

"X"

Xzibit

Yeah, ladies and gentleman
Broadcasting live to you and yours
It's Mr. X to the Z, Xzibit
Yeah, bounce it
Come on The first day of the rest of my life
X stand behind the mic like Walker Kronkike
Y'all keep the spotlight
I'm keeping my rhymes tight
Lose sight of what you believe
And call it a night
This ain't the light-weight, cake mix shit
That you're used to
Teflon territory you just can't shoot through
You gon shoot who? (Who?)
Not even on your best day
Rollin' the Wild West way, givin' it up
Leavin' the whole world stuck not givin' a fuck
Laid in the cut now we break through in the rut
Hennessy and Orange Juice baby fill up a cup
Quick to grab Mary Jane by the butt and squeeze
Loosen up, let your hair down, and join the festivities
Overcrowd the house like lockdown facilities
Bitches be quick to give me brains while I post the range
Going up and down my dick like the stock exchange
- (X) Rearrange the whole game with my rugged sound
(X) Won't even say your own name when I come around
(X) Stay on top but remain from the underground
(X) to the Z and we all in the family Ever since Xzibit has spit, been on some pimp shit
Approach every woman like a potential mistress
Shine bright, make sure that X stay tight
Cause tonight I might meet my next X wife
Mr. Big Chief Reefa, Xzibit use his dick like a Visa
I run it through and money come out
Runnin' your mouth, I'll have somebody run in your house
Ravel your spouse and have a little fun on the couch
Now you know that it was bound to happen
I came to give you what you lackin'
Whenever you hear them other niggas rappin
Rockin' chains, stadium, paladiums, cracked craniums
My whole skeleton is dipped in titanium
Drop tops sittin' on twenties
Using rappers like crash test dummies

Stackin' real estate and money
It's funny how things change overnight
When you thinking right
I beat the odds like Ike beat on his first wife
What an event?
We hardcore 100%
Making it stick, Los Angeles proudly presents
The real deal, how does it feel?
No special effects
Yank the chain off of your neck
Demand the respect
Now all your conversations sound strange to me
It be like everybody around me done changed but me
I stand alone on my own two feet
Stagger tracks, strangle the beat
Restless no time for sleep
Niggas be weak, I'm concrete like Benjamin Greet
It's a very thin line between a foe and a friend
Straight to the chair
(Not these niggas again)
Come back, bounce in the spot and slide right in
I ain't trying to see nothing but progress, regardless
Home of the heartless, move right, remain cautious
Represent nothing but the hustle and struggle
Hennessy, rock plenty of ice, making a double, now SCREAMS
So there you have it; A-B-C, D-P-
G-C
X to the motherfuckin Z
Mr. Xuberant, Xtravagant, Xtrodinary, Xciting, X-a-lotta
X-O with a little bit of Xtasy
X-ing your bitch-ass out if you tryin to test the G
And what's the recipe? Xcalibur weaponry
And we shoot Xceptionally
That there is hot- X marks the spot?
Fuck naw, X spots the marks
Xclamation point, niggaz!

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

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