

# X

## "D.N.A"

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[X] Drugs-N-Alkahol baby! Ahhh!  
[S] Uhh.. mm that's funky.. ohh!

[Xzibit]  
Huh, I'm Mr. What-The-Fuck-You-Lookin-At  
I'm Mr. Quick-To-Run-And-Get-The-Gat  
Treat you like the hoosd like a diplomat  
Xzibit used to push a 'llac, now I'm Range Rovin'  
Takin over never sober, bear witness like Jehovah  
Enemies fall like October  
Restless standin tall like a soldier  
We thick like the first Motorola brick cellular phones  
cut to the bone, celebratin "Dre Day"  
Love it or leave it alone (ha hah)  
Just consider me the heir to the throne  
The lifestyle of the savage and well known protectin my  
owns  
Rolling stone bringin it home, time for transition  
Don't talk too loud, you might find yourself missin  
Look into my eyes, all you see is will to survive  
by any means, retreatin to the Phillipines  
to meditate, liftin train like a heavyweight  
Hit you and run with a California license plate

[Chorus: Xzibit + Snoop]  
[X] When y'all niggaz stop actin like bitches  
[X] bitches stop actin like niggaz we can all clock  
figures  
[S] Hoes on my dick, niggaz on my dick  
[S] They all on my dick, FUCK THAT SHIT!  
[X] When y'all bitches stop actin like niggaz  
[X] niggaz stop actin like bitches we can all get riches  
[S] Hoes on my dick, niggaz on my dick  
[S] FUCK THAT SHIT! We can all get rich!

[Snoop Dogg]  
Doggy Dogg is bout to blow up  
All.. these Snoop Dogg haters need to slow up, sho'  
nuff  
Know what? X, the game is gettin sewn up  
but I'm speedin 'em up and leavin 'em

I'm buckin 'em til they bleedin bruh  
Hold up, FUCK THAT, you tryin to get swoll up  
by the mic controller, clip reloader  
Frozen exposure, condos of a composer  
Sick like a bowl-of, a bowl of deez nuts  
Fuck him up, cross him out, then toss him out  
With the stamp on his head, nigga Doghouse  
Nigga I'm universal crackin Down South (ya heard?)  
Poppin my collar with my dick in your girl's mouth, ha  
ha  
You act like you a dude you get smashed on  
Full out my bitches with your fucked up attitude  
Nappy-head hoes, worse than bitch niggaz  
I treat 'em all the same, bitch check yo' game!

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

With the flick of a wrist, send you deep into the abyss  
I don't pop Cryst', but will pop a nigga with this  
Made my way to the top of the list, raised your fifth  
Anything to keep it movin make it harder to hit  
We survive when you thought we was finished and  
done  
Lookin over my cold shoulder is Attila the Hun  
The gatling gun, guillotine, Don King's American Dream  
Since sixteen, shoulda been a marine  
Makin the whole scene collapse, millenium raps  
Why fight for scraps, relax and take the whole plate  
witcha  
The penny pitcher with a whole lot of come and get ya  
You gettin my picture or do I have to let 'em hit ya?  
HUAHH!  
Feel the adrenaline rush whenever I bust  
Got eyes in back of my head  
The people the I trust is just like me  
Full of spite with very large appetites  
I'm too complex to break down in black and white

[Chorus]

[Snoop Dogg]

(AH-AHHH!) Niggaz, yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah,  
ahhh  
Yes.. X to the Z, D-O-double-to-the-motherfuckin-G,  
OOOH-WEE!  
Ahh.. this shit funky right here my nigga  
Yeah, +Open Bar+ nigga, we gettin fucked up  
Three four in the morning, ain't no time limits  
Huh huh, you ain't tryin to hotbox with us nigga  
Roll some X, y'know!

Ahh.. niggaz, bitches, niggaz, bitches  
Niggaz, bitches, niggaz, bitches  
Niggaz, bitches, niggaz, bitches  
Niggaz, bitches, niggaz, bitches  
Niggaz, bitches, niggaz, bitches  
Niggaz, bitches, niggaz, it's all the same though

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