Xzibit "Poppin' Off"

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(feat. DJ Quik, King Tee)

[Chorus]

In the club drinkin' with all my homies
And ain't no worries tonight 'cause we poppin' off
Don't bite me, but if you wanna fight me
It ain't hard to find me, just know I'll be poppin' off
Slow motion, GT rollin', your bitch she knowin'
She'll tell you we poppin' off
Ain't nothin' when X shit jumpin', to get the hoes fuckin'
They know we be poppin' off

[Xzibit]

Uh-uh, I know you gettin' high cause you keep on starin' and your eyes don't lie That shit you wearin' and your friends keep darin' There's enough to go around and they don't mind sharin'

Get between your thighs, make ya exercise You ain't gotta waste no time with no 'fuck me' eyes I'm like all day long up in ya

Take a break, make a drink, roll the 'wood, let the games continue

Uh, (you make me so hot) - you better than the rest of them bitches

I'll bang your back out in every position
I never listen to the shit niggaz say
How you're easy to spread, like to pop pills and fuck all
day

But baby that's alright with me

If you thinkin' long-term, bitch that's what it ain't gon'

So just shake what your mamma gave ya And I'ma give you what your dad gave your mom to make ya

[Chorus]

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[DJ Quik]

Now riddle me this...

Whenever I hit her hard in the middle she piss Do I take that as normal and watch her play with her tits?

I'm confused, I feel so used - and I got the dick Now what am I doin' here?

She tell me she wants to keep the condom as a souvenir

And that's kinda weird to me

I guess this ol' fuck session ain't what it appear to be Because the concierge has just brought the bill to me

I go 200 miles per hour on a street bike And 9-0 beats per minute on a sweet mic Whenever I get with bitches I lose a little somethin' Sperm by the zones, we keep it hot and goin' Xzibit we got it flowin', don't even approach us, you only get roaches

How you gon' smoke with us nigga when you can't even focus

Cause we don't break bread with bitches, we take head from bitches

Cause niggaz be gettin' dead from bitches for bein'

[Chorus]

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[King Tee]

This big black baracuda type nigga
Last of the old coupe pack type niggaz
Last of the honcho and Flint type niggaz
Big Tweet, Big Pete, pimp type figgas
It's like a jungle and I'm King Tee the tyrant
Demandin' all bitches stay silent - fuck snitchin'
I'm the violent - pilot for your child hall riot
Where niggaz pull swords like pirates
Hoes get i-rit, I mean irate
Tee-la let a bitch eat, put some dick on her plate
You better get yo' ass some muscle and go hustle

Get up on the grind, stop fuckin' with mine
For the umpteenth time, I'm a baller by nature
Schooled by the best, fuck a hater
Never lay low, let 'em know, out of mind, out of sight
But for damn sure you'll catch me with the homies
tonight
We just -

[Chorus]

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