

Xzibit, Inside Job

[Intro: Xzibit]

Mr. X to the Z (who am I?)

M-m-m-mr. X (who am I?)

X to the to-the-to-the Z

M-m-m-m-mr. X-x-x to the Z (yeah, yo)

M-m-m-m-mr. X-x-x to the Z

[Xzibit]

So it's one fifteen in the mornin I'm comin up, a hard day, serve

We gettin drunk smokin herb and the third dike you roll

Non-stop cash flow, 20,000 dollars and the rest cuttin yayo

We had the rocks, my nigga late to pick it up

get him on the phone, hurry up cause I ain't tryin to get stuck

So what the fuck is the hold up?

("Nigga sit your ass in the chair and I'll be right there")

Reminds me I gotta shake the spot

I got bitches in the hotel room ready for me to bang cob weight (*knock*)

Yo, who is that man?

("He wanna spend a couple of hundred, (yeah), but he'll be right back")

That's when I shoulda got the heater

But I was too busy in the kitchen countin money and takin shots at Tequila

Started countin out twelve when it hit me

If you was Rocksteady, you woulda came when the C-Note's rang

Before I could yell out to lock the front

Niggas rushed in the front door with the gauge, ready, duck

Bad enough I'm caught up in it, jacked, but worst than that

I'm caught in the kitchen without the strap

("Where the muh-fuckin sack homeboy?")

Yeah, woulda killed Terminators only D between us is

a stove and a refrigerator, came in and put the gauge to my chest

Took the money off the table and said ("Yo, where's the rest of it nigga?")

You gotta love it, came straight to the moneyman

20,000 cash, needed stacks, wrapped in rubber bands

Snatched the whole shit and broke out

I ran to the living room and got the heat from under the couch

Smashed out into the middle of the street started blatin

Dumpin at the getaway cars but they was mashin

I thought I heard the homies just in time for the action

Police hit the corner with they reds and white's flashin

These niggas rolled off with at least a cool fifty

Ya, I'm in handcuffs on the ground and mad cause the K-9 bit me

Shipped me off downtown for the bookin

Threw my herb sack when the cops wasn't lookin

Fingerprints, hold the tape, hear come detectors

One at the door, another one askin questions

Stupid shit like: - "Who was I shootin at?"

Was it game related and where do they kick it at?

But I didn't say shit I can tell from all the people

Involved it was an inside job

But I'm the wrong nigga to rob, I'll hunt you down

Fuck the money, I'll take you off and accept the loss

Set bail at fifteen g's, no sweat

Got cars slippin tonight, and almost got wet

Homies come to set bail see, but that's all right

Since I'm already here I'ma spend the night

[Outro: Xzibit and another having a conversation]

("Hey, hey I need to use the phone again") [*Car horns*]

("Ay, ay man") ("Since when did you start takin shoestrings and shit?") ("

("Ahhhh") ("Do I look like I wanna kill?") ("Ay man, fuck that")

("Ay, look:") ("I just need to use the phone real quick man, eh, fuck it")

("Aight, ay, let me get the top bunk")

("Ay man, this, this, this blanket, this blanket smell like urine man")

All right, you're charged with Public Intoxication
(All right, listen there's a thousand people down there who are drunk)
Okay, I understand that