

Alkaholiks

"Hit And Run"

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[J-Ro]

I pull up to front with a smash to the ground black duly
Niggaz in the street gettin wild and unruly
Digga B was in the front so he let me through the door
I never get frisked so I pack a forty-four
Straight to the bar, can I get a rum and coke?
The whole club was filled with the indo smoke
E-Swift was scratchin, Tash was hoe catchin
I had the latest fashion but my shit wasn't matchin
So King Tee was baggin, the nigga Threat was braggin
Bout his brand new, baby boo, fiendin with the rag in
Lorenzo's, but anyway, them hoes was deep
Peep, E-Swift shoe em how we creep

[E-Swift]

Check you out, yeah you baby, up against the wall
Here's a dollar ten rum and coke, heavy on the alcohol
Starin at your chest, and I can only guess
Lord have mercy what's up under that Adidas dress
Yo shortay, you're lookin kinda nice
Stick around and watch us rock the mic device
She gave me this look like she was puzzled or troubled
I don't think I'm large so she didn't bust my bubble
It's the Liks baby where your girlfriends at
She said they got thrown out tryin to sneak in the back
No sweat, I'll go out and get em
Hooked it up for Noid and Tash to get with em
Now we on stage stop the mic from back-feedin
Got the three hoes in the front row chillin
That's how it be when you play high post
Cause all I wanna do is tap that ass and get ghost

[Xzibit]

This is how I roll it, I met her at a club last week
It was this fly ass freak, I didn't sleep, I got the digits,
laid back
Coolin at the crib one day
I think I'll call her, we're talkin on thephone for half an
hour
I finally ask her can a nigga come through
She talkin bout she ain't dressed I said "Cool, I'm still

comin over"

I get there, she's chillin in some undies and a robe

Ice cold, forty down in the freezer

And roll up blunts at my leisure, I play like I believe her

How she tellin me she ain't no skeezer

An hour later I was breakin her off

in each and every position that you can ever put a bitch
in

I got up and then I washed my shit

Alright bitch, word got her rings then I split

Yeah back to the shade, so I can get my lounge in
effect

Xzibit keep the hoes in check, so check

Chorus: Repeat 2X

All I really wanna do

Is tap that ass 'fore the night is through

All I really wanna do

Is tap that ass and get ghost with the cash

[J-Ro]

I was drunk as hell-est, I begin to bill for my pray
the club reminded me of whylin at the Bush back in the
day

That's when I seen her, the freak from the diner

Her name was Nina, or Tina, or was it Regina

Fuck it, the bitch with the tippie bitties and the boomin
bass

I said my name is big game all in her face

I said for what it's worth, I'm the best on earth

Kickin folls off my turf since the day of my birth

I got a pocket full of money do you wanna help me
spend it

Can I get in your backfield like Cornelius Bennet

She said, "Mmm, J-Ro yeah!

Just let me know the time and I'll be there"

I said, "I'm drunk, tired, hoe, for heaven's sake

Let's go to Larry Parker's for a burger and a shake"

We got to the place I started stuffin my face

Not a bid did I waste, cause it was good to the taste

I didn't wanna get stuck so I said, "What the heck

I left my money in the truck so won't you pick up the
check"

And the next move, you might think it's tasteless

But I gave her a tip and got ghost with the waitress

[Xzibit]

We rip shows, and hoes drop clothes backstage it's
funny

The shit bitches do for money

Only jockin on a nigga with his name in lights
I'd rather kickback relax and play the shades real tight
Yo last time, caught it with this fresh-ass hooker
Kept runnin her mouth about what it last meant to her
I said, "Look hon, all I gots is blunts, forties
A couple of brothers cause I don't know the kids before
me
You're trippin." Dip into the streets to chill
Nigga these days, I'm gettin PJ's, on the freeways
It's lovely, I get home, blaze up another drink
of somethin kinda stronger, to make the funk last
longer
Yo, it's the one and only who welp the bitches
Thinkin they got me but yo they gettin they-self
I'm a bomb like the stealth, and hit way up above your
wealth
You felt the vibe when I tapped that ass

Chorus

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