

Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins**"Get Your Walk On"**

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[Xzibit]

(Yeah) I can drink a whole Henessey fifth
Some call that a problem but I call it a gift
Xzibit make the whole continent shift (hell yeah)
Invadin your territory in a blaze of glory
A soldier story, livin off nothin but instinct
Bitch niggaz continue to floss and lip-sync
And I'ma just continue to flow, while rockin the boat
Probably smoke three-hundred thousand dollars in
dope
Don't make my desert eagle barrel touch the back of
your throat
Always approach niggaz that's known for killin your
folks
Be surprised who could turn around and bust on y'all
Catch your mother or your sister comin out of the mall
Bang holes through they coats and they Macy bags
No retaliation you basically runnin with fags
In these streets, you only good as your last transaction
Funny style, and these niggaz ain't laughin
Y'all got it all fucked up in zero-zero
Think life is a video for "Last Action Heroes"
Face the price you pay for the games you play
When it's all said and done at the end of the day, you
gotta

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Get your walk on, get your head right
I know you feelin the shit, shit is dead right
Get your bounce on, back dat ass up
Bitch pass me the bottle, fill your glass up

[Xzibit]

Judge and jury, don't get your case dismissed
When I get pissed and smash through the makeshift
Uplift, dump this, make your shit knock
Hypnotical hardrock that don't flop
It's the best thing crackin my nigga
Lot of rappers talk of flashin the trigger but don't ever
deliver
From the home of the toe tag, lowriders and body bags

earthquakes police with automatics and nerve gas
Learn fast or get left behind quick (yeah)
You testify, you get wrapped in plastic (hell yeah)
Xzibit turn your SUV into a casket
Melt your body parts in a tub full of sulfuric acid
Drastic measures we take just to get by
for all the shit you gotta go through to get high
Stand by, do or die for the West coast
Wanna fuck with Xzibit but can't come close
motherfuckers

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Get your walk on, get your head tight
I know you feelin the shit, the shit is dead right
Get your bounce on, back dat ass up
Bitch pass me the bottle, fill your glass up

[Xzibit]

Tell y'all people to call my people
Recognize all men are not created equal
I'm lethal, all y'all faggots remain see-through
Only the kid from "The Sixth Sense" can peep you
(DEAD PEOPLE!)

When I get through the world'll be a better place
A little Jesus Christ mixed with some Leatherface
Go find some punch to spike, find some dope to lace
Pull a pistol from my waist, nigga reach for space
Smack the taste out of your mouth if you talk shit
or hit so hard to the chin it make your back flip
My transcript number one up in this conference
It's nonsense, all y'all niggaz want is conflict
Only associate with pros and the convicts
Xzibit roll up in the spot with a bomb bitch
and then bounce with a couple, motherfuck a tussle
You never have enough muscle to stop a nigga hustle

[Chorus - repeat 4X]

Get your walk on, get your head tight
I know you feelin the shit, the shit is dead right
Get your bounce on, back dat ass up
Bitch pass me the bottle, fill your glass up

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