

# 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