

## **Xzibit**

### **"F\*\*\*\*n' You Right"**

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Listen to this, I'm just tryna do this for us  
You know what I'm sayin', you scream at the top of your  
fucking lungs  
Yeah, I'm just tryna do this hard work  
And get this good between us baby, yeah

Look, Samantha, Loraine, Monica, Veronica  
Veronica, she treated my dick like a harmonica  
How you think I learned how to twist it and turn  
Ya back until it's broke, make you feel it in your throat

It was Pamela, Linda, Keisha, Nicole  
Had me fuckin' while I was drivin' on cruise control  
Can't wait to get it home and teach it all to you  
Look I'm just tryna be the best, I'm doin' it all for you

You know that thing with the peanut butter  
My Brooklyn bitch said fuckin' untie the ropes  
It's faster with a box cutter  
I know you love the way I'm diggin' you out

But always wanna fuckin' argue so let's figure this out  
I'm just tryna make you happy bitch  
Who's there for you anytime you get in the mood for  
suckin' a dick  
I took the time out to find out what ya like  
You bust fifteen nuts, wanna get up and fight, so look

You should thank of all the bitches that I have in my life  
All the experience I'm gettin', got me fuckin' you right  
Never took time to see it and plus  
All you thinkin' 'bout is yourself, I'm thinkin' for us

You love the way I beat it down when I come in the  
house  
And all in ya mouth, the bedroom, kitchen and couch  
You should thank all of the bitches that I have in my life  
All the experience I'm gettin', got me fuckin' you right

It was Gina, Julie, Renee, Ty and Tammy  
Made me spend some extra days in Miami  
Candy, Trisha, Priscilla, Melissa

Showed X to the Z, it's better with three

Who could fuck your ass better than me  
I think not, hard knock the cock, welcome to my sweat  
shop  
I pick locks made by NFL, NBA, NHL, fuck all day  
You could say I didn't do this shit

Unsatisfied bitches gotta go out and chase the dick  
And that's just not the thing to do  
So I learn new shit from the next bitch and teach it to  
you

Now don't you love it how I shove it baby  
(Hell, yeah)  
When we be fuckin' and we thuggin' baby  
(Hell, yeah)  
The way I hit it when I pump it baby  
(Hell, yeah)  
And don't I spit it when I bust it baby  
(Hell, yeah)

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I insist that we fuckin' on videotape  
Just in case a bitch lose face and try and call rape  
If you know somethin' that might excite up our late  
night  
Got an open invite to lay us a pipe

Make ya head feel like you're wet, warm and tight  
I'll go from all night 'til the sun turn bright  
Two wrongs don't make it right bitch, no need to cheat  
(Pussy just a piece of meat, another means to eat)

Big Tray D told me that, as a matter of fact  
You only tell me that you love me when you're flat on  
your back  
You wanna leave me now bitch, my fuckin' feelings is  
hurt  
Why am I the only one that's tryna make this work

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