

Up Out the Way (feat. E-40)

Xzibit

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm in my 7 deExplainuce kelis with the slappin' bat
With the slappin' bat, with the slappin' bat
I got that rag top Impala with the French blue back
With the French blue pack, with that French blueI got that rag top Impala with the French blue back
Could you loan me a dollar? Bitch, I can't do that
Got a flight in an hour, got my bags all packed
Bring it in for the huddle a hundred and 50 bags pow
Want me to take ya to the club and throw it on the ground?
Instead I can't get by, fin this make you double girl
I'm back up in this, you pussy niggas in trouble now
Shake, what you gon shake the city? Clearly you are from outta town
I made my scraper catch your paper on the turf
Stackin' yaper like a Laker, hit exactly where it hurts
Better put that shit in reverse, you might cross over the ledge
The king of the castle swingin' screamin' "off with they heads! "
Round up and raggel your ratchets
Mad cause they given aside shit
Fuck it, we keep it, we mack it
Don't 'em nigga, wut's happenin'?
What is it? Let's get 'em cracking
Millions and millions reactin'
Focused, no longer distracted
Put it down, let's see you mack shit[Hook]I'm a rich ass nigga (you's a bitch ass nigga)
I'm a rich ass nigga (you's a bitch ass nigga)
I'm a rich ass nigga (you's a bitch ass nigga)
I'm a rich ass nigga (you's a bitch ass nigga)
Stacking money to the ceiling, getting paid all day
All day all day all day all day
If you ain't tryna get it, better get up out the word
Out the word out the word out the word out the wordThey gonna walk and they sleep and drash
Now the reefer's on fire, let the motherfucker burn
The farm once you came here when it was my turn

Everybody up in here spazzin'
Prouder than a hippie, fuckin' hella pussy
Everybody tipsy, feelin' hyper tripy
My wrist real brisky icy
Bitch man niggas don't like me
'Cause their wife want me to pichy
But only since 19-90
Body body boom boom
I'll be racoonin'
Me and a few of my goonsie
Alcohol consuming
When I raisin' the grip, when these fin niggas
About to hit you in the head
Better pack astroclickers
Niggas ain't playin' and it's really with this shit
Ballin' like prowlin'
I shoot a pimp, say it like stalvin
All I hear is money countin'
Thousands on thousands on thousands
Relentless, put the pousie
Look tall player, no jawsin'
All about my allowance
And the money countin' just countin'
Sheesh but bitch I'm heavy off in these streets
UFC front seats
No salmon man, we feast[Hook]Let's get whatever you drinkin' and drink it by the case
Then let me pound on your pussy and knock it out of place
I wanna hook you and book you, hedges sometimes the face
While we vacate in the destination for motivation, ace
Separate hundreds from 50's
Ball it up, bring it all with me
Call it an audible hit me
I'm open, never forget me
Down shit punchin' approachin' 160
I'm crawling like Pauline LeBailey, bouncing around the city
Pity you feelin' shitty
It's 25 to life for this pushin'
And spike off did anybody hit by a sniper
Live the rest of your life in a diper or chill the fuck out
Oh you can walk? Better keep walkin' or they could carry you out
This is the end of the drought, homies is bouncing around me
Too many 0's to count, I let these women surround me
Jump off their clothes to give mouth
But then they never confine me
Holding unholy amounts

Already showed you the route[Hook]

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