

X.O.

Luniz

Would ya quit, fucking me high off
'Cause it's cost to be the muthafucking boss loss
Petal to the metal
Drinking X.O., nothing but X.O.I'm broke, you broke, we all broke
So let's take our broke asses to the sto'
And steal another bottle of X.O.
I'm feelin so faded, broke with a albumBut bitches on my dick like I ate it
I'm use to smelling fish but not that kind
Look you's a hoochie, wanna do me
At least try to act fine'Cause I'm the nigga wit the best hand
You poochie, you look like my pitbull
Stretched the fuck out your stretch pants
You fuckin' up my drunk a lot high
You get the drunk talk, dick feelin right, right, rightAll I need is X.O. to set me in
Bitch, I don't need yo' pussy fought by most men and lesbians
Soon as I get home, I'ma take a hopelift to the dome
Shit, under civilation
I'm just another drunk hoodlum under one nationWould ya quit, fucking me high off
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Drinking X.O., nothing but X.O.Bitch, you wanna suck on my dang, dang?
Drink all my drank, drank
Who's in the Jacuzzi, all hoochie's
Suckin' all on my doobie, be poppin' coochieBut only if ya lonely baby bubba
Then she said, "Do you got the rubber?"
Got the covers out the closetAnother flawless victory, a bitch ain't shit to me
She was history, soon as my nigga Nut come threw
Wit Num, Dru, Chris, and Richie Rich
We on some new shitI know this, bitch was a groupie from the giddy-go
Really though, wanna be all in a nigga video
But silly hoe, you know you got to fuck all us
Pimps, playas, hustla's, balla'sShot caller's call the shots, top knotch blazin'
Got a cock caved in like squash stoppin' raisin's
Stay in the hoe, so fa sho', runned a train
All them nut slangs on her neck look like a gold chain on herWould ya quit, fucking me high off
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Petal to the metal
Drinking X.O., nothing but X.O. Back in '88 a nigga was straight, all in the car case
Face a OE, forty oz, Vsop, whateva
It be pass that shit to me
Gin and Juice get loose off duce, duce of SP Kick it witg the fortyless, sick wit it posse
Got me fillin' my body up wit color's icy
Hurricane, slurricane, some smoke cane
May not take the chronic to the brain and won't change It can't change, even if you smoke cane
You won't get high as me
Drink more jugs of the St. IDE
See, I can't even spell it Even though I didn't drink that day, you'll damn sure smell it
I dare you to come through with no drink, bitch
I'll hoe-ride you 'cause my shirt drink more then I do
I'm lit, still lit, that's how we do this real shit
Bits of Remy and shit, so I ain't fuckin' wit you, bitch Would ya quit, fucking me high off
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