

# Tha Alkaholiks, Hit & Run

(j-ro)

I pull up to front with a smash to the ground black dully  
Niggaz in the street gettin wild and unruly  
Digga b was in the front so he let me through the door  
I never get frisked so I pack a forty-four  
Straight to the bar, can I get a rum and coke?  
The whole club was filled with the indo smoke  
E-swift was scratchin, tash was hoe catchin  
I had the latest fashion but my shit wasn't matchin  
So king tee was baggin, the nigga threat was braggin  
Bout his brand new, baby boo, fiendin with the rag in  
Lorenzo's, but anyway, them hoes was deep  
Peep, e-swift shoe em how we creep

(e-swift)

Check you out, yeah you baby, up against the wall  
Here's a dollar ten rum and coke, heavy on the alcohol  
Starin at your chest, and I can only guess  
Lord have mercy what's up under that adidas dress  
Yo shortay, you're lookin kinda nice  
Stick around and watch us rock the mic device  
She gave me this look like she was puzzled or troubled  
I don't think I'm large so she didn't bust my bubble  
It's the liks baby where your girlfriends at  
She said they got thrown out tryin to sneak in the back  
No sweat, I'll go out and get em  
Hooked it up for noid and tash to get with em  
Now we on stage stop the mic from back-feedin  
Got the three hoes in the front row chillin  
That's how it be when you play high post  
Cause all I wanna do is tap that ass and get ghost

(xzibit)

This is how I roll it, I met her at a club last week  
It was this fly ass freak, I didn't sleep, I got the digits, laid back  
Coolin at the crib one day  
I think I'll call her, we're talkin on thephone for half an hour  
I finally ask her can a nigga come through  
She talkin bout she ain't dressed I said "cool, I'm still comin over"  
I get there, she's chillin in some undies and a robe  
Ice cold, forty down in the freezer  
And roll up blunts at my leisure, I play like I believe her  
How she tellin me she ain't no skeezer  
An hour later I was breakin her off  
In each and every position that you can ever put a bitch in  
I got up and then I washed my shit  
Alright bitch, word got her rings then I split  
Yeah back to the shade, so I can get my lounge in effect  
Xzibit keep the hoes in check, so check

Chorus: repeat 2x

All I really wanna do  
Is tap that ass 'fore the night is through  
All I really wanna do  
Is tap that ass and get ghost with the cash

(j-ro)

I was drunk as hell-est, I begin to bill for my pray  
The club reminded me of whylin at the bush back in the day  
That's when I seen her, the freak from the diner  
Her name was nina, or tina, or was it regina

F\*\*k it, the bitch with the tippie bitties and the boomin bass  
I said my name is big game all in her face  
I said for what it's worth, I'm the best on earth  
Kickin folls off my turf since the day of my birth  
I got a pocket full of money do you wanna help me spend it  
Can I get in your backfield like cornelius bennet  
She said, &quot;mmm, j-ro yeah!  
Just let me know the time and I'll be there&quot;  
I said, &quot;i'm drunk, tired, hoe, for heaven's sake  
Let's go to larry parker's for a burger and a shake&quot;  
We got to the place I started stuffin my face  
Not a bid did I waste, cause it was good to the taste  
I didn't wanna get stuck so I said, &quot;what the heck  
I left my money in the truck so won't you pick up the check&quot;  
And the next move, you might think it's tasteless  
But I gave her a tip and got ghost with the waitress

(xzibit)

We rip shows, and hoes drop clothes backstage it's funny  
The shit bitches do for money  
Only jockin on a nigga with his name in lights  
I'd rather kickback relax and play the shades real tight  
Yo last time, caught it with this fresh-ass hooker  
Kept runnin her mouth about what it last meant to her  
I said, &quot;look hon, all I gots is blunts, forties  
A couple of brothers cause I don't know the kids before me  
You're trippin.&quot; dip into the streets to chill  
Nigga these days, I'm gettin pj's, on the freeways  
It's lovely, I get home, blaze up another drink  
Of somethin kinda stronger, to make the funk last longer  
Yo, it's the one and only who welp the bitches  
Thinkin they got me but yo they gettin they-self  
I'm a bomb like the stealth, and hit way up above your wealth  
You felt the vibe when I tapped that ass

Chorus