The Gambler

MIDIFine Systems

[Xzibit]
Yeah.. welcome.. yeah.. huh.. there's plenty of room for everybody man..
yeah.. bangin.. come on.. yeah.. look..

[Xzibit]
Huh, Stay in my lane like a hustla
Never hate a motherfucker,tolerate a motherfucker
To a certain extent
When it's on, it's over
Don't get no chance to get popping
Forgotten about you before your body cold in a coffin
Just another failed attempt, you fall through the cracks
Sure as God made man, the first man was Black
The Black man made pyramids and gangsta rap
That's all I know, cuz poppa didn't raise no rats
Face the facts not the fiction
I Build my empire from a pocket full of stones
And a fifth of ambition
Niggas wanna ball but they never wanna listen
so instead of coming up, they just, come up missin
My mission is to hit with precision, shake whole continents
Crush niggas' confidence, expose my dominance
Without no conflict, you'll never have progress
I'm sending this one out to all the neighborhoods and projects, I'm a

[Chorus - A.H. singing (Xzibit)]
One shot gambler (Yeah) Two shot gambler (Come on)
Three-time felon with that itch for dough
These madd street (Whuttup) Got me puffin on dro'
I'm guilty (What) Tryna make a living (Work it)
Thirty-eight albums and still no dollars (Come on)
And you wanna know why I hit the block for mo'? (Yeah)
These madd street (Uh) Got me puffin on dro' (Uh)
I'm guilty .. For tryna make a living

[Xzibit]
Bitch I ain't tryna holler at you (nah)
I'm just wanna drink, smoke, fuck and toss a couple dollars at you
I'm fightin dirty, I'll take thirty of you motherfuckers

I'm throwing cheapshots, low-blows and suckerpunches
I'm not for the games, I'm not in the mood
Not to be confused with dudes that fumble and lose
Xzibit move when I hear oppurtunity knockin
But I'ma shoot straight through the door if you comin with problems
It's too crowded at the bottom, too lonely at the top
Ain't no inbetween, trust me, like it or not
We gon' be here forever like cops and roaches
Do not approach us, ferocious, we pop them toasters, nigga

[Interlude - A.H. (X)]
I'ma have to hit the block, then around to my hoes
I got a haze, two trays, and a change of clothes, cuz
Pimpin' ain't easy y'all,it's too sleazy
Too greasy, and I can't take it easy!

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]
Everytime I try to get out
I get dragged right the fuck back in, it's like I'm never gon' win
Nigga got the whole world on his back
Overeact, matter fact we act like when animals attack
I know, pussy sells faster than crack, ambassador rap
Twist back your salary cap, who fuckin with that?
Welcome to the X games, enjoy my pain
Inhale my smoke, it's hard not to cough or choke
Motorola nigga up the old fashion way
This ain't rap, this is shit that I was born to say
Though lately I been having dillemas, with insignificant niggas
And half-ass rappers that think they can get it
We the Golden State, we keep the whole thing bouncing
Y'all move units, we move mountains
Y'all rap for bullshit, tryna be on T.V.
We seen you, now we don't like Chandra Levy, I'ma

[Chorus]

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