

# U Know

## Smilez and Southstar

Most niggaz get it confused right? Huh  
They think it's all chronic  
And palm trees out this muh'fucka  
Bitches and bikinis, listen, huh  
Some niggaz is better left alone

I place you underneath the very ground you walkin' on  
And ain't no children in this motherfucker, drop your tone  
Ain't got no business even fuckin' with no microphones  
So yo it's me against the world and ain't got shit to lose

My heavy artillery built to make the masses move  
I carry tools that'll pick you up and out your shoes  
Xzibit bringin' new meanin' to alcohol abuse

I wanna fall up in the spot where all the bitches at  
Holdin' somethin' heavy to help you straighten out your back  
A couple of drinks and I bend you over the kitchen sink  
So what you think, I owe you somethin' bitch for fuckin' me?

Bitch, get a grip, misery love company, check it  
Xzibit show you the difference between real life and makin' a record  
Makin' the moves and connections that you never expected  
What good is money and the fame if you never respected? Check it out

U know, who's runnin' these fuckin' streets  
You get involved, you gettin' slapped with the heat nigga  
Don't be actin like your shit don't stink, c'mon  
Y'all ain't fuckin' with X

U know, we roll so fuckin' deep  
Yeah, round after round in the middle of the street niggaz  
'Cause you're actin' like your shit don't stink  
Yo, I ain't afraid of them fuckin' invisible gats

You always bringin' out in your raps  
My shit'll quickly make you fold and collapse  
My goal to strictly takin' over the map, by any means  
Hustle and make more tracks than a her-on fiend

Keep my enemies on a first name basis  
And hate them niggaz like a skinhead racist  
Chuck Taylors and fat laces  
Stompin' hoes through y'all turf

I hurt worse than actual childbirth  
A chick can suck my dick til the big squirt  
The song work, so ain't no playin' wit us

Findin' out where you rest your head and I'm sprayin it up  
The remains that's left behind can probably fit in a cup  
You pressin' your luck  
You makin' yourselves easy to touch

I'm from the home of the hit 'em up, only two ways  
You droppin' some shells or you get 'em up, back in the days  
There was a time there was this woman that I want to keep up  
But nowadays when I see you I'm just tryin' to fuck so check it out

U know, who's runnin' these fuckin' streets  
The king of these West coast gangsta beats, niggaz  
Always droppin' off nothin' but straight heat  
So stay the fuck out of the way

U know, we roll so fuckin' deep  
Round after round in the middle of the street, niggaz  
'Cause you're actin' like your shit don't stink  
Y'all ain't fuckin' with Dre

Thangs just ain't the same since he came out  
Two thousand and one, came, blew the game out  
I heard you was hot blew your flame out  
And got the nerve to believe you hold the same clout?

I thought I told you, keep my name out of your fuckin' mouth  
But Dr. Dre, see that's exactly what I'm talkin' 'bout  
That shit right there, that's all day long  
Just don't stop, I gots to be alone at the top

Forever ready loaded and locked, with niggaz that'll circle yo' block  
And let 'em pop til some bodies get dropped  
It's Doc Holiday in the flesh  
Still hold it down, represent, resurrect the West  
Still holdin ground, touchin' down, with my nigga X  
Still send a couple through yo' chest if you disrespect  
Dr. Dre comin' back shit I never left  
The number one ranked highest paid celebrity guest  
That's eight digits, motherfuckers

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