

# Everything

## Xzibit

I was on the block picturing blocks at fifteen,  
I remember underage drinking at sixteen,  
Then my nuts in Cali banging at seventeen,  
Now I got everything, bitch, I got everything. My back was to the wall, visited all, after all, all I  
had was me  
Just tenacity, so we all leave with a sense of sweet  
Then everything I write around got a cotton seat,  
Fuck y'all dry, saw off and done rapidly.  
Partner, now let's be honest, ain't got no good intentions,  
The upper tune is the dudes moving in my position.  
But I'm a heavy, wait humble, hitting the heavy bag  
Waiting for the day I stumble across your fucking ass.  
Instead I push the work in, chin up and chest out,  
Picking the shit up where I left off,  
You went soft intention too tenant to deal with the Los Angel,  
I admit it, I bull shit and gave you the wrong angle,  
Now I have a seat at my table, let me do you the business,  
Diversify you millions, you can leave off the entrance.  
Make every revenue street flood to where it took me,  
And make that money stack higher than giraffes.  
I was on the block picturing blocks at fifteen,  
I remember underage drinking at sixteen,  
Then my nuts in Cali banging at seventeen,  
Now I got everything, bitch, I got everything. I used to have a Glock that I would shot to at  
backpack  
So it will leave no shells at the scene where I was getting my kid back.  
Yeah, this for the homie whack, rolled to and chopped up,  
On hard to make the west defined a united fund.  
Beard big, light it up, waiting on that vending truck,  
So I can crush the corner, welcome to California  
Where people fake it 'till they make it, or take it with their hand gun,  
Take your chances, swing, try to land one.  
Now you're in the box like a sand some, I march to the madness  
My symphony deliver something classic.  
Either you ain't glad or you blast it, jumped in or dragged it,  
Either way, you got to salute the flag, who you want it with?  
I acknowledge honest with whole heart and integrity,  
People keep telling me I'm about to catch a felony.  
Stage presence, reminiscent of my flash back  
Gave my girl a son and my last name.  
I was on the block picturing blocks at fifteen,  
And I remember underage drinking at sixteen,

Then my nuts in Cali banging at seventeen,  
Now I got everything, bitch, I got everything. They're talking about they locked up in a coop in  
the mansion,

I'm saying you can't knock me off the square that I stand in.

Nobody gave me nothing, this is just where I landed,  
'cause now I got everything, bitch, I got everything. Motherfucker, I live in room that look like a  
drive-in,

When I open my eyes a bunch of bitches play violins

Nothing but respect when I walk to the lights in,

Because I kill everything, bitch, I kill everything. Nothing ever compares with the spring of a  
free mind,

Find the most dangerous weapon ever acquired by mankind

Using to fight for your freedom and oppress your oppressors

You mould them and lead them, fuck the positive message.

This is a lifetime allegiance, boy, you're down to the essence,

There's no payment for passage, my immaculate presence,

Make every revenue street flood, look where it took me,

And make that money stack high and you run a pussy. I was on the block picturing blocks at  
fifteen,

I remember underage drinking at sixteen,

Then my nuts in Cali banging at seventeen,

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

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