

# Xzibit, Poppin' Off

(feat. DJ Quik, King Tee)

[Chorus]

In the club drinkin' with all my homies  
And ain't no worries tonight 'cause we poppin' off  
Don't bite me, but if you wanna fight me  
It ain't hard to find me, just know I'll be poppin' off  
Slow motion, GT rollin', your bitch she knowin'  
She'll tell you we poppin' off  
Ain't nothin' when X shit jumpin', to get the hoes fuckin'  
They know we be poppin' off

[Xzibit]

Uh-uh, I know you gettin' high  
cause you keep on starin' and your eyes don't lie  
That shit you wearin' and your friends keep darin'  
There's enough to go around and they don't mind sharin'  
Get between your thighs, make ya exercise  
You ain't gotta waste no time with no 'fuck me' eyes  
I'm like all day long up in ya  
Take a break, make a drink, roll the 'wood, let the games continue  
Uh, (you make me so hot) - you better than the rest of them bitches  
I'll bang your back out in every position  
I never listen to the shit niggaz say  
How you're easy to spread, like to pop pills and fuck all day  
But baby that's alright with me  
If you thinkin' long-term, bitch that's what it ain't gon' be  
So just shake what your mamma gave ya  
And I'ma give you what your dad gave your mom to make ya

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[DJ Quik]

Now riddle me this...  
Whenever I hit her hard in the middle she piss  
Do I take that as normal and watch her play with her tits?  
I'm confused, I feel so used - and I got the dick  
Now what am I doin' here?  
She tell me she wants to keep the condom as a souvenir  
And that's kinda weird to me  
I guess this ol' fuck session ain't what it appear to be  
Because the concierge has just brought the bill to me  
I go 200 miles per hour on a street bike  
And 9-0 beats per minute on a sweet mic  
Whenever I get with bitches I lose a little somethin'  
Sperm by the zones, we keep it hot and goin'  
Xzibit we got it flowin', don't even approach us, you only get roaches  
How you gon' smoke with us nigga when you can't even focus  
Cause we don't break bread with bitches, we take head from bitches  
Cause niggaz be gettin' dead from bitches for bein'

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[King Tee]

This big black baracuda type nigga  
Last of the old coupe pack type niggaz  
Last of the honcho and Flint type niggaz  
Big Tweet, Big Pete, pimp type figgas  
It's like a jungle and I'm King Tee the tyrant  
Demandin' all bitches stay silent - fuck snitchin'  
I'm the violent - pilot for your child hall riot  
Where niggaz pull swords like pirates  
Hoes get i-rit, I mean irate  
Tee-la let a bitch eat, put some dick on her plate  
You better get yo' ass some muscle and go hustle  
Get up on the grind, stop fuckin' with mine  
For the umpteenth time, I'm a baller by nature  
Schooled by the best, fuck a hater  
Never lay low, let 'em know, out of mind, out of sight  
But for damn sure you'll catch me with the homies tonight  
We just -

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