

Xzibit, Shroomz

[Verse 1]

its a long day Friday
its like movin on this way
got Xzibit up tight, right
Partner cam through wit two white boys
(duuude)
talkin noise bout a hot spot
where bitches come alone
and niggas dont cop block
let the top drop
and we out
hit the liquor store
give me O.E. and three blunts
no make it four
anything else
(Vitamin C pills and orange juice)
what are you drinking gin
(no dude its the shroomz)
the shroomz? (what?)
yeah thats some other shit
one of the reasons why George Clinton sees the mother ship
how high it make you get
fucked up?
throw it up, guts
or do it have you stuck wit soft dick and cant fuck
hold up

[Verse 2]

now chew 'em up and slam the orange juice
vitamin c chase
kill the taste
you can tell its nasty by the look on my face
dont get it twisted like a nigga coked up
and druggied down
see cannibus and mushrooms be comin from the ground
all natural
post it at the club
looking funny style
tight slack
pimp feather hat
where the bitches at
here
we giving orders at the bar holding money
when all of a sudden
all the people started looking funny
and started lookin runny
and likwitfy
right before my very eye
this is a different kind of high

(ohh shit, you see this shit
this motherfuckers melting and shit)

[Verse 3]

niggas and bitches walkin by that i recognize
feeling hypnotized
pupils dialated changing size
thats when i heard the battle cries from across the room
set thes crooked niggas straight
nickel proof
activate

for mom
i brought wild niggas smashing you
came crashing through
elbows and right hooks for you
we got thrown out by this time
my shit is blown out
pull the phone out
acceleration and we bone out
in the zone out beyond
Captain Kurk and cling on
shit that im on
be high powered like a yukon
back to my house
fucked up
trying to see straight
how much of that bullshit did I actually take
(2 grams duuude)
god damn
no wonder why I feel like a underneath total white boy fagot
we got beef
over did it holms
niggas playin bones in the living room
restless
try to find anything to mess with
where my keys at
pickin up clothes
trying to fold this shit
see my riot gage on teh wall
better unload this shit
fucked up niggas and fire arms dont mix right
cocked back the chamber
dumping shells till it felt lite
thought I dumped the all
counted 7
but it was 8
straight gone
point the barrel at teh flow and let it go

(fuck!, shit!...woow...ah ah ah its cool, I just shot the flow man.
Its all good, its all good...ah ah where everbody at, ah shit (haha)
fuckin wit dat shit