

# Xzibit, Hit & Run, Part 2

(Intro):

(Hightower): Baby, do me a favor, call up Xzibit for me.

(Xzibit): Allo?

(Girl): Hello, Xzibit?

(Xzibit): Yeah, yeah, what's up?

(Girl): Hold on one second ok?

(Xzibit): Alright

(Hightower): Xzibit?

(Xzibit): Hey, what's up?

(Hightower): It's Ron, Hightower.

(Xzibit): Ah, what's up dude, what's goin' down?

(Hightower): Eh nigga, it ain't nothin' but a party!

(Xzibit): Yoo! shit it's goin' down?

(Hightower): Hey, let me tell you something.

I got some ladies over here, you know...

(Girl): Hi Xzibit!

(Xzibit): What's up?

(Hightower): He he, see what I'm saying.

They were just trying, you know, to tell you hello and shit

But listen why don't you do this

When you're done over there, why don't you come here and shit

You know what I'm saying?

That way they can tell you hello on person

(Xzibit): Ah alright, you want me to bring you somethin'

(Hightower): Hey, bring yourself, I'm sure they can handle the rest

You know what I mean?

(Xzibit): Yeah yeah, alright, I'll be over there in a minute.

(Hightower): Peace!

(Xzibit): Alright

(Verse One):

(Xzibit):

It's a lazy Sunday night

Xzibit posted at the lab

Gettin' high as a kite

Proceed to roll the light

It's real tight

In a paper Philly Blunts I don't need

It might fuck off the taste

Of this bomb ass weed

My nigga Tango and Breeze

Came thru we blaze a few

Together bored as fuck

Niggas down for whatever

Break left from the bomb

Phone call from Ron Hightower

Shower at his crib in a hour

All the women involved drop drawers

Don't say nothin'

Just a lotta nuttin'

Fuckin' plus dick suckin'

Goddamn who was that?

Half black with the fat ass

Too much to ask if you can put them on the glass

(For me)

My name's Xzibit

I aint' tryin' to spit game

Just tell me your name

And the proportions of your frame

(38-26-32)

That's right

Xzibit now has it poppin' on Sunday night

(Chorus): (2x)  
I don't wanna save 'em  
Pay em' or buy clothes  
All we really wanna do  
Is try to fuck these hoes

(Verse Two):

(Rass Kass):  
You knew the game  
And you still ended up on your back...

(Xzibit):  
Bitches get laid like tracks  
Break it down like that  
With stacks of profilactics  
Got ill tactics just to get you on the mattress like yo  
(girl moaning in background)  
With minimal conversation  
No time wastin'  
Only hard penetration  
Gettin' shiners on recliners  
Cummin' in your faces  
Stop! Get on top  
I take your mind different places  
Won't be satisfied till I hit every race  
Color and creed in deed  
All I need is weed a fly steez  
Who ain't afraid to take the lead  
A little dirt on your knees  
Looked over saw Breeze  
Laid out on the couch about to let it all out  
Nigga that's the kinda shit that I'm talkin' about

(Chorus): (4x)  
I don't wanna save em'  
Pay em' or buy clothes  
All we really wanna do  
Is try to fuck these hoes