

# Concentrate (san Quinn Remix)

Xzibit

Nam myoho rengo kyo  
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Concentrate, concentrate  
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Meditate, levitate  
Greetings from the Golden State  
Mr. X to the Z  
Concentrate, come walk with me  
Your \*\*\* sound so awkwardly  
I don't rhyme, I just stomp down beats  
Real estate, section eight  
Which one would you rather take?  
Concentrate, move that weight  
Show me how you regulate  
Hold up, wait, that \*\*\* fake  
Get these \*\*\* up out my face  
Shake the room, bend the spoon  
Turn this up now, stay in tune  
Hypnotized by the way she move  
Take your time, you might arrive too soon  
Concentrate, concentrate  
Concentrate, concentrate  
Concentrate, concentrate  
Concentrate, concentrate  
Bring that back, what was that?  
Oh my Lord, she got back  
So precise, so detached  
Oh my God, who is that?  
Hibernate, consummate  
Man was made to procreate  
My estate generates

As if my family name was Gates  
Days of grace lift big plates  
Why be good? Go be great  
Hit the breaks, crack them crates  
Have you on the run goin' state to state  
Contemplate, demonstrate  
Mind over mayhem, no mistakes  
Lift some weights, eat some steaks  
But you don't really want that face to face  
But let's relax, check your traps  
Don't let yo' concentration snap  
I love the way she arch her back  
Like how a muh'\*\*\* 'sposed to handle that?  
Concentrate, concentrate  
Concentrate, concentrate  
Concentrate, concentrate  
Concentrate, concentrate  
Bring that back, what was that?  
Oh my Lord, she got back  
So precise, so detached  
Oh my God, who is that?  
Breath control, touch yo' soul  
Just maintain, don't lose control  
Participate, congratulate  
'Cause everything else'll be seen as hate  
Remain in place, the same mind state  
Get off yo' \*\*\* and celebrate  
Congregate, associate  
Don't \*\*\* yo'self, procrastinate  
Dilate to an all time great  
Calculate the next move I make  
Crack the safe, keep that ace  
In my waistband, just in case  
I'm no rat, can't run yo' race  
Not too good, don't fit my taste  
I love the way she make that shake  
Makin' it hard to concentrate  
Bring that back, what was that?  
Oh my Lord, she got back  
So precise, so detached  
Oh my God, who is that?  
Concentrate, concentrate  
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Concentrate, concentrate  
Concentrate, concentrate

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