

Just Maintain

Xzibit

[Xzibit]

I look you in the grill
And I laugh inside
Niggas always perpetratin
Like they down to ride
But please don't try to tell me
What I can not see
What's the real definiton
Of A Fake MC

[J-Ro]

Muthafuckas only rappin since 93
And expect all props

[Xzibit]

Them gettin dropped like hot rocks
"So stop what you doin cause I'm
About to ruin"

Like Shock-G get turned to stone
Tryin to rock me

I separate my thought process
From stress, 24 tracks inside my brain
Tyrin to maintain

I bang shit without no gang or jherri curls
I seem like Kadeem

In a whole different world
It's the girls the cars niggas lose themselves
Forgettin who they are

When they try to be that superstar
They don't understand
It's all in the game plan

Exploit the art

And watch Hip-Hop fall apart

But I'm a do my part, and stay true
And keep breakin down bitch niggas like youHOOK

[Hurrincane Gee]

I'm not the type
To play games or drop
Name I just maintain
And burn rappers out the frame
Doin my part to stay true

And keep breakin down
Bitch niggas like you[Xzibit]
But above all else
I represent it for myself
Leavin muthafuckas stretched out
Or better yet X-ed out
Xzibit, Excelerate, I rush it to the extreme
Like nicotine, never get me clean
From your blood stream
We all can't bust, so do it how you must
But if you hustle, avoid gettin rushed
With hand cuffs plus
In got we trust but don't trust us, we just
Add to the ashes, then pick up the dust
Like that

[J-Ro]

I make it seem
Like you havin bad dreams
Have you wakin up out your sleep
By your own screams
Xzibit has arrived Goddamit
[Xzibit]
We bout to rock the whole planet
And bitch niggas can't stand it
Try to play the back and look intense
You need to hit a fence
You don't want none of this
Hands on experience
I'm no the type to play games
Or drop names I just
Maintain and drop rappers out the frame
[Hurricane Gee]

I bring it to the ruffest toughest
Mic killers
And you want to be niggas
And you burn bithces, type vicious
Imitating Hurricane flow for riches
You don't know the half
I got the ill vocab double rap style
Gettin bucked
More freaky than your last good fuck
Milkin you like ba ba pieces
Meetin niggas lyrical wishes
Writin rhymes and washin out dishes
Flowin with the likwid wicked

Representin with my nigga Xzibit
And we gonna do it
And do it and do it
Til you satisfied! cause shit is tight
Bodiqua C.E.O. on the mic
Smashin and trashin
Fuck Moschino fashion
All you muthafuckas need to stop askin
Valued more than the chrome
On your last set of wheels
Hurricane here to reign on your brain
Just maintain

Songwriters

ERIC BROOKS, ALVIN JOINER, GLORIREE RODRIGUEZPublished by
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