

# Symphony In X Major

Xzibit

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Time to snap out of it, welcome to the real world  
My life like a Hitchcock flick, stick to the script  
If she can't stick to the script, stick to this dick  
How she actin' off of the fifth? Ridiculous shit We don't need conversation, just crowd participation  
If you here on vacation we got, rules and regulations  
Seperate myself from y'all, segregation  
Tryin' to stop Xzibit and Dre? Humiliation Pure elevation, got me some inspiration  
Two bitches in bubble baths, a beautiful invitation  
Got a live occupation, live for the moment  
I'm faced with an altercation manhandlin' my opponents I got eyes in the back of my head  
I never sleep so they bloodshot red  
Yo, we so far ahead of our time  
If we can stop life and press rewind  
You still wouldn't catch up 'til 2K and a dime, so turn it up Turn it up, turn it up  
This is it, this is it  
We the shit, we the shit  
Get with it Give a fuck, give a fuck  
Who you wit', who you wit'  
Turn it up, turn it up  
Get with it Truthfully speakin', it's lonely up here all by myself  
So I had to come down and pass around some help  
From N.W.A to whatever's next  
Make sure it says, "Andre Young", in bold letters on big checks Your shit ain't sellin'? Fuck it, get Dr. Dre on it  
You got a budget? I'll get down, give me half of it  
One session, one song, I'm gone  
The first week, you hit the streets, a star is born To add to my universe, let me show you  
Who can invade who nigga, and who can do who the worst  
Warning from the Surgeon General  
Watch out for fake hits and bullshit that sounds identical Pick it up, read the credits, who you thought it was?  
Twenty years in the game, with a constant buzz  
Pick a year, any year, see how hot I was  
Same shit today, and still don't give a fuck Turn it up, turn it up

This is it, this is it  
We the shit, we the shit  
Get with it Give a fuck, give a fuck  
Who you wit', who you wit'  
Turn it up, turn it up  
Get with it Stay, in your place  
You can't face, what we bringin'  
What we bring to the game, playa  
Bounce like this  
Blaze your shit  
And get high for me Let me give y'all niggaz somethin' to hold  
This product not to be sold  
Know you can't cook it over a stove  
You can flip it and come back with a mitt Don't make me reach through your limo tint  
I just want my twenty percent  
This is dedicated to the people that spoke too soon  
I think I'll stop shootin' you niggaz and shoot for the moon Motherfuckers turn respect on and off like a light  
switch  
I'll never be seen, like Farrakhan fuckin' a white bitch  
Jump I won't flinch, dump I don't miss  
X holdin' this, I'm never losin faith or focus So say what you gotta say, everyday a holiday  
We don't blow the roof, we blow the whole fuckin' spot away Organize permission like, organized crime  
Organized minds, organize they nickels and dimes  
Organized vocab, be organizing my rhymes  
Organizing my business and organizing my time, so turn it up Turn it up, turn it up  
This is it, this is it  
We the shit, we the shit  
Get with it Give a fuck, give a fuck  
Who you wit', who you wit'  
Turn it up, turn it up  
Get with it

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