## **Get Your Walk On**

## **Xzibit**

Yeah, I can drink a whole Hennessey fifth Some call that a problem but I call it a gift Xzibit make the whole continent shift, hell yeah Invadin' your territory in a blaze of gloryA soldier story, livin' off nothin' but instinct Bitch niggaz continue to floss an' lip-sync An' I'ma just continue to flow, while rockin' the boat Probably smoke three-hundred thousand dollars in dopeDon't make my Desert Eagle barrel touch the back of your throat Always approach niggaz that's known for killin' your folks Be surprised who could turn around an' bust on y'all Catch your mother or your sister comin' out of the mallBang holes through they coats an' they Macy bags No retaliation, you basically runnin' with fags In these streets, you only good as your last transaction Funny style an' these niggaz ain't laughin' Y'all got it all fucked up in 'Zero Zero' Think life is a video for 'Last Action Heroes' Face the price you pay for the games you play When it's all said an' done at the end of the day, you gottaGet your walk on, get your head right I know you feelin' the shit, shit is dead right Get your bounce on, back dat ass up Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass upGet your walk on, get your head right I know you feelin' the shit, shit is dead right Get your bounce on, back dat ass up Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass upJudge an' jury, don't get your case dismissed When I get pissed an' smash through the makeshift Uplift, dump this, make your shit knock Hypnotical hard rock that don't flop It's the best thing crackin', my nigga Lotta rappers talk of flashin' the trigger but don't ever deliver From the home of the toe tag, lowriders an' body bags Earthquakes, police with automatics an' nerve gasLearn fast or get left behind quick You testify, you get wrapped in plastic Xzibit turn your SUV into a casket Melt your body parts in a tub full of sulfuric acidDrastic measures, we take just to get by For all the shit you gotta go through to get high Stand by, do or die for the West coast Wanna fuck with Xzibit but can't come close, motherfuckersGet your walk on, get your head tight I know you feelin' the shit, the shit is dead right Get your bounce on, back dat ass up Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass upGet your walk on, get your head right

I know you feelin' the shit, shit is dead right Get your bounce on, back dat ass up Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass upTell y'all people to call my people Recognize all men are not created equal I'm lethal, all y'all faggots remain see-through Only the kid from 'The Sixth Sense' can peep youWhen I get through, the world'll be a better place A little Jesus Christ mixed with some Leatherface Go find some punch to spike, find some dope to lace Pull a pistol from my waist, nigga, reach for spaceSmack the taste outta your mouth if you talk shit Or hit so hard to the chin, it make your back flip My transcript number one up in this conference It's nonsense, all y'all niggaz want is conflictOnly associate with pros an' the convicts Xzibit roll up in the spot with a bomb bitch An' then bounce with a couple, motherfuck a tussle You never have enough muscle to stop a nigga hustleGet your walk on, get your head tight I know you feelin' the shit, shit is dead right Get your bounce on, back dat ass up Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass upGet your walk on, get your head right I know you feelin' the shit, shit is dead right Get your bounce on, back dat ass up Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass upGet your walk on, get your head right I know you feelin' the shit, shit is dead right Get your bounce on, back dat ass up Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass upGet your walk on, get your head right I know you feelin' the shit, shit is dead right Get your bounce on, back dat ass up Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass up Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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