

"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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