

Xzibit, Right On

Yeah, ha
Ladies and gentlemen (Ha, Yeah)
You got money and then bitches
Power..

Ya had it, ya lost it
Ya leased it, ya flossed it
Business fell through now ya comin up off it
He bought it, he rolled it
He passed it, you smoked it
Now ya fucked up off some weed mixed wit coke shit
Ya love her, ya hate her
Ya fucked her, ya raped her
Twenty-five to life cuz ya can't control ya anger
Its heavy, its deep
Its solid, its weak
Things people say about ya records in the streets (Check it)
Be careful what ya wish for
Ya fuck around and get it
I did it got in it
Spit it and didnt waste a minute
So where my niggas at?
What part of the game is that?
I paid my dues now nobody tryin to pay me back
And if they did i would probably have as much as shaq
My life is the movie so listen to the soundtrack
This what its all about
You better stall me out
And feel the aim of the name you niggas callin out

[Chorus]
If you feelin how im feelin
And you ready and willin
to come to the table
I put it together who doin it better
Come bounce with me (Come on)
You can smoke a whole ounce with me (Right on!)
Take em out!
If you movin how im movin
And you chosen and proven
So lose the illusion
The top guns cue the confusion
Come bounce with me (Come on!)
You can smoke a whole ounce with me (Right on!)
Take em out!

I'm tired, I'm hungry
You're lazy, disgusting
You're lay around my house and ya never do nothing
I seen it, believed it
Planned it, conceived it
Missed me with the bullshit bitch I dont need it
I cheated, you cheated
We cheated, so beat it
Eat it like a dick bitch you too conceited
I broke it, replaced it
I slammed it, I chased it
Hands in the air if ya love gettin wasted baby!
You never seen us before
You betta come and get it
You with it im with it
I'm busy baby you fuckin with it
Is it your place or mind
Dont wanna waste your time

And you can get it how you want it it'll blow ya mind
Its over time
Takin pride in the bump and grind
A hit from behind to leave you with a broken spine
This what its all about
You better stall me out
Its just the game of the name you bitches callin out

[Chorus]

Pop it, drink it
Float it, sink it
Plan to stop me then you better rethink it
Drive it, use it
Pimp it, abuse it
Shit motherfuckers do to hip-hop music
I live it, I die it
I'm laughin, I'm cryin
Pop two of these bitch, lets start flying
I hear it, I taste it
I touched it, I faced it
Breakin down the bullshit back to the basics
I had to kick in the door
Thats how I had to get it
I shitted with lyrics
And getting better for fuckin credit
Gettin gangsta with it
The best that ever did it
Hit it and quit it my nigga
You shouldnt babysit it
We need more emcees and less wannabes
Three hundred and sixty degrees of reality
Thats what its all about
Kill em and haul em out
Now feel the aim of the name you haters callin out

[Chorus]