

# E Lucean Le Stelle

## Xzibit

Trunk shit

Burnin motherfuckers to the third degree  
Burnin all the way to four when it's time for an encore  
Hardcore, unexplainable like the trinity  
Taking out the enemy with double shots of hennessey  
And ain't no such thing as a survivor  
Seal the blunt with saliva set it on fire  
While I dominate brainstorm like mcgyver  
I make fakes deteriorate like richard pryor  
Now who's the liar, who's the man with the answers  
Am I the xzibit or breakin down like branches  
Tryin to survive in this high price of livin  
That's only most niggaz is dead or in prison  
And a whole new style of livin  
We are at an all time low like jacques cousteau  
We got the minors and the majors and I just went pro  
I'm like shadrac meshack abendago  
It's way too hot niggas gotta shake the spot  
We put you all up in knots but yo it's all for a reason

As long as I'm sweatin and breathin it's open season  
On any emcee that flash his brights in my gunsights  
In the shade, paid, from the bitch-made  
Took the test made the grade now we in the cut  
You can't handle the static you don't wanna turn it up  
Your eyes my shine, teeth may grit, and all of that shit  
But you still won't step so come next  
To a whole new style of livin

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