

Xzibit, Movin' In Your Chucks

(feat. Kurupt, Too \$hort)

Mov-mov-mov-mov-movin in your chucks

[Too \$hort]

We come through extra whylin
And y'all love it, who don't like sex & violence
You got a camera phone, send a picture and a text
Fiends want dough, tricks want sex
Bitches want dick, pimps want a grip
Motherfuckers wanna know, when you gon' slip
Man you rich, you still kick it in the hood?
Sellin coke, and fuckin bitches real good?
Don't let 'em fool ya, these bitches ain't innocent
They'll change the game and make the gangsters start pimpin women
He don't want her, she's just a decoy
You've gotta use her, you know hoes love the d-boy
So let 'em do ya, put them hookers to work
You want to save the hoe, so he took her to church
These bitches slangin, lootin, hookin, recruitin
Work the credit cards, stealin, cookin, shootin

[Chorus: Too \$hort - repeat 4X]

To all my pimps (sli-sli-sli-slidin in your gators)
And all my gangsters (gangsters movin-movin in your chucks)

[\$hort] Beotch!

(Mov-mov-mov-mov-movin in your chucks)

[Kurupt]

Have you ever seen fluent flow..
Well this is how you do it though..
Man I don't give a fuck..
Fuck it, how I ride slide in the bucket
Trip, I told this nigga to hold his bitch
Come equipped but don't trip, nigga mold his bitch
The bitch bomb, I think he in possession of mine
Cause the bitch is tryin to put my dick on top of her mind
I'm too G'd up to play games with bustaz
Got somethin to start trippin niggaz lanes and bustin
I'm Gotti motherfucker, Chucks and T's
Nickels and semi-automatic ninas and beams
I don't really give a fuck about your hood my nigga
I'm just tryin to make all bad good my nigga
Got gators for the pimpin, Chucks on the daily
I ain't trippin off these busta niggaz bitches gotta pay me

[Chorus]

[\$hort] Yeah beotch!

[Xzibit]

Always poppin that shit like you want to
But you don't say a fuckin thing when I come through (beotch!)
I call the shot and somebody gon' touch you
But you ain't even half a fag, nigga fuck you (ya beotch!)
Always talkin 'bout what a nigga gon' do
But you a hoe so nobody don't believe you (yeah beotch!)
Lightin it up for the world to see
The return of Mr. X to the Z, damn
To my niggaz in them Cadillacs, swingin that battle axe
A million dollars every 90 days, imagine that
My habitat is black, ramsacked with heavy gats
Hit a nigga so hard that his head gon' touch his back

Dog set it off, motherfuck them haters
I keep on pimpin for my paper in my now or later {gators}
Made my mark for my spark, terror tear you apart
You better have you some heart, comin out here after dark
If you gon' start you must finish, nigga handle yo' business
Because you spoke like a menace you got sent off to the dentist
I don't be goin back and forth like, full court tennis
We gon' handle what we gon' handle, have you walkin in sandals
In a hospital robe, back of yo' body exposed
I stay in militant mode, I staple holes to your clothes
Because it's one for the hustle, two for transition
For my brothers in position still cookin in the kitchen

[Chorus - 2X]

[\$hort] Beotch!
(Mov-mov-mov-mov-movin in your chucks)