

# The Gambler (feat. Anthony Hamilton)

## Xzibit

Yeah c'mon welcome yeah huh  
There's plenty of room for everybody man  
Yeah bangin' come on yeah lookHuh, stay in my lane like a hustla never hate a motherfucker  
Tolerate a motherfucker to a certain extent  
When it's on, it's over don't get no chance to get popping  
Forgotten about you before your body cold in a coffin  
Just another failed attempt, you fall through the cracks  
Sure as God made man, the first man was black  
The Black man made pyramids and gangsta rap  
That's all I know, 'cuz poppa didn't raise no rats  
Face the facts not the fiction  
I build my empire from a pocket full of stones and a fifth of ambition  
Niggas wanna ball but they never wanna listen  
So instead of coming up, they just, come up missin'  
My mission is to hit with precision, shake whole continents  
Crush niggas' confidence, expose my dominance  
Without no conflict, you'll never have progress  
I'm sending this one out to all the neighborhoods and projects, I'm aOne shot gambler two shot  
gambler  
Three time felon with that itch for dough  
These madd street got me puffin' on dro'  
I'm guilty tryna make a living  
Thirty eight albums and still no dollars  
And you wanna know why I hit the block for mo'?  
These madd street got me puffin' on dro'  
I'm guilty for tryna make a living  
Bitch I ain't tryna holler at you  
I'm just wanna smoke, drink, fuck and toss a couple dollars at you  
I'm fightin' dirty, I'll take thirty of you motherfuckers  
I'm throwing cheap shots, low blows and sucker punches  
I'm not for the games, I'm not in the mood  
Not to be confused with dudes that fumble and lose  
Xzibit move when I hear opportunity knockin'  
But I'm a shoot straight through the door if you comin' with problemsIt's too crowded at the  
bottom, too lonely at the top  
Ain't no in between, trust me, like it or not  
We gon' be here forever like cops and roaches  
Do not approach us, ferocious, we pop them toasters, nigga  
I'm a have to hit the block, then around to my hoes  
I got a haze, two trays, and a change of clothes 'cuz  
Pimpin' ain't easy y'all, it's too sleazy  
Too greasy and I can't take it easyOne shot gambler two shot gambler

Three time felon with that itch for dough  
These madd street got me puffin' on dro'  
I'm guilty tryna make a living  
Thirty eight albums and still no dollars  
And you wanna know why I hit the block for mo'?'  
These madd street got me puffin' on dro'  
I'm guilty for tryna make a livingEvery time I try to get out  
I get dragged right the fuck back in, it's like I'm never gon' win  
Nigga got the whole world on his back  
Overreact, matter fact we act like when animals attack  
I know, pussy sells faster than crack, ambassador rap  
Twist back your salary cap, who fuckin' with that?  
Welcome to the X games, enjoy my pain  
Inhale my smoke, it's hard not to cough or chokeMotorola nigga up the old fashion way  
This ain't rap, this is shit that I was born to say  
Though lately I been having dilemmas, with insignificant niggas  
And half' ass rappers that think they can get it  
We the golden state, we keep the whole thing bouncing  
Y'all move units, we move mountains  
Y'all rap for bullshit, tryna be on TV  
We seen you, now we don't like Chandra Levy, I'm aOne shot gambler two shot gambler  
Three time felon with that itch for dough  
These madd street got me puffin' on dro'  
I'm guilty tryna make a living  
Thirty eight albums and still no dollars  
And you wanna know why I hit the block for mo'?'  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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