

# The Gambler

## The 4-Skins

[Xzibit]

Yeah.. welcome.. yeah.. huh.. there's plenty of room for everybody man..  
yeah.. bangin.. come on.. yeah.. look..

[Xzibit]

Huh, Stay in my lane like a hustla  
Never hate a motherfucker, tolerate a motherfucker  
To a certain extent  
When it's on, it's over  
Don't get no chance to get popping  
Forgotten about you before your body cold in a coffin  
Just another failed attempt, you fall through the cracks  
Sure as God made man, the first man was Black  
The Black man made pyramids and gangsta rap  
That's all I know, cuz poppa didn't raise no rats  
Face the facts not the fiction  
I Build my empire from a pocket full of stones  
And a fifth of ambition  
Niggas wanna ball but they never wanna listen  
so instead of coming up, they just, come up missin  
My mission is to hit with precision, shake whole continents  
Crush niggas' confidence, expose my dominance  
Without no conflict, you'll never have progress  
I'm sending this one out to all the neighborhoods and projects, I'm a

[Chorus - A.H. singing (Xzibit)]

One shot gambler (Yeah) Two shot gambler (Come on)  
Three-time felon with that itch for dough  
These madd street (Whuttup) Got me puffin on dro'  
I'm guilty (What) Tryna make a living (Work it)  
Thirty-eight albums and still no dollars (Come on)  
And you wanna know why I hit the block for mo'? (Yeah)  
These madd street (Uh) Got me puffin on dro' (Uh)  
I'm guilty .. For tryna make a living

[Xzibit]

Bitch I ain't tryna holler at you (nah)  
I'm just wanna drink, smoke, fuck and toss a couple dollars at you  
I'm fightin dirty, I'll take thirty of you motherfuckers

I'm throwing cheapshots, low-blows and suckerpunches  
I'm not for the games, I'm not in the mood  
Not to be confused with dudes that fumble and lose  
Xzibit move when I hear oppurtunity knockin  
But I'ma shoot straight through the door if you comin with problems  
It's too crowded at the bottom, too lonely at the top  
Ain't no inbetween, trust me, like it or not  
We gon' be here forever like cops and roaches  
Do not approach us, ferocious, we pop them toasters, nigga

[Interlude - A.H. (X)]

I'ma have to hit the block, then around to my hoes  
I got a haze, two trays, and a change of clothes, cuz  
Pimpin' ain't easy y'all, it's too sleazy  
Too greasy, and I can't take it easy!

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

Everytime I try to get out  
I get dragged right the fuck back in, it's like I'm never gon' win  
Nigga got the whole world on his back  
Overreact, matter fact we act like when animals attack  
I know, pussy sells faster than crack, ambassador rap  
Twist back your salary cap, who fuckin with that?  
Welcome to the X games, enjoy my pain  
Inhale my smoke, it's hard not to cough or choke  
Motorola nigga up the old fashion way  
This ain't rap, this is shit that I was born to say  
Though lately I been having dilemmas, with insignificant niggas  
And half-ass rappers that think they can get it  
We the Golden State, we keep the whole thing bouncing  
Y'all move units, we move mountains  
Y'all rap for bullshit, tryna be on T.V.  
We seen you, now we don't like Chandra Levy, I'ma

[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>