

BK to LA (feat. M.O.P.)

Xzibit

Yeah!
C'mon! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
M.O.P.! X to the Z
Yeah baby, that's right, you know how we do it
One time, X, where you at my nigga?
FiyahI spread the hate, like Taliban records and tapes
Shoot five times to the sky, gimme some space
I got y'all, runnin' in place, cut to the heart of the subject
Straight from the gutter you love it ain't nothin' above it
We stomp y'all religiously watchin' paper thugs tryin' to hideBehind the industry from here to
infinity, love thy enemy
Niggaz got the knowledge but don't know the chemistry
All inside your baseball hat and kneecaps with baseball bats
Full body black fatigues, lungs black from weed
In black limo tinted SUV's with Bill
Still world famous the underdogs of rap, back to claim this
The fact remain we're heartless and painless
It's dangerous to strangers that try to change us
Knowin' we're anxious to flame 'emYou want problems I'ma bring 'em to you
We cockin' them thangs
Yeah, I got a song let me sing it to you
We ready to bang
Yeah, you talk impressive, you don't mean it do you?
Watch where you aim
Get lost in the game, get tossed in the flames, niggaYou want problems I'ma bring 'em to you
We cockin' them thangs
Yeah, I got a song let me sing it to you
We ready to bang
Yeah, you talk impressive, you don't mean it do you?
Watch where you aim
Get lost in the game, get tossed in the flames, nigga
You must wanna throw the towel in Holmes
It's your man B.D. from N.Y.C., the N.Y.G.
It's M.O.P., and X to the Z is a friend of our family
For you, counterfeit, wannabe hardcore players
I rub you under your face with single-edged razors
Cold street intelligence, O.G.'s and rebel menGrip quick, cock squeeze and level men to settle it
From L.A. to B.K., from B.K. to L.A.
Persistent and insistent on doin' it our way
Do you really wanna fuck with Danze?
When he comin' with them thugs in the van
Double clutch in his hands, my niggaMake the world flame, face the famester, part, famester

Y'all niggaz akin to God and gangsters
It's the M dot, to the O dot, to the P
With X to the Z hot, what's happenin'? You want problems I'ma bring 'em to you
We cockin' them thangs
Yeah, I got a song let me sing it to you
We ready to bang
Yeah, you talk impressive, you don't mean it do you?
Watch where you aim
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We cockin' them thangs
Yeah, I got a song let me sing it to you
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Yeah, you talk impressive, you don't mean it do you?
Watch where you aim
Get lost in the game, get tossed in the flames, nigga Hunt down, hurt, hang and hate the hater
Watch how you rise, fall and thank me later
Look in my eyes, I should not have to say it
Look alive, these streets is complicated Hunt down, hurt, hang and hate the hater
Watch how you rise, fall and thank me later
Look in my eyes, I should not have to say it
Look alive, these streets is complicated You got problems with us? Start poppin'
I get in yo' chest like anthrax, vaccine couldn't stop it
Let's move on 'em must move on 'em rush in, gun-bustin'
Black seven plus tools on 'em never snooze on 'em
I'm short, haven't got room for 'em I send you to God
With no shoes real G's run this, we rule this If you wanna get into some gangsta shit, let's do this
No question, no half-steppin' streets is my profession
Heat in my possession hollow-tips is the answer
Look around you see the signs say, "No smokin"
But our guns got cancer Yeah 'cause I'm not what you thought I was
Like my career was gon' fade like a fuckin' buzz
Raise the stakes high, I solidify the grip that
I keep on shit, get off my dick You want problems I'ma bring 'em to you
We cockin' them thangs
Yeah, I got a song let me sing it to you
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