U Know

Dark Soul Project

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
U know, who's runnin' these fuckin' streets
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Don't be actin like your shit don't stink, c'mon
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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
Y'all ain't fuckin' with X

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