

# Get Your Walk On

## Xzibit

Yeah, I can drink a whole Hennessey fifth  
Some call that a problem but I call it a gift  
Xzibit make the whole continent shift, hell yeah  
Invadin' your territory in a blaze of glory  
A soldier story, livin' off nothin' but instinct  
Bitch niggaz continue to floss an' lip-sync  
An' I'ma just continue to flow, while rockin' the boat  
Probably smoke three-hundred thousand dollars in dope  
Don't make my Desert Eagle barrel  
touch the back of your throat  
Always approach niggaz that's known for killin' your folks  
Be surprised who could turn around an' bust on y'all  
Catch your mother or your sister comin' out of the mall  
Bang holes through they coats an' they  
Macy bags  
No retaliation, you basically runnin' with fags  
In these streets, you only good as your last transaction  
Funny style an' these niggaz ain't laughin'  
Y'all got it all fucked up in 'Zero Zero'  
Think life is a video for 'Last Action Heroes'  
Face the price you pay for the games you play  
When it's all said an' done at the end of the day, you gotta  
Get your walk on, get your head right  
I know you feelin' the shit, shit is dead right  
Get your bounce on, back dat ass up  
Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass up  
Get your walk on, get your head right  
I know you feelin' the shit, shit is dead right  
Get your bounce on, back dat ass up  
Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass up  
Judge an' jury, don't get your case dismissed  
When I get pissed an' smash through the makeshift  
Uplift, dump this, make your shit knock  
Hypnotical hard rock that don't flop  
It's the best thing crackin', my nigga  
Lotta rappers talk of flashin' the trigger but don't ever deliver  
From the home of the toe tag, lowriders an' body bags  
Earthquakes, police with automatics an' nerve gas  
Learn fast or get left behind quick  
You testify, you get wrapped in plastic  
Xzibit turn your SUV into a casket  
Melt your body parts in a tub full of sulfuric acid  
Drastic measures, we take just to get by  
For all the shit you gotta go through to get high  
Stand by, do or die for the West coast  
Wanna fuck with Xzibit but can't come close, motherfuckers  
Get your walk on, get your head  
tight  
I know you feelin' the shit, the shit is dead right  
Get your bounce on, back dat ass up  
Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass up  
Get your walk on, get your head right

I know you feelin' the shit, shit is dead right  
Get your bounce on, back dat ass up  
Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass up Tell y'all people to call my people  
Recognize all men are not created equal  
I'm lethal, all y'all faggots remain see-through  
Only the kid from 'The Sixth Sense' can peep you When I get through, the world'll be a better  
place  
A little Jesus Christ mixed with some Leatherface  
Go find some punch to spike, find some dope to lace  
Pull a pistol from my waist, nigga, reach for space Smack the taste outta your mouth if you talk  
shit  
Or hit so hard to the chin, it make your back flip  
My transcript number one up in this conference  
It's nonsense, all y'all niggaz want is conflict Only associate with pros an' the convicts  
Xzibit roll up in the spot with a bomb bitch  
An' then bounce with a couple, motherfuck a tussle  
You never have enough muscle to stop a nigga hustle Get your walk on, get your head tight  
I know you feelin' the shit, shit is dead right  
Get your bounce on, back dat ass up  
Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass up Get your walk on, get your head right  
I know you feelin' the shit, shit is dead right  
Get your bounce on, back dat ass up  
Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass up Get your walk on, get your head right  
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Bitch, pass me the bottle, fill your glass up  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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