

Xzibit, U Know What's Up (Rap Remix)

(Xzibit)

X to the Z, huh, c'mon

I ain't the type that catches the most of your feelings

Plus your sexual healing is very appealing, I'm ready and willing

Time to expose the handcuffs and lock you up

You will find every desire when the X man touch

She said she like them rough and I was right up her alley

Drop the top, hit the switch, bounce the trial

Got it together, kind of women I keep 'em forever

Here's a trip, how your skin tone is matching my leather

Yeah, your friends player hate and said you can do better

You in love with a thug, saying you down with whatever

You know what's up with the long braids and Hennesey breath

I love ya to death, relaxing with your head on my chest

It's like

(Donell Jones) (Xzibit)

Ooh say what, say what, say what

(Yeah, say what, say what, say what)

Ooh girl you know what's up

(Yeah, girl you know what's up)

Ooh say what, say what, say what

(It's like, say what, say what, say what, bring it, yeah)

Ooh girl you know what's up

(Girl, you know what's up, c'mon)

(Donell Jones)

Hit the block with the system bumpin'

All the fly ladies start jockin'

Got the rims on the Benzo glossin'

While stopped on the road, we flossin'

That's the way that we flow

Smoked up with the tint down low

'cause you and your girls wanna go

Pimp-house suite with me and some mo'

(?)

So, what's it gon' be? You gon' roll wit' me?

C'mon, take a lil' trip down and blow wit' me

I got a few chips, you could blow wit' me

Oh, and I got a girl, shh, keep that on the low for me

Yo, shorty, if you drive, I let you push the five

We could take a ride, shit, it's nice outside

I figure we could cruise, kick it and hit the spot

Call Donell 'cause he got mad pull at the Mariot, yeah

(Donell Jones)

Ooh say what, say what, say what

Ooh girl you know what's up

Ooh say what, say what, say what

Ooh girl you know what's up

I'm checkin' out you and your ladies

Twenty-ones on the drop top Mercedes

You down the block lookin' faded

Niggas be all talk but they just hate playin'

I'm feelin' you 'cause you look lovely

Watchin' your body in the back, from the bubbly

Checkin' down your neck real slow

If you don't wanna tell, keep it on the low

(Pharoahe Monch)

It was all too prevalent

The evidence was that she can't f**k you

Miss you like she miss the rain, boo
Black gange, you represent me like the girls with bangoos
Sexually and mangling me from every angle, strangle me, hot shit
Beat you the way dick tangle
Oh, what a web we weave, let me untangle at the strangler
Back off tour, rest assure
Then we can get it on like dogs on all fours
On the floor, say what?

(Donell Jones) (Pharoah Monch) {Cuban Link}
Ooh say what, say what, say what
(Pharoah Monch in the house, you get out)
Ooh girl you know what's up
(Ladies, rub on your titties) {Cuban Link, what}
Ooh say what, say what, say what
(Pharoah Monch in the house, you get out) {Joey Crack, Terror Squad, baby}
Ooh girl you know what's up
(Ladies, rub on your titties)

(Fat Joe)
Yo, who that cat that rap the Bronx crazy?
Fat motherf**ker but still the broads chase me
That never taste the pastry (Naw, my man lace me)
But ask yourself what has he really done lately?
See, I'm the type that take ya to new heights
First-class flight to the Trinidad fights
Ya ice be bling-blinging in all the pretty bright lights
Front row, right besides where she see the fight

(Cuban Link)
Yo, you know what's up, I'm from the rugged to so pretty to f**k it
Love it when honeys rub my stomach and play with my little puppet
Ain't no kissing or hugging in public, bitches be buggin'
I got it covered in shows, I give my hoes some Jim jugget
I be clubbin' up in Jimmy's Cafe, just havin' fun
If I ain't rubbin', I'm up in the VIP bookin' something
With a gun in my waist just in case niggas be frontin'
I'm just playin' it safe, these days I trust nuttin'
That's what's up

(Donell Jones)
I got 'em all in head boys rockin'
Second round and it no stoppin'
Got it up with the Cristal poppin'
Up and down with your body hoppin' baby
Girl you know you got me buggin'
Third round, it's about to get ugly
She's puttin' on a show
Talkin' no more, she's doin' a video

(?)
She said, "Whoa, say what, say what"
Shush up then touch her from gut to butt
Keep it hush, keep it, ?lick it up from trust?
She loves this thrust, say what, say what
Wanna kiss her, flip her, lick her
With her shit's thicker, steppin' off my slippers
Unzippin' my zippers quicker
Penny-rate or the ripper
Split up, skinny-dippin'
Punanny, nanny, dun-daddah
So what, you thicka nigga

(Donell Jones) (Cuban Link)
Ooh say what, say what, say what

(Uh, baby, dime lo que quiere)
Ooh girl you know what's up
(Yeah, dime que tu necesita)
Ooh say what, say what, say what
(Are you ready to get sweaty?)
Ooh girl you know what's up
(Yeah, 'cause the rythm's gon' freak ya)

Ooh say what, say what, say what
(Uh, baby, dime lo que quiere)
Ooh girl you know what's up
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Ooh say what, say what, say what
(Are you ready to get sweaty?)
Ooh girl you know what's up
(Yeah, 'cause the rythm's gon' freak ya)

Ooh say what, say what, say what
(Terror Squad, baby)
Ooh girl you know what's up
Ooh say what, say what, say what