

Chamber Music

Xzibit

The official representative, LAC
This is prophecy manifested by X to the Z
Victory, strike a B-Boy stance in khaki pants
Never get along like red and black ants, advance
When you're staring at this concrete that move like liquid
Like a nigga without legs, I ain't trying to kick it
Too much to finish, a menace, without enough time
My mind only give punchline, you probably thinking of the wrong kind
Cause if it jokes, nigga know
The kind that drop on your eyes, your ears, your nose, and your throat
I promote self-defense. not dollars and sense
Kick it with scholars and pimps, you just the last part over the fence
Assed out in the open, while you was hoping that Xzibit was second rate
But I refuse to make just another record in the crate
I think not, got bee-bops
I bring it to your house like Pink DotStand at attention, make sure you keep your piece clean
When I release steam, police crime scenes to guillotines
Hit and decapitate the bird case, featherweight
Critical thinking, while you add water to concentrate
Xzibit crash the gate, heavyweight, box 'em in
Seal off the exits, then cut off your Oxygen
Xzibit run with a regiment of veterans
I only like to come out late night, like Dave Letterman
Time for some medicine, cause niggas bout to get sick
Calling me a hater cause I don't ride dicks
Read my lips, we got problems like Bloods and Crips
Love the sound of clips when I load my shit
Chamber Music, this is for the ones with stone-face
That catch you at the right time in the wrong place
We unsafe, One-fifty-one with no chase and no ice
Take away your life like three strikesYeah, come on, Chamber MusicSo now Xzibit got a little money, I think
it's funny
How motherfuckers think I'm supposed to share like Sonny
Clarify, you don't work you don't eat, I repeat
You don't eat you get weak, catch a fragile physique
Accomplish more in one day than you can do in a week
The X-Man, Wolverine, one swing to make the cut clean
End of all things manifested in flesh
Fuck the game, I take the test, graduate, pass to the S-Class

Catch a roadrash, all you smell is hash
Chronic mix, bumping the Liks addicting like a Heron fix
Bear-arm from here to a hundred-twenty meters
Get black-balled, modern day Lee Harvey Oswald
The assassin, brother who came blastin'
Take it without askin', rappers is all fashion
Xzibit keep mashing through
Got any last words? I got two
Try "fuck" and "you", like that

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