

Year 2000

Alphabet Soup

I wanna speak to you motherfuckers for a minute
Yeah, what's happenin? Yeah thanks for the lighter
Anybody smoke here? Yeah, aight
That's uh that's more for me you punk motherfuckers
Look, check it, look

[Xzibit:]

Everybody here was born to hustle
It's a very thin line between the boss and the muscle
We foot soldiers, face first in the trenches
Only time I'm on my back is fuckin these hoes and weight benches
Yeah, Hell's Kitchen, raw tension
Never cryin and bitchin or settlin for less, heh
Metal in your chest, take a final breath
Revolutionary, it's X-Man the mercenary, heh
Carry a .44 Desert Eagle
Feeding the people, even if it ain't legal
Lowridin in the Regal or the Cadillac
Money stacked probably give your ass a heart attack
Purchased your last CD, I want my money back
You see the battle I'ma see you in the street
Survival of the first to draw the heaters and the cannons
I'm guaranteed to be the last man standing

[Chorus: x2]

Crack a bottle for your hard time
It's dedicated to my soldiers on the front line
This one's for all of us
Thinkin bout your casualties
Learn from mistakes, protect your family
cause it's the year two thousand

[Xzibit:]

Everybody wannabe king, fuck everything
All this shit is bout to me mine, I hear it all the time
Live your life for the day
Easier to burn than paper-mache
Started with Dre, graduate to radio play
I still ain't satisfied, bout to blast off worldwide

Get in line check the politics
Ever wonder why only certain motherfuckers get rich?
Ain't this a bitch, barely can eat, barely can pee
I dedicate my life to the street
It's not for you if your stomach is weak
Relax with dead bodies covered with sheets
That's the only time I really find peace
Havin violent stand-offs with the police
North Hollywood beef, grindin my teeth
Have you stuck and stunned in disbelief
New breed I'm the bad seed
Smokin weed 'til my motherfuckin eyes bleed
Dedicated to the niggaz that despise us
So ain't nobody 'sposed to be here besides us
Catch a flatline

[Chorus]

[Xzibit:]

Broadcastin live from Planet Los Angeles, right?
Huh, it's X to the Z Xzibit
What? New millenium

I was one that never begged for nothin
Me and my homies build penitentiary huffin
Runnin your mouth like a bitch cause you all on my dick
What is he Dogg Pound now? Is he still with Tha Liks?
Is he rich? Is Xzibit a Crip?
This is business stay the fuck out of my family shit, heh
A grown man, the back of my hand is what you receive
The X-Files make you believe
You check the Soundscan and do the math
Me and my staff run a worldwide warpath
A bloodbath make Xzibit have a good laugh
It's goin down, hit the ground like a plane crash
You lil' fags ain't prepared for the X-Man, scared and desperate
Young and restless, there is no guest list
Move to the back of the line, yo it's my time
Prime time only where the beats and the rhyme shine

[Chorus]

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