynx, if yo' ass get careless

Aiyyo, who stole the soul? I did 'cause I was desperate
Send a random note to Loud, I want a million for my
next shit
I know you got the money, Steve, just reach into that
grab bag
Then step back and watch me drop these "Bombs On
Baghdad"

'Cause Tash rap melodical, drunk periodical
Niggaz think they hot but I'm seein' they ain't got it
though
I'm from L.A., you from Idaho, no skills you gotta go
Fo' albums deep, so y'all motherfuckers gotta know

We birds of a feather so we smoke together
Tha Liks and Rocwilder gonna choke whoever
Ain't in this motherfucker comin' raw dog style
Hold my drink, Mr. Tan, while I jump in the crowd

I got drunk and got down with Tha Liks
But before I put it down all I need is a fix
Now bust a nut, I rhymes away on different days
And everybody wonder how I stay so blazed

I'm like a sickness, I'm like a sickness but there is no
cure
And when you hear my voice don't it sound so pure
Tha Alka-holiks know, come bust fo' sho'
So whether we together kickin' down the doors

Excuse my gutter language, but fuck bein' famous
Ro bust for nameless don of rhymin' China chainless
Olde English ancient drive Chevys with paint chips
I breathe herb, so they say my words is tainted

Let's take it back to "Colors", get your face painted with
fat caps
I got more rhymes in my mind than you can fit in your
backpacks
Go 'head, eat 'em up like snack packs
I stay busy like crack shacks

I like my hoes with the lickable toes
And the silver dollar nipples that be pokin' out the
clothes

Now I suppose you want flows like MackinRo's
'Cause you be standin' on the stage at all our
motherfuckin' shows

James Robinson, even my name is dominant
Lyrics astonishin' from the Likwid Conglomerate
My crew in it, I'm in it, so we remain prominent
Rap game I'm bombin' it, it's too much Uncle Tom in it

I got drunk and got down with Tha Liks
But before I put it down all I need is a fix
Now bust a nut, I rhymes away on different days
And everybody wonder how I stay so blazed

I'm like a sickness, I'm like a sickness but there is no
cure
And when you hear my voice don't it sound so pure
Tha Alka-holiks know, come bust fo' sho'
So whether we together kickin' down the doors

I got drunk and got down with Tha Liks
But before I put it down all I need is a fix
Now bust a nut, I rhymes away on different days
And everybody wonder how I stay so blazed

I'm like a sickness, I'm like a sickness but there is no
cure
And when you hear my voice don't it sound so pure
Tha Alka-holiks know, come bust fo' sho'
So whether we together kickin' down the doors

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