

Dos Equis (feat. Game and RBX)

Xzibit

I'm a plastic surgeon, dick shape face
I got NASCAR novels, I was build to race
Gone the long hot summer, I was gone through space
It's the next best thing, making soda and base
It ain't the drill at a hun', it ain't the people we're chasing
Or these bitches that you came to toot, is basically basic
I'm getting white boy wasted, I'm waking up with a poor start
She walking around naked like she my personal all star
I push one button and boom: "hey, baby, how can I serve you today? "
Pussy wet like a typhoon. Ass is unreal, it look like a cartoon
Immaculate back stroll, anal and deep throat
Whatever the fuck I want you get to make it happen
Powder her nose and she never take a break in the action
Shit, I'm about to miss my flight
First class to London, fucking with you all night[Chorus]
Act up in this motherfucker, spending all my money on her
Because I don't care blowing kush in the air
Dropping car, feeling like spaceships
Riding with models and stripping ace in the club
Show international girls how to do it with dub
While my chain swing left to right
Came with the party with you, do it all night
My money never run out, we party 'till the sun out
We have Patron shots, so we know we're about to come out
From west to uncut, working at home
From BJ to YJ, now the J grown
One click of the wrist, I compare her to gun flight patrol
On your turn flight to predator draw more
Not to mention Pitbull bully razor heads
Bloodline, Wu-Tang fans, police
Stupid, get it right, off the chain for a fight
Or the flash green lights meeting at your door sight
Let's go to war now, off the world is steady
Wake up to your nightmare, Freddy Krueger's ready
Want your fingers sliced, now you pay the price
Put your light on the line if you feel get that nice
Running bullshit over here, get you shot
Stupid, I retreat that, everything you're not
Exits more the spot, that's everything that's hot
Walk right upon you and run everything you've got[Chorus]I, I, I hit 'em with a nuke, get the pussy

They're scared to shoot
My niggas get you with the 21 gun, salute
I paratroop to your city, hit the club, recruit
Let's see some titties
Boogie words for shitty birds, I learn from the smartest
Treat the bitch like a bitch, treat the queen like a goddess
I coast it, bum bought it, weighting me down
Sleight the razor to your throat, what can you say to me now?
This is dope out above law, thousands of pounds
Keep the crowd in a chokehold, deliver the rounds
I'm going from living with clowns to rocking a crown
It protect my self silence oppressed the sound
You was up a body violence, working jaw to the ground
Making how you got knocked down the talk of the town
Stick around for the fireworks, apocalypse now
Hear it out, make them dollars work, smoking that loud[Chorus]

Songwriters

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