

Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins

"Best of Things"

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[Xzibit]

I was voted most likely to have a psychiatric evaluation
Let's start the process of elimination
This dedication is for niggaz with the green buddha
The bandula, six-shooter to your suit coolers
Now how this feel? Cold black steel up in your grill
This hollow point lead gon' be your last meal
Say your prayers, say your graces
Pieces of your face is found in a hundred different
places
Huh, so what we lookin like? We tryin to see some hoes
to fuck tonight
and you just tryin to see the afterlife
Make a decision before we have a head-on collision
makin me spend the rest of my life in prison
See I can only play the cards I was given
Multiplication division whatever you got to break mines
off
like the U.S. government did to Microsoft
Like Xzibit in some pussy with the lights turned off
It's like

[Chorus]

I'm just livin to fulfill my dreams
I'm just tryin to have the best of things
None of y'all can't take shit from me
Life's a bitch she ain't fuckin for free
So I'ma ride til the wheels fall off
while all the rest get weak and go soft
Your petite style, can get you beat down
My heat's loud, have you huggin on the street now

[Xzibit]

Niggaz keep askin me how does it feel
How does WHAT feel? Not havin to scrape for a meal?
Not bein locked down to a fucked up deal?
The biggest man in Los Angeles is not Shaquille
We had to reinvent the wheel, draft new blueprints
Made a whole album, spent HALF what you spent
then sent the rest to my people to invest wit it
Custom fitted, if you want it nigga, come and get it

and I suggest you bring a million niggaz runnin wit it
Split it, feel it, hit it it's hot, look
I ain't gon' stop til everybody's shot
Muammar Khadaf's the dot, X mark the spot
with an infrared to your head, left for dead
Fuck the feds, flee the country then grow some dreads
(ya mon)
I suggest you keep your distance, for instance, the
same distance
it takes to get to the next solar system, motherfucker

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

Strike one, when a nigga talkin shit with his hands
Strike two, gettin caught in the wrong place with your
pants down
Strike three, tryin to fuck with the D-O-double-G
D-R-E, or any of my Alkaholik family
Huh, Xzibit turn your vital signs to a straight line
Never seen a dog bite and bark at the same time
Restless, rugged, never relaxed
Permanently owe you motherfuckers backs like tax
Baseball bats and bricks upside of your head
Homey STILL gettin swoll off water and bread
I got this, retaliation, for any situation I'm facin
and leave the stage with a standin ovation, it's like

[Chorus]

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