

## Inside Job

Xzibit

Mr. X to the Z (who am I?)  
M-m-m-mr. X (who am I?)  
X to the to-the-to-the Z  
M-m-m-m-mr. X-x-x to the Z (yeah, yo)  
M-m-m-m-mr. X-x-x to the Z

So it's one fifteen in the mornin I'm comin up, a hard day, serve  
We gettin drunk smokin herb and the third dike you roll  
Non-stop cash flow, 20,000 dollars and the rest cuttin yayo  
We had the rocks, my nigga late to pick it up  
get him on the phone, hurry up cause I ain't tryin to get stuck  
So what the fuck is the hold up?  
("Nigga sit your ass in the chair and I'll be right there")  
Reminds me I gotta shake the spot  
I got bitches in the hotel room ready for me to bang cob weight (\*knock\*)  
Yo, who is that man?  
("He wanna spend a couple of hundred, (yeah), but he'll be right back")  
That's when I shoulda got the heater  
But I was too busy in the kitchen countin money and takin shots at Tequila  
Started countin out twelve when it hit me  
If you was Rocksteady, you woulda came when the C-Note's rang  
Before I could yell out to lock the front  
Niggas rushed in the front door with the gauge, ready, duck  
Bad enough I'm caught up in it, jacked, but worst than that  
I'm caught in the kitchen without the strap  
("Where the muh-fuckin sack homeboy?")  
Yeah, woulda killed Terminators only D between us is  
a stove and a refrigerator, came in and put the gauge to my chest  
Took the money off the table and said ("Yo, where's the rest of it nigga?")  
You gotta love it, came straight to the moneyman  
20,000 cash, needed stacks, wrapped in rubber bands  
Snatched the whole shit and broke out  
I ran to the living room and got the heat from under the couch  
Smashed out into the middle of the street started blastin  
Dumpin at the getaway cars but they was mashin  
I thought I heard the homies just in time for the action  
Police hit the corner with they reds and white's flashin  
These niggas rolled off with at least a cool fifty  
Ya, I'm in handcuffs on the ground and mad cause the K-9 bit me  
Shipped me off downtown for the bookin  
Threw my herb sack when the cops wasn't lookin  
Fingerprints, hold the tape, hear come detectors  
One at the door, another one askin questions  
Stupid shit like: - "Who was I shootin at?"  
Was it game related and where do they kick it at?  
But I didn't say shit I can tell from all the people  
Involved it was an inside job  
But I'm the wrong nigga to rob, I'll hunt you down  
Fuck the money, I'll take you off and accept the loss  
Set bail at fifteen g's, no sweat  
Got cars slippin tonight, and almost got wet  
Homies come to set bail see, but that's all right  
Since I'm already here I'ma spend the night

("Hey, hey I need to use the phone again")  
("Ay, ay man") ("Since when did you start takin shoestrings and shit?") ("Ma  
n")

("Ahhhh") ("Do I look like I wanna kill?") ("Ay man, fuck that")  
("Ay, look:") ("I just need to use the phone real quick man, eh, fuck it")  
("Aight, ay, let me get the top bunk")  
("Ay man, this, this, this blanket, this blanket smell like urine man")

All right, you're charged with Public Intoxication  
(All right, listen there's a thousand people down there who are drunk)  
Okay, I understand that