

Y'all didn't bring no ice? (Nigga)
Nobody brought no ice? (Ahh, ah-hah, 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)

[Ev] Dilated y'all (toast to this)
[Ro] Check one - it's Tha Liks baby (toast to this)
[Ro] Ain't it drunk?
[Ev] And y'all can't come (close to this)

{*scratched: "Dilated, heavy rotated" - "with Tha Liks"}

[J-Ro]
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 morning, 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

[Evidence]
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

[Chorus: repeat 2X]
Dilated y'all (toast to this)
It's Tha Liks baby (toast to this)
And y'all can't come (close to this)
{*scratched: "Dilated, heavy rotated" - "with Tha Liks"}

[E-Swift]
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

[Rakaa Iriscience]
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 mixtape 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

[Chorus] - 1/2

[Tash]

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, anything 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

[Chorus]

[Tash]

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