

Xzibit "Bitch Please"

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Yeah, time to bring yo' ass to the table, y'all
It's X to the Z Xzibit, yeah, Snoop double D, uh, O.G.
(Where you at?, West coast, Los Angeles)
What, bringin' it live, with Dr. Dre, what?
Throwin' up a big ass W, coverin' up the world right?
Yeah, hah, listen, look

You ain't tryin' to hot box with me, I swing hard liquor
Goin' down by the second round, all hail the
underground
How dat sound? Xzibit backin' down from a conflict
Fuck the nonsense, terrorist, hidden bomb shit

Glass and metal in every direction
Innocent bystanders, taught a very hard lesson
I'm the reason there's no time to reach for that weapon
And reason why niggaz with problems keep on steppin'

Xzibit ready to scrap, like Mike Tyson with his license
back
Nine to five, minimum wage, what type of life is that for
me?
It's blasphemy, you fuckin' around
With the Sun dance Kid and Butch Cassidy

You had the audacity to wanna tangle with the X
Strangle your neck, slap you like the opposite sex
Drunk drivin' tryin' to stack my loot
While other rappers gettin' treated like a prostitute
So, check the Sound Scan

All I wanna be was a G, ha
My whole life, nigga please, ha
Breakin' off these motherfuckin' keys, ha
Let's get these motherfuckin' G's, ha
Nigga, you don't wanna fuck with this

Hmm, aww nah, big Snoop Dogg
Back up in the hee zee, bay, bay
You jockin' my style, you so crazy
Dre say, ain't no limit to this
As long as we drop gangsta shit

Look here bitch, you fine and I dig your style
Come fuck with a nigga, do it Doggy style
I'll be gentle, sentimental
Shit, we fucked in the rental
Lincoln, Continental

Hmm, coast to coast, L.A. to Chicago
(Yeah nigga, you know what's happenin' man)
I get this pussy everywhere that I go
(These bitches know what time it is)

Ask the bitches in your hood 'cause they know
(Hell yeah, hoes know about a nigga like me man)
I get the pussy everywhere that I go
(I pimp these hoes, nigga, ha ha)
Ask the bitches in your hood 'cause they know

Bitch please, get down on your god damn knees
For this money chronic clothes and weed
(Look)
You fuckin' with some real O.G's, bitch, please
Bitch please, get down on your motherfuckin' knees
We came to get the motherfuckin' G's
Yeah, you fuckin' with some real O.G's, you dick tease

Bitch, please, now what you need to do is
Hem my coat and roll me some dough
(F'real)
Different strokes for different folks
(Uh-huh)

Oh, you like settin' niggaz up and gettin them loc's
A cute lil' bitch with a whole lotta heart
Shit gets thick when the light gets dark
She say, she gots a lick for me
(Well, hook it up)

Worth about two hundred G's and thirty keys
Now, check this out Dre, now, if I don't move
Then a nigga like me, shit, I don't lose
But you know me, Dogg I'm movin'
Ain't nuttin' to it, but to get to groovin'

You been, waitin' on a nigga like me
(Wha's happenin'?)
To take that chance and rob yo' man and beat up the
pussy
A victim of the circumstance
(Yeah, right)

That's the Devil, they always wanna dance
See, we go out with a bang
(Bang, bang)
I'm tryin' to work this cold thang and take this whole
thang

I get the money everywhere that I go
(I go)
I bust a bitch and take her money fo' sho
(Fo' sho)

I get the money everywhere that I go
(I go)
I bust a bitch and take her money fo' sho
(Fo' sho)

Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo, you don't wanna step to me
Still claimin' D.P.G. 'til the day I D I E
Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo, you don't wanna step to me
Still claimin' D.P.G. 'til the day I D I E

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