

# My Life, My World

## Xzibit

Okay, alright, alright  
You got me up? Is the mic on?  
Yeah, I pledge allegiance to the un-united streets of Los Angeles  
Check this shit out, yeah, yeah, come on  
You thought I was about to start right there, right?  
Y'all motherfuckers turn this shit up, it's X to the motherfucking Z  
Yeah, welcome to my planet, yeah  
Some things money just can't buy  
From what I seen, now that's a goddamn lie  
Been involved in some other shit, ran from the government  
Landed the mother ship, thanks for the ride  
My niggaz still bang like the wrath of Cain  
Fast lane, smack ya bodyguard and take ya chain  
And it's all in another day's work for me  
I spit the truth, the truth gone set y'all free  
So what's my anti-drug? Drugs  
Anti-drugs is when I can't get none, for fun  
I drop flows, punk the punk rappers  
Load clips for nines and clap with gun clappers  
Listen, too many motherfucking cooks in ya kitchen  
Missin' the most important part of life 'cuz you bitchin'  
Bitchin' so much, you should tuck ya nuts  
And dick between ya thighs and color your eyes  
And wax your legs and buy some bras and thongs  
And go crazy in the nightclub for sisqo's songs  
You a hook motherfucker with the Jordache look  
Bring lead with ya heat so the beef can cook  
Who's sticking to the script like pistol grip?  
Xzibit, tradition of X-cellence  
Hit 'em up, this westside G.S.B  
Openbar all night drinks for free  
Victory 'cause we make history  
Niggaz actually have the audacity  
We the shit from the get and we set to win  
Straight hard on a bitch y'all sensitive  
My life, my world, X to the Z  
The streets done took so much from me  
  
Fuck, what you heard, this is reality

I close my eyes and pray just to see  
Another day I live to breathe  
My life, my world, this is reality  
I done had sleep for dinner, natural born sinner  
Watched fiends suck crack through car antennas  
Now that we winning, motherfuckers aim to get us  
The game is vicious, constant hostile conditions  
For the times I dropped Jewels and nobody would listen  
A new position, got a couple of pots to piss in  
Got the aim of Oswald nigga, I ain't missin'  
If everybody eating' who the fuck gone clean the kitchen?  
I got vision and a real deep suspicion  
About a lot of rappers reps and they street conditions  
Everybody got bricks of yay, claim they do crimes that pay  
And tell you that it paved the way  
Well, only a few niggaz really came up this way  
With gunplay day-to-day, quick to blow you away  
Trying to sound like snoop, trying to ball like Dre  
I just think you mutherfuckers ain't got shit to say  
Who's sticking to the script like pistol grip?  
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