

Spit Shine (8 Mile OST,2002)

Xzibit

I ma' clean this whole shit out like colonics
With words put together better than Sony electronics
King of the jungle, humbly stay honest
Eat with the lions, swim with pyranhas
Gasoline the seem, strike the match
Inferno, I'm too thorough nigga' so stand back
(Oof!)

I spit shine, get mine and rip rhymes
And make my career take an incline
I'm strict with knives, straight with razors
Good with grenades and great with gauges
Been around the world in a million stages
Watch niggas bitch up and go through changes
I had guns before thugs was in fashion
I mashed out before niggas knew mashin'
I knew terror before the plane started crashin'

I got punch lines and niggas ain't laughin' I'm gon' be here after the smoke die down
Insomnia style, I won't lie down
Fight the good fight, don't need no help
Keep your hands up, defend yo' self
Move like I move and live life long
Can't move up if ya' heart not strong
Get'cha own shit 'cause this shits mine
(Yeah)

Every time I spit I shine Cocksucka' I preach what I practise, back shit up
Wrap this rap shit up, still actin' up
Get found in a trunk of an Acura
Y'all suck like jail and Dracula
X turn up the heat, increase the hatred
Straight stone faced don't fuck wit gay shit
So I guess that means I can't fuck wit you now
Two down, let off, vacate to new town
It feel like Bishop and juice now
Got a flame thrower that'll burn big holes through your goose down
(Yeah!)

Rough sound, same strong background
Been on black, the big boys layin' chips down
My whole train of thought is
To bully any mothafucker wit problems and not get caught

I was blessed with life but I curse to death
I'm a spit to my very last breath, fuck y'all I'm gon' be here after the smoke die down
Insomnia style, I won't lie down
Fight the good fight, don't need no help
Keep your hands up, defend yo' self
Move like I move and live life long
Can't move up if ya' heart not strong
Get'cha own shit 'cause this shits mine
Every time I spit I shine Let me give this a three second look, I hit a million dollar target
You ain't came up yet, well nigga' let me show ya'
Come across dope like planes and boats
Like balloons filled with Coke down a mexican's throat
You ever seen a man get smoked, they shit on they self
Their body shake for a second then it gets dissected
For evidence of the weapon and the people involved
Let one nigga' talk, everybody gettin' caught fa sho'
I say that to say this
(What?)
If you can't handle the time then ride the bitch
Might as well touch ya' tail and jump the fence
Castrate ya' self, expose the bitch
X go head up, but fuck, never ran from it
I got a gauge with buck shot that you can't stomach
You ain't a killa, you a album filla
You ain't a soldier, you a rap promoter, game over I'm gon' be here after the smoke die down
Insomnia your style, I won't lie down
Fight the good fight, don't need no help
Keep your hands up, defend yo' self
Move like I move and live life long
Can't move up if ya' heart not strong
Get'cha own shit 'cause this shits mine
Every time I spit I shine

Songwriters

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