

Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins

"Hit & Run"

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[Intro]:

[Hightower]: Baby, do me a favor, call up Xzibit for me.

[Xzibit]: Allo?

[Girl]: Hello, Xzibit?

[Xzibit]: Yeah, yeah, what's up?

[Girl]: Hold on one second ok?

[Xzibit]: Alright

[Hightower]: Xzibit?

[Xzibit]: Hey, what's up?

[Hightower]: It's Ron, Hightower.

[Xzibit]: Ah, what's up dude, what's goin' down?

[Hightower]: Eh nigga, it ain't nothin' but a party!

[Xzibit]: Yoo! shit it's goin' down?

[Hightower]: Hey, let me tell you something.

I got some ladies over here, you know...

[Girl]: Hi Xzibit!

[Xzibit]: What's up?

[Hightower]: He he, see what I'm saying.

They were just trying, you know, to tell you hello and
shit

But listen why don't you do this

When you're done over there, why don't you come here
and shit

You know what I'm saying?

That way they can tell you hello on person

[Xzibit]: Ah alrihgt, you want me to bring you somethin'

[Hightower]: Hey, bring yourself, I'm sure they can
handle the rest

You know what I mean?

[Xzibit]: Yeah yeah, alright, I'll be over there in a
minute.

[Hightower]: Peace!

[Xzibit]: Alright

[Verse One]:

[Xzibit]:

It's a lazy Sunday night
Xzibit posted at the lab
Gettin' high as a kite

Proceed to roll the light
It's real tight
In a paper Philly Blunts I don't need
It might fuck off the taste
Of this bomb ass weed
My nigga Tango and Breeze
Came thru we blaze a few
Together bored as fuck
Niggas down for whatever
Break left from the bomb
Phone call from Ron Hightower
Shower at his crib in a hour
All the women involved drop drawers
Don't say nothin'
Just a lotta nuttin'
Fuckin' plus dick suckin'
Goddamn who was that?
Half black with the fat ass
Too much to ask if you can put them on the glass
[For me]
My name's Xzibit
I aint' tryin' to spit game
Just tell me your name
And the proportions of your frame
[38-26-32]
That's right
Xzibit now has it poppin' on Sunday night

[Chorus]: (2x)
I don't wanna save 'em
Pay em' or buy clothes
All we really wanna do
Is try to fuck these hoes

[Verse Two]:

[Rass Kass]:
You knew the game
And you still ended up on your back...

[Xzibit]:
Bitches get laid like tracks
Break it down like that
With stacks of profilactics
Got ill tactics just to get you on the mattress like yo
[girl moaning in background]
With minimal conversation
No time wastin'
Only hard penetration
Gettin' shiners on recliners
Cummin' in your faces

Stop! Get on top
I take your mind different places
Won't be satisfied till I hit every race
Color and creed in deed
All I need is weed a fly steez
Who ain't afraid to take the lead
A little dirt on your knees
Looked over saw Breeze
Laid out on the couch about to let it all out
Nigga that's the kinda shit that I'm talkin' about

[Chorus]: (4x)
I don't wanna save em'
Pay em' or buy clothes
All we really wanna do
Is try to fuck these hoes

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