

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 glory A 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 dope Don'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 mall Bang 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 gotta Get 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 Get 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 Judge 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 gas Learn 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 acid Drastic 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, motherfuckers Get 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 up Get 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>