# Paparazzi

## Xzibit

1996, the dysfunctional member, of the Alkaholik family
It's Xzibit, bring it live, one time, like this
Sometimes I wonder, if it's all worth my while
Xzibit stay versatile with million dollar lifestyle
And I can feel it as a child growin' up
The niggaz that was real and the niggaz that was scared as fuck
That's why Xzibit only roll with a chosen few
You ain't really real, I can tell when I look at you
So ease off the trigger talk, you ain't killin' shit
It's not affecting me or the niggaz that I'm chillin' with
I don't believe the hype or buy Woof tickets
Nigga you make a gang of noise and never seen like a cricket
I guess that's why we never kick it
A lot of niggaz are soft and get tossed tryin' to fuck with the Likwid
How many niggaz do you know like this?
Always claimin' that they're ridin' but they really turn bitch
It don't make sense, either you a soldier from the start
Or a actor with a record deal tryin' to play the part, like that
It's a shame, niggaz in the rap game
Only for the money and the fame, extra large
It's a shame, niggaz in the rap game
Only for the money and the fame, Paparazzi
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Only for the money and the fame, Paparazzi
I don't need no lights, no cameras, just action goddammit
Never no superstar, I'm more like a planet
So my composure is kept while others start to sweat
Emergin' from the fog with my fucked up dialogue
Tryin' to live high on the hog, leaves you bankrupt
And niggaz you spent it on, would not give a fuck
And that's deep, how deep? It's deeper than Atlantis
Home of the scandalous, big bad Los Angeles
Dangerous, vandalous, yo, not to be trusted
So how the fuck is you hard not bein' scarred by the boulevard?
I'm pulling that card and sayin' Gin motherfucker
Flowin' like liquid, soak it in motherfucker
I'm breakin' it down, my sound, surrounds like, death

From the West, puttin' whole counties to the test
It's all in perspective, breaker one nine copy
This is for the niggaz gettin' caught up in the Paparazzi
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Only for the money and the fame, Paparazzi
Niggaz smoke stress and cross dress but I just play the back
Others goin' through schemes and pipe dreams for a contract
Real tightly rolled, fuck 'em all, how I feel
I made a cool half mill' before I had a record deal
Therefore you look and stare like it's magic
But too much of anything can make you a addict
When devils be startin' static, break out the automatic
I set it off straight, I spread hate, then I vacate but wait
Who dares to cross this path? Yo, I do ya like math
Cut with glass, make a bloodbath
So on behalf of all niggaz, I get drunk with
Smoke a blunts with, I dispose of yo' punk shit
And keep it all in perspective, carbon copies
Gettin' caught up in the Paparazzi
Once again, it's the Likwidation Crew
And we return, for you like this
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Only for the money and the fame, Paparazzi
It's a shame

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