

X (Pimp My Ride Theme)

Xzibit

Yeah, ladies and gentleman
Broadcasting live to you and yours
It's Mr. X to the Z, Xzibit
Yeah, bouncing, come on The first day of the rest of my life
X stand behind the mic like Walker Cronkite
Y'all keep the spotlight, I'm keeping my rhymes tight
Lose sight of what you believe and call it a night
This ain't the light-weight, cake mix shit that you're used to
Teflon territory you just can't shoot through
You gonna shoot who? (Who?) Not even on your best day
Rollin the Wild West way, giving it up
Leaving the whole world stuck not giving a fuck
Laid in the cut, now we break through in the rut
Hennessy and orange juice baby fill up a cup
Quick to grab Mary Jane by the butt and squeeze
Loosen up, let your hair down, and join the festivities
Overcrowd the house like lock down facilities
Bitches be quick to give me brains while I post the range
Going up and down my dick like the stock exchange (X) Rearrange the whole game with my rugged sound
(X) Won't even say your own name when I come around
(X) Stay on top but remain from the underground
(X) to the Z and we all in the family
(X) Rearrange the whole game with my rugged sound
(X) Won't even say your own name when I come around
(X) Stay on top but remain from the underground
(X) to the Z and we all in the family Ever since Xzibit could spit, been on some pimp shit
Approach every woman like a - potential mistress
Shine bright, make sure that X stay tight
Cause tonight I might meet my next ex-wife
Mr. Big Chief Reefa, Xzibit use his dick like a Visa
I run it through and money come out
Running your mouth, I'll have somebody run in your house
Ravel your spouse and have a little fun on the couch
Now you know that it was bound to happen
I came to give you what you lacking
whenever you hear them other niggaz rapping
Rocking chains, stadium, palladiums, cracked craniums
My whole skeleton is dipped in titanium
Drop top tinted on twenties

Using rappers like crash test dummies

Stacking real estate and money

It's funny how things change overnight when you thinking right

I beat the odds like Ike beat on his first wife(X) Rearrange the whole game with my rugged sound

(X) Won't even say your own name when I come around

(X) Stay on top but remain from the underground

(X) to the Z and we all in the family

(X) Rearrange the whole game with my rugged sound

(X) Won't even say your own name when I come around

(X) Stay on top but remain from the underground

(X) to the Z and we all in the familyWhat an event, we hardcore a 100%

Making it stick, Los Angeles proudly presents

The real deal, how does it feel? No special effects

Yank the chain off of your neck, demand the respect

Now all your conversations sound strange to me

It be like everybody around me done changed but me

I stand alone on my own two feet

Stab a track, strangle the beat

Restless no time for sleep

Niggas be weak, I'm concrete like Benjamin Grier

It's a very thin line between a foe and a friend

Straight to the chin (Not these niggas again)

Come back, bounce in the spot and slide right in

I ain't trying to see nothing but progress, regardless

Home of the heartless, move right, remain cautious

Represent nothing but the hustle and struggle

Hennessey, rock plenty of ice, making a double, now scream(X) Rearrange the whole game with my rugged sound

(X) Won't even say your own name when I come around

(X) Stay on top but remain from the underground

(X) to the Z and we all in the family

(X) Rearrange the whole game with my rugged sound

(X) Won't even say your own name when I come around

(X) Stay on top but remain from the underground

(X) to the Z and we all in the familySo there you have it, D-P-G-see

X to the motherfucking Z

Mr. Exuberant, Extravagant, Extraordinary, Exciting, X-a-lotta

X-O with a little bit of Ecstasy

Xing your bitch-ass out if you trying to test the G

And what's the recipe? Excalibur weaponry

And we shoot exceptionally

That there is hot X marks the spot?

Fuck naw, X spots the marks

Exclamation point, niggaz!

Songwriters

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