Loud & Clear

Save Your Breath

Yeah, addicted to life, had to pay a heavy-ass price
Sacrifice worth waitin' on the platinum and ice
I'm precise with the merchandise, came back like Christ
To change the game, while y'all niggaz remain the sameClear the lane, comin' through like Kobe, you can't hold me
You can't stop me, ever since I dropped 'Paparazzi'
I done watched the game unfold into some hideous shit
Like every idiot that can spit be droppin' a hitI transmit for the convicts, committed, never bullshitted
Shadowbox, detox, my own worse critic
It's like tryin' to squeeze water from rocks
I negotiate the neighborhood stops and clean your clock with a glockSick of niggaz screamin' they hot but really they not
Beatin' you all to the ground like six L.A. cops
Put your fist up in the air if you ever been shot
And lived to tell about it, never leavin' home without it, c'monThere's no one out there for us to fear
I'll say it loud and clear
(Yeah, we ain't scared of nothin' y'all motherfuckers)
Who can say they're close to us
Speak now and you'll be brought to tearsThey probably saw me on the 91 East, gettin' off on Central
With the rag back, lookin' like life's so simple
Tela take a loss, still floss, all bets
If Trife can't cover the house, call XLikwit crew brothers, Blues Brothers
Move somethin', make killers do somethin', f'real
The bitch made often politic with the skill
Now shit's all twisted, unlistedGuns fixed it, best not speak about the Likwit we gifted
Twenty-four hours and still lifted
Bitch keep your vagina, we drunk and ain't interested
Bitches come a dime and a dove, we ain't trippin' itStandin' at the bar, soft-styled in the cut
"Ooh, boo wait, I think you had too much"
Bitch what? Act right and pour it in a cup
The West and Eastside keep smokin' them blunts, niggazLet's get with it, I was born to trip
Stay on the lookout, ain't no time to slip
We ain't for games and shit
Change your spot 'cause we're known to dipNo time for chasin' hoes
I'm on a mission 'cause my cash is low
There's no need to speak on those
Doggy rags are the gangsta's clothesThere's two sides of my family, both sides from the ghetto
Pops Finnish chocolate, moms Mississippi yellow
Caramel, Cherokee black man, with a pedigree of excellence

Together we rise, no time for separatenessMy grandfather Snake was a Jake, or a Jack
Of a smack to a bird who don't know how to act
Straight hustler, Mississippi moonshine smuggler
Good ol' wrangler in his day with that attitude to fuck yaBuilt to run forever, X the infinite
First line of defense to smash through the immigrants
Can't straddle the fence, it's all or nothin'
Close the curtain, shut down your whole productionDon't be scared, be prepared, niggaz do be bustin'
Without thinkin', I mastered the art of hard drinkin'
Yo, you wanna stop the X, try your best
I'm still fuckin' with your pockets like the IRS, so yoThere's no one out there for us to fear
I'll say it loud and clear
(Yeah, we ain't scared of none a you motherfuckers)
Who can say they're close to us?
Speak now and you'll be brought to tears
(Front line all the time, motherfuckers)Gather all around, to see
How we display our vicious skills
(You guys spinnin' after spinnin' after rhyme spinnin')
I done seen and heard enough
Let's prove the West Coast is for realSpeak now and you'll be brought to tears

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