

X

Xzibit

Yeah, ladies and gentleman
Broadcastin' live to you and yours
It's Mr. X to the Z, Xzibit
Yeah, bouncin', c'mon
The first day of the rest of my life
X stand behind the mic like Walker Cronkite
Y'all keep the spotlight, I'm keepin' 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 gon shoot who? Who? Not even on your best day
Rollin' the Wild West way, givin' it up
Leavin' the whole world stuck, not givin' a fuck
Laid in the cut, now we break through in the rut
Hennessey 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 the pistol range
Goin' 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 Reefer, Xzibit use his dick like a Visa
I run it through and money come out
Runnin' your mouth, I'll have somebody run in your house
Ravel your spouse and have a little fun on the couch
Yeah, now you know that it was bound to happen, I came
To give you what you lackin' whenever you hear them other niggaz rappin'
Rockin' chains, stadiums, palladiums, cracked craniums

My whole skeleton is dipped in titanium
Drop-top tinted on twenties
Usin' rappers like crash test dummies, stackin' real estate and money
It's funny how things change overnight when you thinkin' right
I beat the odds like Ike beat on his first wife
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X to the Z and we all in the family
What an event, we hardcore a hundred percent
Makin' 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 Grimm
It's a very thin line between a foe and a friend
Straight to the chin, not these niggas again
Call Doc, bounce to the spot and slide right in
I ain't tryin' 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 family
So there you have it, A B C, D P G C, X to the motherfuckin' Z
Mr. Xuberant, Xtravagant, Xtrordinary, Xciting, X-a-lotta
X-O with a little bit of Xtasy
X-ing your bitch-ass out if you tryin' to test the G
And what's the recipe? Xcalibur weaponry
And we shoot Xceptionally
That there is hot, X marks the spot?
Fuck naw, X spots the marks, Xclamation point, niggaz

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