

Xzibit f/ Daz Dillinger, The Game, T-Pain "On Bail"

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[Daz Dillinger] + (T-Pain)

Yeah, help for the helpless!

Big money, big cars.. big weed! ({"*T-Pain adlibs*"})

Y'all know what time it is! But you better stack that money!

(Awww shit! Ha ha ha ha...)

For baaaiiilll....

[Chorus 2X: T-Pain]

I'm on bail, got that weight for sale

Strawberries and blueberries all on a nigga's tail

I'm on bail, bet not 'nare nigga tell... bet not 'nare nigga tell

Yeah!

[Daz Dillinger]

I'm on a two million dollar bail

Caught with the product that them young niggaz sell

I'm fresh outta cells, twelve hours later.. my clientele hit my pager

The situation gettin thick, Dat Nigga Daz is major!

I live the life of a gangster, I rob gangsters

Ten years up on the table, I deny that flavor

She a fighter to the fullest, if I lose I catch a bullet (bullet)

Can't tell a nigga nuttin when he starvin and losin

Now I'm back up on the street, completely correctly

You disrespect me, it's the same that's it's gon' be

Automatics get tragic when you let niggaz have it

Then I'm caught back up like before, I gotta stack my cabbage

Monday morning, 8:30 right back in court

Couple of homeboys, my momma give me full support

Raised up filthy but the Lord be with me

Like an addict, it's the verdict and the jury, "NOT GUILTY!!!"

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

They used to have me on that paperwork

'cause I used make my paper.. work, lifestyle covered
with dirt
See I was first on my block with .40 caliber glocks
Similarities to my uncut, they ready to rock (ready to
rock)
'Cause everybody wanna ball, nobody wanna get
caught
Only the pros and the cons get to stack these knots
Motherfuckers want that Benz with the millions by the
karats
When they fencing all day, they start talkin like a parrot
Information they sharing so be cautious where ya walk
Never pillow talk behind closed doors in the dark
It might creep back and bite you, indict you, convict you
to a five by nine for a very long time
Fuck droppin dimes, niggaz is droppin whole hundreds
So the hood's gettin skinny and the one-times love it
If I don't go get it, then the next nigga will
So I kill at will with my gauge in them killin fields
Yeah!

[Chorus]

[The Game]

Yo X, tell my mamma to put the house up, wait, the
house cost too much
Tell her to get a hundred grand out the Porsche truck
It's just like a house 'cause I take a bath in it
Get ass in it and I gotta stash in it
Smoke hash in it, blueberry chocolate tah
Smokin chronic make me see shit, like 2Pac alive
Bandana knotted in the front like 2Pac alive
Walkin out the courthouse spittin on the camera guy
I bang +Thug Life+, but this ain't Death Row
This some gangster shit for my niggaz down on death
row
Exhibit A - watch how I let the tec go
And Exhibit B - burn the rubber on the West coast

[Chorus] - 2X

[X] {*laughing*} Y'all know y'all miss that shit

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