

**Eric Benet Feat. Faith Evans****"X.O"**

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Chorus: 1x

Would ya quit, fucking me high off  
Cause it's cost to be the muthafuckin boss loss  
Petal to the metal, drinking X.O., nothing 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  
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 lesbian's  
Soon as I get home, I'ma take a hopelift to the dome  
Shiit, under civilation  
I'm just another drunk hoodlum under one nation

Chorus: 2x

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 cover's 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 ho, 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 saquash stopim raisin's  
Stay in the ho, so fa sho runned a train  
All them nut slangs on her neck look like a gold chain  
on her

Chorus: 2x

Verse 3:(Yukmouth&Numskul;l)

(Yukmouth)

Back in '88 a nigga was staright all in the car case  
Face a OE, fourty oz, vsop, whateva it be pass that shit  
to me  
Gin&Juice; get loose off duece duece, of s.p  
Kick it wit the fourtyless, sick wit it posse  
Got me fillin my body up wit color's icy  
Hurricane, slurricane, some smoke cane  
May not take the chronic to the brain and won't change

(Numskull)

It can't change, even if you smoke cane  
You won't get high as me  
Drink more jugs of the St.I-D-E  
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 threw wit no drink bitch  
I'll hoo-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

Chorus: 4x

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