

**X****"Hit & Run"**

Visit "[Hit & Run](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[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

Visit [X](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.