

Ask About Me

Xzibit

Sock you in the windpipe
Nighty-night, go to sleep, get your life right
(Damn, X, what the fuck?)
I am intoxicated
Strangulation is my favorite form of meditation
Wild like a mental patient off his medication
Make a DJ bring it back with no hesitation
Do 'em like Rudy Ray Moore with my exploitation
Now let me tell you what you motherfuckers fuckin' facin'

You better ask about me
Put me on your track, that's robbery

I'ma go hard on God, 'til I'm gone, bitch
X shootin' every single thing up on the target
B-Real callin' shots from the cockpit
Step into tarpit, kill 'em all regardless
I'ma kill 'em 'cause I'm heartless
Trash can motherfuckers, throw 'em in the garbage
I hold my hand like a hostage
Serial Killers, niggas hit the stage, they lost it
So pass the fuckin' joint if you cough with it
Every so often, niggas get tired of the talkin'
I'm here to have a ball like Cavanaugh
Have a couple beers, I like beers

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Guess I'm fuckin' heartless
I get you bloody, then I leave the place spotless
The red dot is parked up on your forehead
Click, bang, and there's more red spillin' on the floor
I'ma go 'head and give a green light
Killin' machine, like X, what the fuck? Yo, it's mean, right?
I mean it seems like a no-brainer
Bullet to the noggin, you can pay me my retainer later

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