

## **Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins**

### **"Chamber Music"**

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Verse One:

The official representative, LAC  
This is phrophecy manifested by X to the Z  
Victory, strike a B-Boy stance in khaki pants  
Never get along like red and black ants, advance  
When your staring and this concrete that move like  
liquid  
Like a nigga withouth legs, I ain't tryin to kick it  
To much to finish, a menace, without enough time  
My mind only give punchline, you probably thinkin of  
the wrong kind  
Cause if it jokes, nigga know  
The kind that drop on your eyes, your ears, your nose,  
and your throat  
I promote self-defense not dollars and sense  
Kick it with scholars and pimps, you just the last part  
over the fence  
Assed out in the open, while you was hopin that Xzibit  
was second rate  
But I refuse to make; just another record in the crate  
I think not, got bee-bops  
I bring it to your house like pizza

"Today we are on the streets of South Central Los  
Angelos, a fight for  
survival"

"We have people that are conditioned not to expect to  
live past age thirty.  
They no longer. Once they no longer care they're  
extremely dangerous."

Verse Two:

Stand at attention, make sure you keep your piece  
clean  
When I release steam, police crime scenes to  
guillotines  
Hit and decapatate the bird case, featherweight  
Critical thinking, while you at water that concentrate

Xzibit crash the gate, heavyweight, box em in  
Seal off the exits, then cut off your Oxygen  
Xzibit run with a regiment of veterans  
I only like to come out Late Night, like Dave Letterman  
Time for some medicine, cause niggas bout to get sick  
Callin me a hater cause I don't ride dicks  
Read my lips, we got problems like Bloods and Crips  
Love the sound of clips when I know my shit  
Chamber Music, this is for the ones with stone-face  
That catch you at the right time in the wrong place  
We unsafe, One-fifty-one with no chase and no ice  
Take away your life like three strikes

Yeah, come on, Chamber Music

Verse Three:

So now Xzibit got a little money, I think its funny  
How motherfuckers think I'm supposed to Cher/share  
like Sonny  
Clarify, you don't work you don't eat, I repeat  
You don't eat you get weak, catch a fragile physique  
Accomplish more in one day, than you can do in a week  
The X-Man, Wolverine, one swing to make the cut clean  
And the wrong things manifested in flesh  
Fuck the game, I take the test, graduate, pass to the S-  
Class  
Catch a roadrash, all you smell is hash  
Chronic mix, bumpin the Liks  
And dick you like a Hebron fix  
Bear-arm from here to a hundred-twenty meters  
Get black-walled, modern day Lee Harvey Oswald  
The assassin, brother who came blastin  
Take it without askin, rappers is all fashion  
Xzibit keep mashing through  
Got any lost words? I got two  
Drive up, on you like that!

Once again Chamber Music, what what, yeah, what the  
deal? It's Xzibit.

Get on the ground, get on the ground! Hands on the  
back of your head, Don'  
Move Don't Move! Get on the ground! \* beat to fade \*

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