

Xzibit, Hit Run

(intro):

(hightower): baby, do me a favor, call up xzibit for me.

(xzibit): □allo?

(girl): □ hello, xzibit?

(xzibit): yeah, yeah, what's up?

(girl): □ hold on one second ok?

(xzibit): □alright

(hightower): xzibit?

(xzibit): hey, what's up?

(hightower): it's ron, hightower.

(xzibit): ah, what's up dude, what's goin' down?

(hightower): eh nigga, it ain't nothin' but a party!

(xzibit): yoo! shit it's goin' down?

(hightower): hey, let me tell you something.

I got some ladies over here, you know...

(girl): □hi xzibit!

(xzibit): □what's up?

(hightower): he he, see what I'm saying.

They were just trying, you know, to tell you hello and shit

But listen why don't you do this

When you're done over there, why don't you come here and shit

You know what I'm saying?

That way they can tell you hello on person

(xzibit): □ah alrihgt, you want me to bring you somethin'

(hightower): hey, bring yourself, I'm sure they can handle the rest

You know what I mean?

(xzibit): yeah yeah, alright, I'll be over there in a minute.

(hightower): peace!

(xzibit): alright

(verse one):

(xzibit):

It's a lazy sunday night

Xzibit posted at the lab

Gettin' high as a kite

Proceed to rolll the light

It's real tight

In a paper philly blunts I don't need

It might f**k off the taste

Of this bomb ass weed

My nigga tango and breeze

Came thru we blaze a few

Together bored as f**k

Niggas down for whatever

Break left from the bomb

Phone call from ron hightower

Shower at his crib in a hour

All the women involved drop drawers

Don't say nothin'

Just a lota nuttin'

F**kin' plus dick suckin'

Goddamn who was that?

Half black with the fat ass

Too much to ask if you can put them on the glass

(for me)

My name's xzibit

I aint' tryin' to spit game

Just tell me your name

And the proportions of your frame

(38-26-32)

That's right
Xzibit now has it poppin' on sunday night

(chorus): (2x)
I don't wanna save 'em
Pay em' or buy clothes
All we really wanna do
Is try to f**k these hoes

(verse two):

(rass kass):
You knew the game
And you still ended up on your back...

(xzibit):
Bitches get laid like tracks
Break it down like that
With stacks of profilactics
Got ill tactics just to get you on the mattress like yo
(girl moaning in background)
With minimal conversation
No time wastin'
Only hard penetration
Gettin' shiners on recliners
Cummin' in your faces
Stop! get on top
I take your mind different places
Won't be satisfied till I hit every race
Color and creed in deed
All I need is weed a fly steez
Who ain't afraid to take the lead
A little dirt on your knees
Looked over saw breeze
Laid out on the couch about to let it all out
Nigga that's the kinda shit that I'm talkin' about

(chorus): (4x)
I don't wanna save em'
Pay em' or buy clothes
All we really wanna do
Is try to f**k these hoes