

Deeper

Xzibit

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 Heineken 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 toddy, get collect calls from John Gotti
I kick back like karate butter soft burn off
And solid black Maserati like 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 Long hair ganja smoke but don't be mistaken
I ain't Jamaican, find another chicken to jerk
A world of hurt nine to five 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 Waldorf-Astoria, 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
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 eye Get caught up in the game (it gets deeper then that)

Dyin' in the fast lane (it gets deeper then that)
Yo man fuckin' you, dang (way deeper then that)
To the place where the motherfuckin' problem is at
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 penentary
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 gotta 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 Farefax
Get caught up in the game (it gets deeper then that)
Dyin' in the fast lane (it gets deeper then that)
No gain with no pain (way deeper then that)
To the place where the motherfuckin' problem is at

Songwriters

INA WROLDSEN, UNA HEALY, MOLLIE KING, FRANKIE SANDFORD, VANESSA WHITE,
ROCHELLE WISEMAN

Published by
Lyrics © EMI Music Publishing, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC,
Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>