

# Deeper

## Xzibit

Verse 1:

Yeah so it all comes down to this (what?)  
Specialist with a hit list  
Right fist bomb type M.G.M. fight night type (ding ding)  
So when I hits in the stage we can Face Off  
Watch me rattle your Nicholas Cage  
Bring heat in ridiculous ways never compromise  
Look into my eyes tell me what you see (what?)  
Victory ecstasy maybe Hennessy  
Energy wasted, enemies gettin' laced with  
That point blank to the face shit  
Who you think this is  
Young black bust a nigga ass strickly business man  
Self disciple Heinakin let the record spin  
Paparazzi all over again, times ten  
Like thee original sin  
I'm tryin' to fuck it up for everybody  
The hot ? get collect calls from John Gotti  
I kick back like karate  
Butter soft burn off and solid black Mazaratti like Hook:  
Get caught up in the game (it gets deeper then that)  
No gain with no pain (it gets deeper then that)  
Dyin' in the fast lane (way deeper then that)  
To the place where the motherfuckin' problem is at Verse 2:  
Long hair ganja smoke but don't be mistaken  
I ain't Jamacian  
Find another chick to jerk  
A world of hurt 9 to 5 puttin' in work  
Never rest put to the test get put to the death  
Never the less only greater than  
Trust no man  
Soon to have the whole wide world inside of my hand  
So I suggest you act right my insight like sunlight  
Burn your cornea  
Big bad California  
To the Waldord Historia (c'mon)  
N.Y.C. competition wish to some day roll like me  
But all I see is capital H-E-A-T  
I'm makin' motherfuckers Run like DMC (run)

The Likwit MC is here to blaze a nigga like a fat one  
Non radio bangin' shit goin' platinum  
And keep slappin' 'em with a Colt 45  
While my Old English leave you broken down with a Crooked Ise (eye)HookVerse 3:  
Suck it easy Movin' On Up like George and Weezy  
You can't stop it love it or leave it alone  
Xzibit writtin' more pages then the state penitentiary  
Full of well known villians that wanna come home  
Never relax ain't no tellin' lay it on wax  
Make it bang let Stever sell 'em and dip 'em in chrome  
My nigga Bud'da chip off beats like cellular phones  
Heir to the thrown  
Xzibit bring the lead to your dome  
Like a 3rd world rebellion squad on your boulevard  
Protect they spots with heat  
They kids ggotta eat to make it big in Cali it depends on who you meet  
And who you sleep with  
Might find yourself in deep shit  
So hit me with your best shot  
I'm lookin' forward to it  
You shouldn't repeat it if you ain't really goin' through it  
How dare you try to check the fluid  
Rip the track chillin' on your big plans like Wilsure and FarefaxHook

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>