

## Luniz "X.O."

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Would ya quit, fucking me high off  
'Cause it's cost to be the muthafucking boss loss  
Petal to the metal  
Drinking X.O., nothing but X.O.

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 with a album

But bitches on my dick like I ate it  
I'm use to smelling 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  
Stretched the fuck out your stretch pants  
You fuckin' up my drunk a lot high  
You get the drunk talk, dick feelin right, right, right

All I need is X.O. to set me in  
Bitch, I don't need yo' pussy fought by most men and  
lesbians  
Soon as I get home, I'ma take a hopelift to the dome  
Shit, under civilation  
I'm just another drunk hoodlum under one nation

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Bitch, you wanna suck on my dang, dang?  
Drink all my drank, drank  
Who's in the Jacuzzi, 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 know this, bitch was a groupie from the giddy-go  
Really though, wanna be all in a nigga video  
But silly hoe, you know you got to fuck all us  
Pimps, playa's, hustla's, balla's

Shot caller's call the shots, top notch blazin'  
Got a cock caved in like squash stoppin' raisin's  
Stay in the hoe, so fa sho', runned a train  
All them nut slangs on her neck look like a gold chain  
on her

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Back in '88 a nigga was straight, all in the car case  
Face a OE, forty oz, Vsop, whateva  
It be pass that shit to me  
Gin and Juice get loose off duce, duce of SP

Kick it witg the fortyless, sick wit it posse  
Got me fillin' my body up wit color's icy  
Hurricane, slurrricane, some smoke cane  
May not take the chronic to the brain and won't change

It can't change, even if you smoke cane  
You won't get high as me  
Drink more jugs of the St. IDE  
See, I can't even spell it

Even though I didn't drink that day, you'll damn sure  
smell it  
I dare you to come through with no drink, bitch  
I'll hoe-ride you 'cause my shirt drink more then I do  
I'm lit, still lit, that's how we do this real shit

Bits of Remy and shit, so I ain't fuckin' wit you, bitch

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