

K-Ci % JoJo F/ Tupac

"Hey Now"

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[Timbaland]

Oh! C'mon! Oh! Ah! C'mon!

[Verse - Xzibit]

I'm a - menace to society baby
The police wanna relocate me
They running with gun up but they can't fade me
They wanted to come up but they ain't crazy
I ride one in the chamber, with gun on cock
'6-tre Chevrolet rollin witout no top
Got them hydraulics that's dumping, making it drop
California to Virginia Timmy making it hot (WOOO!!!)
Taking - long rides in the G4 plane
X Man to the stage, got 'em going insane
Yeah! Got the world saying my name
I'm bout to make a little change, I'ma keep it the same,
ya dig
X to the Z baby, run up on you hitting corners
Phantom platinum grill
X be the life of the party, c'mon!
Don't be scared girl, reach out and touch somebody

[Chorus] (Timbaland)

Can you feel the speakers jumping? (yeah!)
Other guys surrounding but they don't say nuthin
(yeah!)
Muggin in the club like they wanna do something
(yeah!)
Feeling kinda rowdy huh? hey now! hey now! (slow
down!)
All the girls mean muggin (yeah!)
Cause it musta seem what the girl pulled up in (yeah!)
In the club like they wanna do something (yeah!)
Feeling kinda rowdy huh? hey now! hey now! (slow
down!)

[Verse - Xzibit]

Hey girl! Look where I live
40 acres and a Maybach Benz
You wanted to party but I got biz
This ain't entertainment, I'm feedin my kid

On a 4 or 5 in the carpool lane
Got to hit some corners, I'm ridin the caine
Wanna ride out to a island and tan your frame
And just waste away a couple of days, holla back at
me!
Look where I bat
Make the crowd get loud like the sound of a gat
L.A. on my baseball hat
Where they runnin right up on you in that black on black
So move - better - bounce like a mother
When brother got Mass Weapons of warr with each
other
X gettin big, not ready to die yet
My militant mindset got you runnin for cover, so yo!

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

I'm the life of the party
I got a moon roof! We poppin up out of
Look at the whole world! They talkin about us
I got a mean hook! To rattle yo body

[Verse - Xzibit] (Timbaland)

I wanna - talk a little, pick ya brain
wanna see you in somethin little, walk around the plane
Yeah! I got a lot to gain
Getting my label off the ground like David Blaine
So now - what you know bout me?!
I'm a self made man from poverty
Yeah! Now I own a lot of property
I "pimp rides," lifestyles, and companies, so yo!
Now let me spit you the facts
I used to hustle the corner, but I ain't bringin you that
Naw! I'm like swingin a bat
Run at yo kneecaps for comin out ya face like that
Baby girl touchin my chain (oh!)
Now let me tell you who I ain't (oh!)
You can't run no games
(I'm gangsta, baby ain't nuttin changed)

[Chorus]

[Timbaland ad-libs]

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