

## **Tha Alkaholiks "Hit & Run"**

Visit "[Hit & Run](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

I pull up to front with a smash to the ground black dully  
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

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

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 the phone 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

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

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

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' fools 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

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

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

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

Visit [Tha Alkaholiks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.