

Xzibit, Get Your Walk On (Fredwreck Remix)

Get Your Walk On (Fredwreck Remix)

f/ Daz Dillinger, W.C

[Intro- Xzibit & W.C]

Yeah nigga get cha walk on

Yeah ya'll trynna walk huh

Well let us officially show you

How to do the damn thang

Yo, Huh, Come On!

Wo, what what

Whats crackalatin, Haha (Yeah)

We now got the whole world doing our dance homeboy

(AAAAAaaaaaaahhhhhh!!!!)

Whats crackin X, Dov C (What, what yeah)

Bringin it to ya live and direct

Wit my homeboy Mr. X (Sssh, sshh, sshh)

Check this out ya'll (Yeah, come on!)

[Verse 1- W.C]

Heal toe, heal toe

Heal to the toe, heal the to toe, toe to the heal

Let me see ya skip-pin on that dance flo baby

Look at dis - walk walk walk walk walk wit me

Fool what up, lace some chucks up

I be that gran empire lizard of c-walking teacher

Polaroid house shoots creeper

A foot star, child like destiny

Gettin my walk on with Mr X to the Z (Yeah!)

Dre and brizzay got this dub connect straight bangin

Westside bandana swizzangin

How we open up a can of words

And outta return, man to shoot sprea-da like grems

On the remix heres one more for ya'll to talk on

Dov C gettin his walk on

[Chorus -W.C & Daz & Xzibit]

Get your walk on, get your head right

I know you feelin this here, this here is dead right

Yeah-Get your bounce on, back dat ass up (Yeah!)

Just pass me the chronic, fill your glass up

Get your walk on, get your head right

I know you feelin this here, this here is dead right

Yeah-Get your bounce on, back dat ass up (Bounce)

Just pass me the chronic, fill your glass up

[Verse 2- Daz Dillinger]

From the depts of the smog cookin serving that is regular

Daz Dillinger no one could do it better (Yeah!)

Blue chucks, blue ragz, and a nigga blue sweeter

X to the Z, Dov C my nigga

Lets get down when I get down and rippin up and shit down

Fredwreck wit the gangsta sizz-ounnd

I make em' sea sick when they listen to this

I gets stupid when we cleans it up

We ain't had enough, Dick-ya-la

Coming straight outta the cut

With some shit that I want so you know I ain't no joke

But huh, rat-ta-ta-ta put you on your back

Nigga we get stupid like this and like that, you see

Put ya left foot in and your right foot out

And ya do the c-walk and ya shake all around

If you do the cripp-walk and the po-po's start to talk

See thats what its all about (Wo...)

[Chorus -W.C & Daz & Xzibit]

Get your walk on, get your head right

I know you feelin this here, this here is dead right

Yeah-Get your bounce on, back dat ass up

Just pass me the chronic, fill your glass up

Get your walk on, get your head right
I know you feelin this here, this here is dead right
Yeah-Get your bounce on, back dat ass up
Just pass me the chronic, fill your glass up
[Verse 3- Xzibit]
I can drink a whole Hennessey fifth
(AAAAAAaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!)
Some call that a problem but I call it a gift
Hey the westcoast a face lift a brand new day
Now we got the whole planet trynna walk this way (Yeah!)
On display, live and direct for ya'll
No respect for the weak no respect at all
Breaken your jaw, easy like breaken the law (Yeah!)
Yeah my fire al-pine and shake the car
Pay attention I'm on a mission so walk wit us
Talkin tough ain't enough in Los An-ge-les
Gotta mean whatcha saying, saying whatcha meaning
6'fo' chromed out 3 wheel meaning
Khakis and t-shirts for all four seasons
I tit even, some vist without leaving
Here we go again ain't a damn thang changed
Keep my name outta ya mouth and stay in ya lane
[Chorus -W.C & Daz & Xzibit]
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Yeah-Get your bounce on, back dat ass up
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Xzibit Lyrics Index