

# Xzibit, FN you right

Xzibit talkin)

Listen to this, I'm just tryna do this for us  
You know what I'm sayin, you scream at the top of your fucking lungs  
Yeah, I'm just tryna do this hard work and get this good between us baby, yeah  
Look, Samantha, Loraine, Monica, Veronica  
Veronica, she treated my dick like a harmonica  
How you think I learned how to twist it and turn  
Ya back until it's broke, make you feel it in your throat  
It was Pamela, Linda, Keisha, Nicole  
Had me fuckin while I was drivin on cruise control  
Can't wait to get it home and teach it all to you  
Look I'm just tryna be the best, I'm doin it all for you  
You know that thing with the peanut butter  
My Brooklyn bitch said fuck untyin the ropes,  
it's faster with a box cutter  
I know you love the way I'm diggin you out  
But always wanna fuckin aruge so let's figure this out  
I'm just tryna make you happy bitch  
Who's there for you anytime you get in the mood for suckin a dick  
I took the time out to find out what ya like  
You bust fifteen nuts, wanna get up and fight  
So look

(Chorus)

You should thank of all the bitches that I have in my life  
All the experience I'm gettin got me fuckin you right  
Never took time to see it and plus  
All you thinkin 'bout is yourself, I'm thinkin for us  
You love the way I beat it down when I come in the house  
And all in ya mouth, the bedroom, kitchen and couch  
You should thank all of the bitches that I have in my life  
All the experience I'm gettin got me fuckin you right  
It was Gina, Julie, Renee, Ty and Tammy  
Made me spend some extra days in Miami  
Candy, Trisha, Prescilla, Melissa  
Showed X to the Z it's better with three  
Who could fuck your ass better than me (pssst)  
I think not, hard knock the cock, welcome to my sweat shop  
I pick locks made by NFL, NBA, NHL, fuck all day  
You could say I didn't do this shit  
Unsatisfied bitches gotta go out and chase the dick  
And that's just not the thing to do  
So I learn new shit from the next bitch and teach it to you  
Now don't you love it how I shove it baby (hell yeah)  
When we be fuckin and we thuggin baby (hell yeah)  
The way I hit it when I pump it baby (hell yeah)  
And don't I spit it when I bust it baby (hell yeah)

(Chorus)

I insist that we fuckin on videotape  
Just incase a bitch lose face and try and call rape  
If you know somethin that might excite up our late night  
Got an open invite to lay us a pipe  
Make ya head feel like your wet, warm and tight  
I'll go from all night 'til the sun turn bright  
Two wrongs don't make it right bitch, no need to cheat  
(Pussy just a piece of meat, another means to eat)  
Big Tray D told me that, as a matter of fact  
You only tell me that you love me when you're flat on your back  
You wanna leave me now bitch, my fuckin feelings is hurt  
Why am I the only one that's tryna make this work

(Chorus)

(Tray D talking to fade)