

**Xzibit F/ Method Man, Jayo Felony****"I'm a Swing It"**

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I'm a swing it  
Watch me bring it  
To the next level  
The graphic devils  
Gettin' funky like the Nevilles  
Brothers from the bayou,  
So why you wanna trip  
Just play the sideline kid  
And wait for me to trip  
'Cause I can feel it in the air tonight  
But yo I'm not Phil Collins  
I'm more like Henry Rollins  
'Cause I search and destroy  
Retoy with the plot  
Tryin' to get what I got  
Ya might get shot  
Hot damn I'm a slam ya like ONYX  
Then teach ya how to write a rhyme  
Like hooked on Phonics  
Mother Goose ain't got shit on me  
'Cause I get loose at the jam and wreck the whole party  
I make em' jump and mosh  
Oh my gosh  
There slamin in the pit  
When I'm kickin my shot  
They're buggin at the eyes  
'Cause I got mad styles  
And ain't a damn thing funny  
I get money in piles  
Some people thought I died  
That's just a rumor though  
Others thought I fell off  
But now I'm numero uno  
Dos not cuatro  
word to Kool Kieth  
I'm a break up your teeth  
When I die (die)  
Bury me (me)  
Hang my balls from a cherry tree (tree)  
Let them get ripe and take a bite  
And if they don't taste right then don't blame D (D)

You need to quit swingin  
The styles that I'm bringin  
The funk knuckle dragon  
The kids on the wagon  
I'm not the 12 stepper  
Don't play me like a lepper  
My mic sounds nice  
But it's not Salt-n-Pepa  
Well it's the man with the plan  
To get all your skins  
The tip of my dick is where the line begins  
So hoe's form a line  
Take off that swine  
Strip your ass butt naked  
Let's see if you can take it  
'Cause I'll make you feel...  
**LIKE A NATURAL WOMEN!**  
'Cause I keep it comin'  
I'm the Everlastin'  
Free style assassin  
My soul and my goal is to bring a little passion  
To your girl's life like the Daily Sun  
Throw her down on the bed  
And tie her up wit ropes  
I'm just another rager with a Dairy Face  
Punk motherfuckers beef and rhyme my race  
You need to step back kid and give me some space  
So I can cold spark the party when I'm rockin the place  
Danny Boy's arrivin'  
I Stand six five and a half, don't laugh kid  
The outlaw biker with my big shit kicker  
On a highway to hell  
'Cause I never tell  
Well it's the funk back breaker  
We heat it up like Jamaica  
Don't bring your woman to the party cause I'll take her  
Hit the deck 'cause I'm down with the Hoolis  
I got a trunk full of funk like the groovy doolies  
I'm not the man but I'll asked who was he  
Quick's hot the hair do just like Ruth Buzzy  
Runnin' 'round town like ya been to jail son  
But ya hit the swap meet to get your hair and your nail  
done  
Get off my sack  
'Cause your shit is wack  
Ya dis me and I'm a dis ya back  
I'm a swing it (X4)

