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 likeHook:
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 atVerse 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 penetentary
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

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