

Pussy Pop (f. Method Man & Jay

Xzibit

Yeah, when it's all said in done, we gon' be on top
'Cause we don't stop, now
Lock it down, hit the spot and clown
Niggas relyin' on special effects
While the khakis and chronic, got the bitches still breakin' they neck
Move the crowd without breakin' a sweat
Trendsetter, with a Beretta, so keep it on deck
'Cause you never know when Xzibit gonna roll through the set
Don't be scared, just be prepared and quiet as kept
At a night club, talkin' bout you don't go out
And you tryin' to got to school to make a certain amount
But the last part, I just couldn't figure it out
I guess it's real hard to talk with a dick in your mouth
Lightweight, like confetti
Steadily tested by motherfuckers who ain't ready
To deal with the legendary
Soopafly, X-Z, and Bullet Loco
Shot callers, clear the whole block like we po-poRound and round we go, it don't stop
Till we all get dough, come on, make it hot
Baby girl do the pussy pop, pussy pop
Lick shots for the pussy pop, pop, pop!
Lookin' good with your stink-ass
Type of ass make a nigga pull it over fast
Make it hot, baby girl do the pussy pop, pussy pop
Lick shots for the pussy pop, pop pop! This bitch ain't got no pot to piss on
Keepin' it next to the name and her gun
This is the Dulo gang bitch, who the fuck want some
You got titties and ass, but I got a dick and some cash
If you ain't talkin about shit then I'ma smash, bitch
On three, on me, bitch, you my property
Daddy Jayo Felony, ain't nobody stoppin' me
And I said daddy, bitch yeah that's what you gon' call me
I ain't no simp or no wimp, I'ma motherfuckin' pimp
Terrorizin' my hoes, make they high-heels fall off
You got me close to fucked up, if you think I'm goin' soft on ya
I'm hard on my hoes that's how it goes
Bitch, get up off your toes, and get my six-four
My name, you bounced, so you might as well break bread
And only Du Lo niggas know, whats the head

My name is Billy Loco and this is my opinion
I'm coming from SD, and Du Lo is my religion
Bi-b-b-b- atch! Round and round we go, it don't stop
Till we all get dough, come on, make it hot
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Make it hot, baby girl do the pussy pop, pussy pop
Lick shots for the pussy pop, pop pop! I don't wanna save 'em pray 'em or buy clothes
All I really wanna do is win the game, fuck hoes!
In Jamaica, at the Half Moon Villa
With a killa and a cocaine dealer, layin' low from the law
See it all comes down to who's quick to draw first
Pay attention, prevention, ridin' off in a hearse
Mister X to the you know me
Thousand-dollar bitches wanna pop the pussy for free
The dysfunctional member of the Alkaholik family tree
Frequently bang bitches, Wu-Tang, Killer Bee
Hennessey on the rocks, with Pina Coloda
At the Ramada, make you work hard like Donna
For the cheese, got you down on your hands and knees
After that we kickin' back and burn up some trees
Mad shout, 'cause Xzibit's not the type to be treatin'
I'm an Alkaholik and I'm late for my meeting Round and round we go, it don't stop
Till we all get dough, come on, make it hot
Baby girl do the pussy pop, pussy pop
Lick shots for the pussy pop, pop, pop!
Lookin' good with your stink-ass
Type of ass make a nigga pull it over fast
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Songwriters

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