

**Xzibit F/ Method Man, Jayo Felony****"What's That Smell?"**

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I say stop, hey, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's goin' down  
I'm everlastin', forever on a roll  
I'm rockin' to the boat, steamin' grey matter tone  
I ain't sayin' I'm God, but you can graft this  
Chances are if I'm a star I'd be Johnny Mathis  
On some smooth shit, I'd be gamin' all the honeys  
Hittin' Hugh Hefner with his Playboy bunnies  
Check the Sunday funnies, I be readin' Doonesbury  
See me after dark, love, shit be gettin' scary  
I'll freak you like Carrie on the night of the prom  
Let's keep it cool and calm, I'll start strokin' your palm  
Work my way up your arm, start kissin' your ear  
Maybe lickin' your lips, then pullin' your hair  
Yeah, I'll freak the back spasm, then give the orgasm  
And if my legs cramp, girl, I'll lick that stank  
I got it sewn love, so you ain't got no worries  
Hold up, wait a second, my vision's gettin' blurry

Chorus 2X:

Stop, hey, what's that smell  
Someone laced dust all up in my L  
Bitches start sweatin' once the pockets swell  
Let's take it back fourteen billion cells

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