

# What A Mess

## Xzibit

Yeah, keep that, huh what a mess  
Yeah, I see you  
Yeah, I was blessed with some clarity right?  
I'ma sit back, tell you niggaz what I been lookin' at, huh  
Y'all niggaz is killin' me  
You got Bloods and Crips in New York City, is anybody feelin' me?  
I ain't concerned with who gon' shoot who  
I'm only concerned with music, and who break through  
Fuck you, for thinkin' platinum is the ultimate goal  
These faggot niggaz gettin' they money, but losin' they soul  
I don't wanna hear shit from you niggaz with no background  
No backbones, you get no chance to back down  
Deal how we deal witcha, peons, no chips  
Changin' whips out so they can look richer  
I see the big picture, startin' in the kitchen  
With bricks and Pyrex pots, the wide screen edition  
Listen, I seen niggaz hit with so much time loc  
They have to die, come back three times to see them white folks  
Take notes, 'cause you will be tested  
Vested up, drunk as fuck, large caliber weapons  
I feel you, rap niggaz, fuckin' it up  
Monkey-mouthed muh'fuckers, spoilin' the cut  
For real niggaz in the street, really hustlin' weight  
See they networks and blueprints on hip hop tapes  
Johnny Law catchin' on, soakin' up the game  
How you think they find the stash spots and follow the slang?  
Stupid grown men playin' cops and robbers  
Death for dollars, I'm too laid back to holla  
What a mess  
And Ruff up, the motherfuckin' House  
Hope y'all niggaz hearin' this right  
We, we gon', we, we gon' win  
What a mess  
And Ruff up, the motherfuckin' House  
Y'all niggaz hearin' this right  
We, we gon', we, we, gon' win  
Look at what we leavin' behind  
We back at square one, ridin', with nuttin' to ride fo'  
Dyin' for nuttin' worth dyin' fo'

The blind lead the blind with a blindfold, with 'Eyes Wide Shut'  
Save mine up, 'cause nothin' ever last forever  
Never nothin' out of my reach, we blast whoever  
I can split a muh'fucker from his ass to his last thought  
Shit talk, then stomp through the asphalt  
It's yo' fault we tow-truck for your outline  
In due time, you'll find, the world is mine  
So I listen to the rhetoric, jealousy and the ignorance  
Can't stop me nigga, my mind too militant  
God blessed me with a chin  
And a heavy right-left combination that'll cave your face in  
So don't make me hurt you, patience is virtue  
They only got a few of us let, huh  
What a mess  
And Ruff up, the motherfuckin' House  
Y'all niggaz hearin' this right  
We, we gon', we, we gon' win  
What a mess  
And Ruff up, the motherfuckin' House  
Y'all niggaz hearin' this right  
We, we gon', we, we gon' win  
Now it's two thousand and two, where kids do  
Whatever the fuck they wanna do, huh, sad but true  
Wanna take another life like it's the thing to do  
Shit, we the biggest gang, flaggin' red white and blue baby  
Designer drugs, pimps and thugs  
Can't shoot, innocent folks, hit with slugs  
One day it's gon' all make sense, 'til then  
Use your brains and your strength it's your best defense, c'mon  
And Ruff up, the motherfuckin' House  
Hope y'all niggaz hearin' this right  
We, we gon', we, we gon' win  
What a mess  
And Ruff up, the motherfuckin' House  
Y'all niggaz hearin' this right  
We gon', we, we gon' win  
What a mess

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