

# Shroomz

## Xzibit

It's a long day Friday, its like movin' on this way  
Got Xzibit up tight, right partner cam through wit two white boys

(Dude)

Talkin' noise bout a hot spot, where bitches come alone  
And niggas don't cop block, let the top drop and we out

Hit the liquor store, give me O.E. and three blunts

No make it four, anything else

(Vitamin C pills and orange juice)

What are you drinking gin?

(No dude its the shroomz)

The shroomz?

(What?)

Yeah, thats some other shit

One of the reasons why George Clinton sees the mother ship

How high it make you get fucked up? Throw it up, guts

Or do it have you stuck wit soft dick and cant fuck hold up

Now chew 'em up and slam the orange juice

Vitamin C chase kill the taste

You can tell its nasty by the look on my face

Don't get it twisted like a nigga coked up and druggied down

See cannibus and mushrooms be comin' from the ground

All natural post it at the club

Looking funny style tight slack

Pimp feather hat where the bitches at here

We giving orders at the bar holding money

When all of a sudden

All the people started looking funny

And started lookin runny and likwitfy

Right before my very eye, this is a different kind of high

(Ohh shit, you see this shit this motherfuckers melting and shit)

Niggas and bitches walkin' by that I recognize

Feeling hypnotized pupils dilated changing size

That's when I heard the battle cries from across the room

Set these crooked niggas straight

Nickel proof, activate for mom, I brought wild niggas smashing you

Came crashing through elbows and right hooks for you

We got thrown out by this time, my shit is blown out

Pull the phone out, acceleration and we bone out

In the zone out beyond captain Kirk and Klingon  
Shit that I'm on be high powered like a Yukon  
Back to my house, fucked up, trying to see straight  
How much of that bullshit did I actually take  
(2 grams, dude)  
Goddamn

No wonder why I feel like a underneath total white boy fagot  
We got beef, over did it holms  
Niggas playin' bones in the living room  
Restless, try to find anything to mess with  
Where my keys at?  
Pickin' up clothes trying to fold this shit  
See my riot gage on the wall  
Better unload this shit  
Fucked up niggas and fire arms don't mix right  
Cocked back the chamber, dumping shells till it felt lite  
Thought I dumped the all counted 7 but it was 8  
Straight gone point the barrel at teh flow and let it go  
(Fuck, shit, woow, ah, ah, ah, it's cool, I just shot the flow man)  
It's all good, it's all good, ah, ah, where everybody at? Ah shit  
(Ha ha)  
Fuckin' wit dat shit

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