

# Luniz

## "X. O."

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Chorus: 1x

Would ya quit fuckin my high off  
Cause it's got to be the muthafuckin boss loss  
Heavy to the metal, drinking X.O., nothin but x.o

Verse 1:(Numskull)

I'm broke, you broke, we all broke  
So let's take our broke asses to the sto'  
And steal another bottle of X.O.  
I'm feelin so faded, broke wit a album  
But bitches on my dick like I ate it  
I'm use to smellin fish, but not that kind  
Look you's a hoochie, wanna do me, at least try to act  
fine  
Cause i'm the nigga wit the best hand  
You poochie, you look like my pitbull stretch the fuck  
Out your stretch pants  
You fuckin up my drunk a lot  
I get the drunk talk, sick wit, ly, ly, ly  
All I need is X.O. to set me in, bitch I don't need  
Yo pussy fought by most men&lesbian;'s  
Soon as I get home, i'ma take a hope lift to the dome  
Shit, another civilation, i'm just another  
Drunk hoodlum under one nation

Chorus: 2x

Verse 2:(Yukmouth)

Bitch, you wanna suck on my dang, dang  
Drink all my drank, drank  
Who's in the ja'causezi, all hoochie's  
Suckin all on my doobie, be poppin coochie  
But only if ya lonely baby bubba  
Then she said do you got the rubber  
Got the covers out the closet, another flawless victory  
A bitch ain't shit to me, she was history  
Soon as my nigga Nut come threw wit Num, Dru, Chris  
And Richie Rich we on some new shit  
I knew this, bitch was a groupie from the giddy-go  
Really though, wanna be all in a nigga video  
But silly ho, you know you got to fuck all of us  
Pimps, playa's, hustla's, balla's, shot caller

Call the shits, top notch blazin  
Got a cock caved in like squashed raisin's  
Stay in the ho, so fa sho we runned a train  
All them nuts slangs on her neck like a gold chain

Chorus: 2x

Verse 3:(Yukmouth)

Back in '88, a nigga was staright  
All in the car case, face above e  
Four d o, z, s, o.p, whatever it be  
Pass that shit to me  
Gin&juice; get loose of duece duece&bleess; tea  
Kick it wit the fourty less, sick wit it posse  
Got me fillin my body up like Carlos Rasi  
Hurricane, slurricane, some smoke cane  
May not take the chronic to the chain and won't change

(Numskull)

You can't even if you smoke cane  
You won't get high as me, drink my jugs  
Off the st.ides, see I can't even spell it  
Even though I didn't drink that day, but you'll  
Damn sho smell it, I dare you to come threw wit  
No drink bitch, i'll who-ride you, cause my shirt  
Drink more then I do, i'm lit, still lit  
That's how we do this weird shit, bits  
Of remi and shit, so I ain't fuckin wit you bitch

Chorus: 3x

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