

# Get Your Walk On

Xzibit

(Yeah) I can drink a whole Henessey 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 and lip-sync  
And 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 and bust on y'all  
Catch your mother or your sister comin out of the mall  
Bang holes through they coats and they Macy bags  
No retaliation you basically runnin with fags  
In these streets, you only good as your last transaction  
Funny style, and 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 and 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  
(2x)

Judge and jury, don't get your case dismissed  
When I get pissed and smash through the makeshift  
Uplift, dump this, make your shit knock  
Hypnotical hardrock that don't flop  
It's the best thing crackin my nigga  
Lot of rappers talk of flashin the trigger but don't ever deliver  
From the home of the toe tag, lowriders and body bags  
earthquakes police with automatics and nerve gas  
Learn fast or get left behind quick (yeah)  
You testify, you get wrapped in plastic (hell yeah)  
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

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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 (DEAD PEOPLE!)  
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 out of 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 and the convicts  
Xzibit roll up in the spot with a bomb bitch  
and then bounce with a couple, motherfuck a tussle  
You never have enough muscle to stop a nigga hustle

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