

# 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

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