

Symphony In X Major (feat. Dr. Dre)

Xzibit

Time to snap out of it, welcome to the real world
My life like a Hitchcock flick, stick to the script
If she can't stick to the script, stick to this dick
How she actin' off of the fifth? Ridiculous shit We don't need conversation, just crowd participation
If you here on vacation we got, rules and regulations
Seperate myself from y'all, segregation
Tryin' to stop Xzibit and Dre? Humiliation Pure elevation, got me some inspiration
Two bitches in bubble baths, a beautiful invitation
Got a live occupation, live for the moment
I'm faced with an altercation manhandlin' my opponents I got eyes in the back of my head
I never sleep so they bloodshot red
Yo, we so far ahead of our time
If we can stop life and press rewind
You still wouldn't catch up 'til 2K and a dime, so turn it up Turn it up, turn it up
This is it, this is it
We the shit, we the shit
Get with it Give a fuck, give a fuck
Who you wit', who you wit'
Turn it up, turn it up
Get with it Truthfully speakin', it's lonely up here all by myself
So I had to come down and pass around some help
From N.W.A to whatever's next
Make sure it says, "Andre Young", in bold letters on big checks Your shit ain't sellin'? Fuck it, get Dr. Dre on it
You got a budget? I'll get down, give me half of it
One session, one song, I'm gone
The first week, you hit the streets, a star is born To add to my universe, let me show you
Who can invade who nigga, and who can do who the worst
Warning from the Surgeon General
Watch out for fake hits and bullshit that sounds identical Pick it up, read the credits, who you thought it was?
Twenty years in the game, with a constant buzz
Pick a year, any year, see how hot I was
Same shit today, and still don't give a fuck Turn it up, turn it up
This is it, this is it
We the shit, we the shit
Get with it Give a fuck, give a fuck
Who you wit', who you wit'
Turn it up, turn it up
Get with it Stay, in your place
You can't face, what we bringin'

What we bring to the game, playa
Bounce like this
Blaze your shit
And get high for me Let me give y'all niggaz somethin' to hold
This product not to be sold
Know you can't cook it over a stove
You can flip it and come back with a mitt Don't make me reach through your limo tint
I just want my twenty percent
This is dedicated to the people that spoke too soon
I think I'll stop shootin' you niggaz and shoot for the moon Motherfuckers turn respect on and off like a light
switch
I'll never be seen, like Farrakhan fuckin' a white bitch
Jump I won't flinch, dump I don't miss
X holdin' this, I'm never losin faith or focus So say what you gotta say, everyday a holiday
We don't blow the roof, we blow the whole fuckin' spot away Organize permission like, organized crime
Organized minds, organize they nickels and dimes
Organized vocab, be organizing my rhymes
Organizing my business and organizing my time, so turn it up Turn it up, turn it up
This is it, this is it
We the shit, we the shit
Get with it Give a fuck, give a fuck
Who you wit', who you wit'
Turn it up, turn it up
Get with it

Songwriters

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