

Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins**"Double Time"**

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[Xzibit]

Watch me watch me, bonafide hard copy
Hip-hop nazi dispose of the Liberace's
Extra extra, enjoy the lecture
from Hannibal Lector, now rewind selector
Bounce it bounce it, smoke by the ounces
Tan leather couches, niggaz that own houses (yeah)
Testing testing, treat you like a nigga
locked down for child molesting, I'll fuck you up punk
(yeah)
Listen listen, never ass-kissin
Too much ambition, I'm hotter than Hell's kitchen
(sssss)
Enter enter, the rhyme inventor
Front and center, bypass that ass like a sprinter
Get it get it, custom fitted
Dedicated to Pun, one of the best that did it, huh
Terror terror, trial and error
Makin my name reign supreme and live forever

[Chorus]

Keep it movin movin, keep it goin goin
Keep it movin movin, keep it goin goin
Keep it movin movin, keep it goin goin
Keep it movin movin, keep it goin goin
{*repeat Chorus again while Xzibit raps*}
If y'all ain't givin a fuck
like Xzibit ain't givin a fuck then just throw your hands
up
Double time, two times for me
Bring it live from the L.A.C., Mr. X to the Z

[Xzibit]

Liar liar, pants on fire
I won't stop rockin 'til I retire
Golden golden, State dominate this
Destroy the Matrix, that forever in the crate shit
Light it light it, please don't fight it
You're all invited, when we kick off the next riot
(Welcome!)
Bust it bust it, get your crops dusted

Everybody off of the bus that ain't fuckin - NOW!
Spin it spin it, all up in it
For sale, one female, slightly dented (ha hah!)
Niggaz niggaz, political figures
Problem givers, fuck all those that ain't wit us (heh)
Rebel rebel, shoutin at the devil
Me and you faggot got some shit to settle, then
Kill 'em kill 'em, let slugs fill 'em
Smash through the club in Meoshe denim, yeah!

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

Deadly deadly, bump this deadly medley
in whatever you rollin, even if it's stolen
Takin takin, your spot is the X man (YEAH!)
The heavy hand give a fuck about the next man
Digital digital, high tech respect
while the rest regress, burn out like a cigarette
Break it break it, stripped down naked
Tied up in a trunk on the way to Las Vegas (yeah)
Chokin chokin, you need to stop smokin
Motherfuck on that! Blaze a sack!
Rollin rollin, foldin bank
My first show was in the motherfuckin holdin tank,
c'mon

[Chorus]

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