

Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins

"Inside Job"

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(Intro: Xzibit)

Mr. X to the Z (who am I?)

M-m-m-mr. X (who am I?)

X to the to-the-to-the Z

M-m-m-m-mr. X-x-x to the Z (yeah, yo)

M-m-m-m-mr. X-x-x to the Z

(Xzibit)

So it's one fifteen in the mornin I'm comin up, a hard day, serve

We gettin drunk smokin herb and the third dike you roll
Non-stop cash flow, 20,000 dollars and the rest cuttin yayo

We had the rocks, my nigga late to pick it up
get him on the phone, hurry up cause I ain't tryin to get stuck

So what the fuck is the hold up?

("Nigga sit your ass in the chair and I'll be right there")

Reminds me I gotta shake the spot

I got bitches in the hotel room ready for me to bang
cob weight (*knock*)

Yo, who is that man?

("He wanna spend a couple of hundred, (yeah), but he'll be right back")

That's when I shoulda got the heater

But I was too busy in the kitchen countin money and
takin shots at Tequila

Started countin out twelve when it hit me

If you was Rocksteady, you woulda came when the C-
Note's rang

Before I could yell out to lock the front

Niggas rushed in the front door with the gauge, ready,
duck

Bad enough I'm caught up in it, jacked, but worst than
that

I'm caught in the kitchen without the strap

("Where the muh-fuckin sack homeboy?")

Yeah, woulda killed Terminators only D between us is
a stove and a refrigerator, came in and put the gauge
to my chest

Took the money off the table and said ("Yo, where's the

rest of it nigga?")
You gotta love it, came straight to the moneyman
20,000 cash, needed stacks, wrapped in rubber bands
Snatched the whole shit and broke out
I ran to the living room and got the heat from under the
couch
Smashed out into the middle of the street started
blastin
Dumpin at the getaway cars but they was mashin
I thought I heard the homies just in time for the action
Police hit the corner with they reds and white's flashin
These niggas rolled off with at least a cool fifty
Ya, I'm in handcuffs on the ground and mad cause the
K-9 bit me
Shipped me off downtown for the bookin
Threw my herb sack when the cops wasn't lookin
Fingerprints, hold the tape, hear come detectors
One at the door, another one askin questions
Stupid shit like: - "Who was I shootin at?"
Was it game related and where do they kick it at?
But I didn't say shit I can tell from all the people
Involved it was an inside job
But I'm the wrong nigga to rob, I'll hunt you down
Fuck the money, I'll take you off and accept the loss
Set bail at fifteen g's, no sweat
Got cars slippin tonight, and almost got wet
Homies come to set bail see, but that's all right
Since I'm already here I'ma spend the night

(Outro: Xzibit and another having a conversation)
("Hey, hey I need to use the phone again") (*Car
horns*)
("Ay, ay man") ("Since when did you start takin
shoestrings and shit?") ("Man")
("Ahhhh") ("Do I look like I wanna kill?") ("Ay man, fuck
that")
("Ay, lookâ€¦") ("I just need to use the phone real quick
man, eh, fuck it")
("Aight, ay, let me get the top bunk")
("Ay man, this, this, this blanket, this blanket smell like
urine man")

All right, you're charged with Public Intoxication
(All right, listen there's a thousand people down there
who are drunk)
Okay, I understand that

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