

Runway Walk

Xzibit

The runway walk
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The runway walk

Let me see your runway walk,
Make your heels click, make the runway talk,
Come on,
Pretty-ass women taking pictures,
They never come outside until they look vicious.

Damn!
What I gotta say to get a piece of that?
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My party chick want moscato out the bottle,
My Mary Jane wanna fly like Lois Lane,
My sober chick just wants some good,
I got it all, so tell me, how could I complain?
Ain't no need to reconsider the pick of the litters here,
They had one hell of a night, we had a hell of a year,
The camera light, bright, flash white as veneers,
You ain't never thinkin' twice when your vision is clear,
We gon' dummy dummy with plenty of money to spend,
Honey, honey, if you love me, then bring one of your friends in,
And let's take shots, no chasers, call it memory erasers, play the blame game later.

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Now I'm the beast from the West, so you best beware,
I don't care to lock 'em down, I knock 'em down in pairs,
On the couch, in the bed, kitchen counter, or stairs,
Wherever you want it, baby, I'm taking you there,
The way you walk in them heels, beyond sex appeal,
Beyond any type of feeling you get from taking a pill,
I don't care if they're real, could care less if they're fake,
I like the way that you move and the way you're making it shake,
Casually dating ball players that bore you to death,
Feel like I'm digging for oil, you feel it up in your chest,
Love the way that you dressing, God bless you, girl,
Now go and show your sexy ass to the rest of the world.

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