

Fruit Punch

Xzibit

Momma didn't raise no dummy
Gimmie all you want, can't take nothin' from me
Big Bad Wolf tryna catch a lil' bunny
Learned a long time ago the bears need honey

I'm zoned out, I'm fired up, I don't think I'm high enough
I took two, got five left, I'm out of touch, I digress
I truly don't give a fuck, cause I'm icicle, no love
I'm turned off, know too much, no honeymoon, no fruit punch
Can't stand no crooked man, I can't stand no bitch
Keep your issues, keep your distance, I got money to collect
If you come from where I come from, you know how we represent
Get the bag, get the bullets, get the vest, fuckin' yes

Comin' outside on you niggas
I'ma west ride on you niggas
I'ma get the OG's and the Bee Gees, better find a place to hide 'cause we killas
And we'll have a tat with guerillas
We could take it to the back, I should kill 'em
Nah, let me handle that, let me get 'em
Nigga, we could lock up like the system
You could call the police like a victim
You a First 48 type of nigga, hit 'em
Them tear ducts all teared up, didn't hesitate to tell on them niggas
Take a break, it's only gon' get 'em
If a mother fucker fake, he gon' be Godzilla
It's that pull-up, that bang-bang, we serial killers so we kill 'em

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The day I got time for you niggas, I'ma bottom line all you niggas
I'm about mine, every single dime goes to the money and the women
I know you assumed you was winnin'
I'm immune to your venom
Pulled a Nine from out the denim
Ride and hit off
Goodbye career, send God to get 'em
Never lookin' back, I move ahead
Got another pack to move instead
Livin' like a king, we get the bread
Get away from me, we take your head
We don't leave a clue, no residue
Better have a few rollin' with'chu
In the four door with the four-four goin' slow-mo, cocked and aimed at you

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