

Kenny Parker Show 2001

Xzibit

[KRS-One] You are now tuned in to the ultimate sounds.. of Dr. Dre

You know what time it is!

Xzibit steps up to the mic

layin down the hard-core, real raw, underground

My name is KRS-One, and it's REAL!!

[Xzibit] Well it's me, down with D-R-E

X to the Z rocks any party

Rocks the beats, and the breaks

Rocks the cocks off the whores in the place

Cause suckers shake, while I'm creatin

They get together and they start to hatin

How can we take him out one time

cause he brought back the West with the freshest rhymes

I might go first, and he'll go second

I'll wreck 'em, deck 'em, set it, just checkin your mic

Droppin hot shit I like

So throw up your hands bitch, run your ice

Cause I'll go third, and he'll go fourth

By the fifth eat shit, you'll step off

Six is your beatdown, your title is seven

Takin out your four man crew makes eleven

By the twelveth I go for self

Rockin L.A. like no one else..

You can check any rapper from the underground scene

but few have dropped hot shit and seen green

Some have dope twelve inches, count 'em

But not many niggaz have slammin albums

X to the Z rocks consistantly

I'm "Criminal Minded" so don't fuck with me

Why? Well that's my secret baby

I don't take shit, so fuck you, pay me

So you can call me, a public servant

Not a king but a teacher I believe I've earned it

So I just walk, or ride my bike

and bust on the +Up In Smoke+ stage tonight

Give me a chance and I'll rock the house

But let a motherfucker try to take me out

Cause male or female, I will strangle

If it's a label, they have to untangle

Adidas, chains, jerseys, braids
Bandanas hangin off the end of my gauge
Step right up if that's what you like
but watch your bitch, I catch hoes like a dyke
In the night at a height right for flight
Way out of sight, you bite, I recite
My chain shine bright, plus my kicks stay white
as your faggot CEO say, "Well alright!"
.. I am your mentor
History is mine, it's time you surrender motherfuckers
and just back up quickly
Your style is sickly but you persist to get me
or outwit me with the style that I created
years ago when I was sellin powder to the hoes

Oh, all of a sudden you don't know
or can't remember can't recall can't bring to mind
that rhyme that place do not chase
I run a marathon a race of rhymes in your FACE
In case you hate I won't write no tough rap
Fuck with me get your whole FAMILY kidnapped
[KRS-One]Yo Xzibit! Show these motherfuckers man!
I don't think they understand this shit!
Break this shit over they backs!
[Xzibit]I don't dress up to rap or keep a hairdo
I only grab a nine to bust holes in your crew
I deny your existence as artists
You puttin out a record expectin to chart but it's weak
but when you speak through the microphone
you fail to realize, nope, you're not alone on the earth
The light comes forth cause Mr. X
Intelligence, smoke and guns manifest in the flesh
I snatch the mic and get hype
Behave, before you make the news front page
Headed for the grave and the wake
So save your microscopic miniature small talk and WALK
And put a little pep in your step
X to the Z will destroy any motherfuckin rep-utation
in the nation, in creation
All you assholes in ANY occupation
Like rappers with nothin to say
I CRUSH 'EM like chronic and then smoke 'em with Dre
Cause no matter how fatter the wallet, I'd rather
gather together and splatter
whatever egotistic bullshit, the game is over

when you push the record but don't push the culture
[KRS-One]Breakin, emceein, graffiti art, deejayin, beatboxin
Yo Xzibit, keep rockin!
[Xzibit]Just throw your hands in the sky
Still believe real niggaz never die
And if you in this life just gettin by
Somebody say, "I'm high!"
(I'm high!) "I'm high!"
(I'm high!) Yeah, and you don't stop
Yeah..
[KRS-One]Woop woop, woop, woop woop!
You know what time it is
Pull over, all wack emcees, AHH-AHHH!
Yo.. YO! You are tuned in.. to the ultimate..
underground.. rawness! Straight off the street
Xzibit, turn it up..

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