

D.N.A. (Drugs-N-Alkahol)

Xzibit

Drugs-N-Alkahol baby! Ahhh!
Uhh.. mm that's funky.. ohh!

Huh, I'm Mr. What-The-Fuck-You-Lookin-At
I'm Mr. Quick-To-Run-And-Get-The-Gat
Treat you like the hoosd like a diplomat
Xzibit used to push a 'llac, now I'm Range Rovin'
Takin over never sober, bear witness like Jehovah
Enemies fall like October
Restless standin tall like a soldier
We thick like the first Motorola brick cellular phones
cut to the bone, celebratin "Dre Day"
Love it or leave it alone (ha hah)
Just consider me the heir to the throne
The lifestyle of the savage and well known protectin my owns
Rolling stone bringin it home, time for transition
Don't talk too loud, you might find yourself missin
Look into my eyes, all you see is will to survive
by any means, retreatin to the Phillipines
to meditate, liftin train like a heavyweight
Hit you and run with a California license plate

When y'all niggaz stop actin like bitches
bitches stop actin like niggaz we can all clock figures
Hoes on my dick, niggaz on my dick
They all on my dick, FUCK THAT SHIT!
When y'all bitches stop actin like niggaz
niggaz stop actin like bitches we can all get riches
Hoes on my dick, niggaz on my dick
FUCK THAT SHIT! We can all get rich!

Doggy Dogg is bout to blow up
All.. these Snoop Dogg haters need to slow up, sho' nuff
Know what? X, the game is gettin sewn up
but I'm speedin 'em up and leavin 'em
I'm buckin 'em til they bleedin bruh
Hold up, FUCK THAT, you tryin to get swoll up
by the mic controller, clip reloader
Frozen exposure, condos of a composer
Sick like a bowl-of, a bowl of deez nuts
Fuck him up, cross him out, then toss him out
With the stamp on his head, nigga Dogghouse
Nigga I'm universal crackin Down South (ya heard?)
Poppin my collar with my dick in your girl's mouth, ha ha
You act like you a dude you get smashed on
Full out my bitches with your fucked up attitude
Nappy-head hoes, worse than bitch niggaz
I treat 'em all the same, bitch check yo' game!

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With the flick of a wrist, send you deep into the abyss
I don't pop Cryst', but will pop a nigga with this
Made my way to the top of the list, raised your fifth
Anything to keep it movin make it harder to hit
We survive when you thought we was finished and done
Lookin over my cold shoulder is Attila the Hun
The gatling gun, guillotine, Don King's American Dream
Since sixteen, shoulda been a marine
Makin the whole scene collapse, millenium raps
Why fight for scraps, relax and take the whole plate witcha
The penny pitcher with a whole lot of come and get ya
You gettin my picture or do I have to let 'em hit ya? HUAHH!
Feel the adrenaline rush whenever I bust
Got eyes in back of my head
The people the I trust is just like me
Full of spite with very large appetites
I'm too complex to break down in black and white

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(AH-AHHH!) Niggaz, yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah, ahhh
Yes.. X to the Z, D-O-double-to-the-motherfuckin-G, OOOH-WEE!
Ahh.. this shit funky right here my nigga
Yeah, +Open Bar+ nigga, we gettin fucked up
Three four in the morning, ain't no time limits
Huh huh, you ain't tryin to hotbox with us nigga
Roll some X, y'know!
Ahh.. niggaz, bitches, niggaz, bitches
Niggaz, bitches, niggaz, bitches
Niggaz, bitches, niggaz, bitches
Niggaz, bitches, niggaz, bitches
Niggaz, bitches, niggaz, bitches
Niggaz, bitches, niggaz, it's all the same though