

Xzibit "Hit Run"

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?Baby, do me a favor, call up Xzibit for me?
?Allo??, ?Hello, Xzibit??, ?Yeah, yeah, what's up??
?Hold on one second, okay??, ?Alright?
?Xzibit??, ?Hey, what's up??, ?It's Ron, Hightower?

?Ah, what's up, dude, what's going down??
?Hey, nigga, it ain't nothing but a party?
?Yo, shit, it's going down??, ?Hey, let me tell you
something
I got some ladies over here, you know?

?Hi, Xzibit?, ?What's up??, ?Hehe, 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 in person?

?Ah, alright, you want me to bring you something?
?Hey, bring yourself, I'm sure they can handle the rest
You know what I mean??
?Yeah, yeah, alright, I'll be over there in a minute?
?Peace?, ?Alright?

It's a lazy Sunday night, Xzibit posted at the lab
Getting 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 through, 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 nothing, just a lotta nutting
Fucking plus dick sucking
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 ain't trying to spit game
Just tell me your name and the proportions of your
frame
(38, 26, 32)
That's right
Xzibit now has it popping on Sunday night

I don't wanna save 'em, pay 'em or buy clothes
All we really wanna do is try to fuck these hoes
I don't wanna save 'em, pay 'em or buy clothes
All we really wanna do is try to fuck these hoes

You knew the game and you still ended up on your
back
Bitches get laid like tracks, break it down like that
With stacks of prophylactics
Got ill tactics just to get you on the mattress like yo

With minimal conversation, no time wasting
Only hard penetration, getting shiners on recliners
Cumming in your faces, stop, get on top
I take your mind different places

Won't be satisfied 'til 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 talking about

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