In My Face

Xzibit

(intro)
Oooooh...do re mi [xzibit]
Fa so la ti do yeah I'm doin' vocals
Intimate turn the music up, yeah c'mon!
{beat starts...}
Yeah! c'mon in, yeah welcome
Haa! yeah! yeah!!
Uhh, ya undastand me?
Hey yooooooouu... dj motherfuckin' quik, yeah
You know me, x to the z, yeah (arah!)
Ahh, it don't stop, huhh yeah
Some new shit, come on...
We just want you to bounce to
This shit for a minute, yeah
Ain't no rush...relax yourself...
Relieve your stress, here we go
Yes...
Bounce, come on bounce, come on booooounce...{repeat}
Put your pussy in my faaaace...
And let me lick you 'till i
Feel the taaaaste...
[xzibit] (verse one) {1:56}
I am the master of the ceremony
So my territory be off limits to gimmicks
And niggas with wack lyrics
And tracks that lack spirits
So pop your collar (pop your collar!)
Fuck a dollar, I'm at ya tough and hard to swallow
Hard act to follow never the role model the what not
Set up shots slipknot my way to the top, pa-da pow!
Then changed the direction of it (yeah)
From the niggas that hate it to niggas that love it
What choo want from it
A reputation a luxurious life
Maybe find you a hoe that you could transform into a house wife
You loose stripes when you recite thru your wind pipes
With action cameras and lights and your shit ain't tight
It's on on sight thug rugged the love of it (yeah)
Push it shlingd'it shove it in the vein we dope

Remain with smoke, remote with tash and ras kass

Six months of full blast bitch, gimme dat ass!...ha ha
(chorus) {2:42}
Put your pussy in my faaace...and i'll
(let me lick you laaady)
Lick you 'till I feel the taaaste...
(would you, would you)
{repeat 2x}
Feel the taste...
Feel the taste...of lovin' you
Feel the taste...
Feel the taste...of lovin' you
[hi-c] (verse two) {3:24}
I'm a royalty check cashin'
Coup deville smashin', pretty titty assassin
Lookin' for some action
If you want compassion, I'll be pussy basshin'
Baby hit me up like 'yo, what the fuck happened? '
'was it somethin' I did? was it my three kids?
You don't love me no more, was it the wave or the wig? '
I'm tryna be nice, so I'm sittin' there thinkin'
But I had to tell the bitch 'baby your breath be stinkin' (ha ha)
Niggas, spendin' they last, tryna hustle for ass
You bought a cadillac truck, but you can't buy gas
Insurance is a bitch, I hope you don't crash
But when you do, let me buy them rims and slap 'em on my jag
When it come to fasion, don't make me start flashin'
Break a bitch off, and have that whole tire slashin'
I'm leather, you're leather, together we be clashin'
Quik! hit 'em with the chorus, homie start bashin'!
(chorus) {4:06}
Put your pussy in my faaace...and i'll
(let me lick you laaady)
Lick you 'till I feel the taaaste...
(would you, would you)
{repeat 2x}
Feel the taste...
Feel the taste...of lovin' you
Feel the taste...
Feel the taste...of lovin' you

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/