

# Xzibit, On Ball

(Daz Dillinger + (T-Pain))

Yeah, help for the helpless!

Big money, big cars.. big weed! (T-Pain adlibs)

Y'all know what time it is! But you better stack that money!

(Awww shit! Ha ha ha...)

For baaaiiilll....

(Chorus 2X: T-Pain)

I'm on bail, got that weight for sale

Strawberries and blueberries all on a nigga's tail

I'm on bail, bet not 'nan nigga tell... bet not 'nan nigga tell

Yeah!

(Daz Dillinger)

I'm on a two million dollar bail

Caught with the product that them young niggaz sell

I'm fresh outta cells, twelve hours later.. my clientele hit my pager

The situation gettin thick, Dat Nigga Daz is major!

I live the life of a gangster, I rob gangsters

Ten years up on the table, I deny that flavor

She a fighter to the fullest, if I lose I catch a bullet (bullet)

Can't tell a nigga nuttin when he starvin and losin

Now I'm back up on the street, completely correctly

You disrespect me, it's the same that's it's gon' be

Automatics get tragic when you let niggaz have it

Then I'm caught back up like before, I gotta stack my cabbage

Monday morning, 8:30 right back in court

Couple of homeboys, my momma give me full support

Raised up filthy but the Lord be with me

Like an addict, it's the verdict and the jury, "NOT GUILTY!!!"

(Chorus)

(Xzibit)

They used to have me on that paperwork

'cause I used make my paper.. work, lifestyle covered with dirt

See I was first on my block with .40 caliber glocks

Similarities to my uncut, they ready to rock (ready to rock)

'Cause everybody wanna ball, nobody wanna get caught

Only the pros and the cons get to stack these knots

Motherf\*\*kers want that Benz with the millions by the karats

When they fencing all day, they start talkin like a parrot

Information they sharing so be cautious where ya walk

Never pillow talk behind closed doors in the dark

It might creep back and bite you, indict you, convict you

to a five by nine for a very long time

F\*\*k droppin dimes, niggaz is droppin whole hundreds

So the hood's gettin skinny and the one-times love it

If I don't go get it, then the next nigga will

So I kill at will with my gauge in them killin fields

Yeah!

(Chorus)

(The Game)

Yo X, tell my momma to put the house up, wait, the house cost too much

Tell her to get a hundred grand out the Porsche truck

It's just like a house 'cause I take a bath in it

Get ass in it and I gotta stash in it

Smoke hash in it, blueberry chocolate tah

Smokin chronic make me see shit, like 2Pac alive

Bandana knotted in the front like 2Pac alive

Walkin out the courthouse spittin on the camera guy  
I bang (Thug Life), but this ain't Death Row  
This some gangster shit for my niggaz down on death row  
Exhibit A - watch how I let the tec go  
And Exhibit B - burn the rubber on the West coast

(Chorus - 2X)

(Xzibit (laughing)) Y'all know y'all miss that shit