

Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins**"Carry The Weight"**

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Intro: Xzibit, [J-Ro]

I really wish I could you know at twenty-one
youknowwhatl'msayin', he he, yo yo
[I'ma tell you exactly why I do the things
I do, youknowwhatl'm sayin']
Gotta carry the weight youknowwhatl'msayin'
Go ahead
Yeah! I break it down like this

Verse One:

You see I don't like to remenisce about the past
The lower class, no clout livin' hand to mouth
Each and every wrong move the police keep count
make it real fuckin' easy to get streched out
I was at the funeral when it all began
You know the painful transition from a boy to men
I lost sight of my mother at the age of nine
didn't understand death nearly lost my mind
But see life moves on and broke niggas can't change it
Age ten, new step family arrangement
at thirteen, I started gettin' hair on my dick
And noticed me and my sister were gettin' treated like
shit
I would forever be hit with anything in reach
Then my father would proceed to go to church and
preach
about forgiveness, patience all the shit that he lacked
Gettin' jump when he said and the head gat cracked
physical contact was in form of a slap
at the age of fifteen Xzibit now hit back
courtesy of my stepbrother, who taught me to scrap
Left the bitch on the ground with her eyes on black
Ran away from the house of Teresa and Nate
Into juvenile detention where I built up hate
I don't remember the date of the judical debate
but legally I was now in custody of the state

Chorus:

And niggas wonder why I sit up in the club and drink
Say what's up to Xzibit and I still don't speak
I'm trying to contemplate the next move to make
Gotta find some way to release this hate

And niggas wonder why I sit up in the club and drink
Say what's up to Xzibit and I still don't speak
I'm trying to contemplate the next move to make
Gotta find some way Xzibit carry the weight

Interlude: Xzibit, [J-Ro]

[Yeah it's fucked up though man]
[Youknowwhatl'msayin']
Yo
[The fuck you doin' in jail]
Insane man, I don't know man, he he he
[Yeah wats goin' on down there, gotta get out dude]
Yeah I be out in couple of weeks man
Youknowl'msayin'
[It's popin' man]
It's cool yo fuck that
[It's popin' out here]
They can go on and on for that
[I'm tellin' you it's popin' man come home]

Verse Two:

And that was worse then the treatment I was gettin' at
home
but only now I was fucked up plus all alone
My father talkin' all crazy to me over the phone
Turned age sixteen now on my own
Started running with cats who carried gats cause they
had too
with no hesitation lock load then blast you
Without a hassle we in a town of hicks
fuckin' all these chicks
Sellin' rock by the bricks
so we feelin' like we mothafuckin' Nino Brown
At the house when the mothafuckin' man touched down
Screamin' demands "Let me see your goddamn hands
(now)"
A.T.F. cause of handguns and contraban
we never kept it in the house
So of course we clouded
Only found one pistol took us all down town
We be out by the end of the afternoon
gettin' drunk on the strip let the system BOOM!
Who would assume Mr. QK would chill with a wife
Ty and Matt caught bodies

Now they spend there life behind bars
catchin' scars that will not heal
niggas don't know the half about keepin' it real

Chorus 1 1/2

outro:

Like this
Like this, like that
Yeah! gotta carry the weight
Like this euh!
Bringin live
Yeah! yeah! like this
It's Xzibit
Gotta carry the weight
Like that yo!
Like that yo!

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