Rimz & Tirez

Xzibit

Take a chance, come dance with a cowboy
Playin', stopped playin' long time ago with childish toys
It's only men in here, deuce deuce inch Pirelli
And Goodyear niggaz, sip malt liquor beer
They gave me sixth man of the year, came off the bench for Tha Liks
Shot the lights out at the championship
Big chips, big trips, new fits, my money clip's
Full of green cheese, my other pocket got green weed
Rap niggaz, we different individuals
Elevate the level of the music and the visuals
It's do or die, I need a Priest, call Superfly
Whatever we discuss when we meet's between you and I
I'm truly high, red-eyed for the red-eye flight
Five hours, eight drinks, I rode all night, shit
Everyday, every night's a saloon
Crime blitty, good bottle, million dollar tunes
Love, when you're out there on the ave
When you're down 24/7, niggaz don't know the half
My Romeo's step down on the pedal
My back keeps on scrapin' the metal
I be coastin' and be coastin', hittin' three wheel motion
With my rimz and tirez
I ain't never seen Kevlar flesh
Y'all bitch niggaz is flirtin' and fuckin' with death
I was taught to stick with the right and work with the left
Never love nothin', never turn snitch and confess
Got catch me in the heat of the act, and run the risk
Of catchin' three to the back, and try walkin' with that
I ain't goin' to the pen for shit, except to snatch up
My loved ones to get loose and hop the fence
It ain't hard to look hard, snatch up a catalogue
Mad dog to niggaz that walk up your boulevard
But one day, you gon' feel it
I'm a firm believer in the theory if it bleeds, I can kill it
A hit man for hire, caught up in the crossfire
The live wire, leak a nigga like a vampire
My empire roll rimz and tirez
Either get with us, forget us and get behind us, muh'fuckers
Love, when you're out there on the ave

When you're down 24/7, niggaz don't know the half
My Romeo's step down on the pedal
My back keeps on scrapin' the metal
I be coastin' and be coastin', hittin' three wheel motion
With my rimz and tirez
Ride along, with my rimz and tirez
Side along
Mr. Recycler, I'm lookin' for a sixty-two Chevy
And she kinda bad, threw him six and I was read'
Whatchu want me to do? To get spic and span
Man I'm glad you came and got me from that old white man
He took me to a spot in Long Beach, hooked me up with four pumps
But everybody in the hood can't jump
And I change colors when the sun hit me
Fix me up, now my owner wanna slang me for 50?
Bling bling, now I belong to a Japanese
And they was quick to throw me in the magazines
I make money, I never broke down, fools trippin'
How many cars you see in Seoul on streets dippin'?
Afraid to get that ass caught slippin'
For me it was an easy task
I kept an engine on my ass with heat under the dash
Fool, I was born to lowride on rimz and tirez, yeah
Love, when you're out there on the ave
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