

# Killin' It

Tha Alkaholiks

Ahh, ahh  
I be killin it (why Tash?) cause I be feelin it  
I get money so no need for stealin it  
I work diligent beneath the Earth's soil

where I write rhymes so fresh it's like I wrapped my styles in foil  
But I sit at home and boil spicy rum when it's freezing  
Cause I from the Likwid crew where we got drinks for every season  
Maybe that's the reason why I live high all July

And the place I buy my beer is callin in for more supply  
Maybe not, maybe so, maybe yes, maybe no  
Maybe niggaz got some friends that want to battle for some dough  
If you know somebody holla, cause I take those extra dollars

Split that shit with J and Swift, buy a ninety-six Impala  
and lace it with the deez out my own stack of cheese  
Get a extra flossy floss and toss King Tee the keys  
and say, 'Nigga that's yours, cause you opened up doors

Before Tha Liks had a deal, you had a nigga on tour  
So God bless ya, never let this rap pressure test ya  
You know who got your back when them other niggaz sweat ya'  
So check uno dos while I roast this coast a toast

When it comes to beats and rhymes, you know who got the most  
I be killin it (killin it) killin it (killin it)  
Tha Liks rock that shit that have all ya niggaz feelin it  
Killin it (killin it) killin it (killin it)

J-Ro is up next to flow

Dat's me  
I be killin it (killin it) when I be feelin it  
Got rum in my cup, best believe I won't be spillin it  
Yo Xzibit (whattup Ro) I got to know

Do I got that Likwid flow (oh fo' sho') well here I go  
Mida, mida, down the barrel of my heater  
I torch ya, then skeet out in my Porsche two-seater  
I'm from the home of rattlesnakes and golden bears

And Astro-vans with swivel chairs hoes come in pairs  
Plus, makin money's in my genes  
That's why I got money in my jeans, I got a cravin  
My mind craves the knowledge, my pockets crave the cash

My mouth craves the brew, and my Johnson craves the ass  
Who's on blast, Tha Liks baby, don't twist it  
Just rock it, got your girl's number in my change pocket  
What's her name Stella, if she's on me kinda hella

?Voule you couche vic moir? is what I tell her  
I get freaky like Friday, why dey, try to get loose  
Wack MC's are like ?brown guts?, they have no use  
I just got off the court, where I was whoopin some cats  
In basketball, here's a question that I have to ask y'all

Who be killin it, is it the ladies?  
Who be killin it, is it the fellas?  
Who be killin it, is it the be -boys?  
Who be killin it, is it the gangsters?

Who be killin it, is it the rastas?  
Who be killin it, killin it, killin it, killin it...

See I be killin it, yeah, when I be feelin it  
This is dedicated to the niggaz that be stealin shit  
Straight from the bottom of my black-ass heart  
The untamed feel no shame, on top of the game

Mr. Big Bad Insane, black John McClane  
Look listen and learn, you only get what you earn  
So I'ma hustle like fuck regardless, watch my smoke  
Go straight for the throat, we known for rockin the boat

It's hard to find like the grade A shit, with no cuts  
Tryin to stack like King Tut, and still bang the microphone up  
Demandin, clear lane for crash landin  
If anything I'm guaranteed to be the Last Man Standing

Pick a number motherfucker whassup?  
The circumstance make you shit in your pants, and we advance  
As an avalanche of soul, and everything that shine ain't gold  
Just cause niggaz got brew don't make em nickel proof

My record contract reads hit man for hire  
Xzibit showin grace under fire  
Tha Alkaholiks killin it (killin it) killin it (killin it)  
Tha Liks rock that shit that have all y'all niggaz feelin it

Once again, feelin it  
Killin it (killin it) drillin it (drillin it)  
What, yeah, bring it live with the... yeah  
Feelin it (feelin it) killin it (killin it)

Like this  
Party down, party down, party down!

Bringin it live once again, yeah, cause I be killin it  
(What, stabbin it, beatin it, yeah)

Y'all niggaz ain't heard no shit like this out the West coast

Say what, wha-what, wha-what what?

I say what, wha-what, wha-what what? It's the likwid crew

We be killin it, uhh, cause we be feelin it...

Say what, say what, say what wha-what wha-what what?