

# Spread it Out

## Xzibit

I'm heavy hearted, heavy headed, misunderstand it  
Try the permanent repercussions, I empty the cannon  
I'm addicted to ganja, roll it up in a wood  
Drink a gallon of henny, throw it up with the hood  
I'm a rhyme for my people, give my people a voice  
Never follow the leader, use the weapon of choice  
This is not an illusion, this is not a mirage  
Conversation with God, spilling my soul out  
I own assault weapons that fold out like Megatron  
The iron lung, try better bombs, I'm better alone  
So tag along like a dog with a bag of bones  
Smoke to the sack of gold, nigga on a grind  
Put my motherfucker records on  
So they can relate to the hate and the pain  
To the struggle and strain  
Never take it in vain, bring the one and the same  
Press and push your forehead at the back of your brain  
Let's spread it out, nigga  
Spread it out, spread it out, spread it out  
And you can't get none, you don't want none  
Spread the fuck out, gets these hot ones  
I try not to get involved with the nonsense  
I'm from the time where you couldn't post comments  
Couldn't hide behind a computer  
Catch a fatal get shot by a shooter  
A barracuda for Buddha  
I maneuver to the manure, ignore the allure, the illusion  
My bad, sorry for all the confusion  
If you thought I was finished, if you thought I was done  
The saga continue, bring it back on the one  
I'm coming back with a gun, cause I saw that I know  
Meditated intentions, my shit ready to go  
Never taking it slow, in my profession you need aggression  
A weapon, you can brand the shit to your own discretion  
And I hear, just a sandwich, nigga, what's your preference?  
I chose bad and now I'm headed in a right direction  
They're sick of the decisions, now my family is good  
Make you well understood, put you back where you should be  
This go for all my people, people who see we're equal  
I feel they come, it is dark, I protect us from evil  
We misheard an illusion, car can make a confusion  
People constantly losing, we suffer everywhere

Enough with all this swagger, party's a body bagger  
We hear a session is starting, let me show you what's heading at  
Money's so fucking tight, the root to all them fights  
She make you wanna not ever, not ever come home at night  
But she know that you go off with that stripping ho  
While your woman is wondering where does all your money go  
You try to make it rain, maybe lock you a chain  
Maybe inducing brain from bitches everywhere  
Pussy nigga, you lame, get on top of your game  
Feed your family, man, this is simple and plain  
Children retain, remember living without the pain  
That's when they curse your name, they will see you do the same  
Yeah, so spread it out, nigga

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>