

Lax (ost NFS Undegraund 2)

Xzibit

You better get ready for the war! It's so frustratin, so many hatin
Somebody gon' make me break the law
But I ain't waitin, there's no escapin
You better get ready for the war! A shotgun fanatic, who right back at it
You get, mopped and dropped like a filthy habit
X, snatch and grab it, got you hopin I fail
Cause if I fail you'd be happy like a faggot in jail
I'm full retail, guaranteed to sell
In my jet black McClaren with my mademoiselle
I'm strong-arm steady, you fragile and frail
You think you ready for them steady niggaz? I can't tell
Sex sells so fuck you all, we came to bubble and ball
You getting shutd own soon as I touch down
Bust rounds, enemies slayed and cut down
Fully automatic spittin rounds with no sound
Break down your whole regime, like an M-16
Make sure the chamber in the barrel is clean
And the spring that's connected to the firin pin
That's connected to the trigger when I squeeze it again, begin! Look ma top of the world, the best of the best
King California, L-A-X
Out the hood, in the penthouse, from the projects
One man, one gun, how the West was won - sing! It's so frustratin, so many hatin
Somebody gon' make me break the law
But I ain't waitin, there's no escapin
You better get ready for the war! It's so frustratin, so many hatin
Somebody gon' make me break the law
But I ain't waitin, there's no escapin
You better get ready for the war! Hit like a heavyweight, breathe deep, meditate
Make the whole crowd get loud, make 'em levitate
I ride through my city like a presidential candidate
L-A-X, Phantom double-are, and accelerate
Stack build elevate, crash through the prison gate
Generation hate, appetite to eliminate
X-Man don't spit rhymes, I ventilate
Traffic contraband, yeah banned through the interstate
Got a sick flow - didn't know? Let me demonstrate
Renovate the game, new nigga that you love to hate
The left hand lands and the right hand devastates
Half part of your face replaced with a metal plate

Irate, get snatched to a better place
Let the detached decorate with the yellow tape
Detonate, drop bombs, make the earth shake
In Brazil with a half mill' in the briefcase Look ma top of the world, the best of the best
King California, L-A-X
Out the hood, in the penthouse, from the projects
One man, one gun, how the West was won - sing! It's so frustratin, so many hatin
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You better get ready for the war You better get ready for the war

Songwriters

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