

X.O.

Luniz

Would ya quit, fucking me high off
Cause it's cost to be the muthafuckin 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 wit a album
But bitches on my dick like I ate it
I'm use to smellin 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, right
All I need is X.O. to set me in
Bitch I don't need yo pussy fought by
Most men and lesbian's
Soon as I get home, I'ma take a hopelift to the dome
Shiit, under civilation
I'm just another drunk hoodlum under one nation

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 coochie
But only if ya lonely baby bubba
Then she said do you got the rubber
Got the cover's out the closet
Another 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 shit
I know this, bitch was a groupie from the giddy-go
Really though, wanna be all in a nigga video
But silly ho, you know you got to fuck all us
Pimps, playa's, hustla's, balla's
Shot caller's call the shots, top knotch blazin
Got a cock caved in like saquash stopim raisin's
Stay in the ho, so fa sho runned a train
All them nut slangs on her neck look like a gold chain on her

Back in '88 a nigga was staright all in the car case
Face a OE, fourty oz, vsop, whatever it be pass that shit to me
Gin&Juice get loose off duece duece, of s.p
Kick it wit the fourtyless, 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.I-D-E
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 threw wit no drink bitch

I'll hoo-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