

Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins**"Eyes May Shine"**

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Yeah yeah

Look, you could've got away but your response wasn't quick enough

Can't preserve life 'cause the best wasn't thick enough

Teflon, Napalm, Homicide scenes

These are a few of my favorite things!

But I ain't Mary so ain't a damn thing poppin

Only death disease and a whole lotta palm trees

Not only for mics, Xzibit is a way of life

Until my death so I celebrate success

Best of the best wouldn't test these waters with a yacht

Sendin' sixteen shots across your parking lot

All up on your proximity drinking Hennessy

Holdin down ground like the Statute of Liberty

So nobody ever can rush my spot

And the torch stay lit so I ain't worried about shit

It ain't where your from it's al about how you represent!

Unfamiliar faces better know who your fuckin' with

[Chorus]: (2x)

Eyes may shine, Teeth may grit

And all of that shit

And you still won't step

So what's next?

All of a sudden you ain't sayin nothin

[You Better off buckin yourself]

[You need to stop frontin]

I'm only comin' through when it's time for collection

Xzibit forever nasty, spread like infection

Ain't no protection ever made by man to withstand this punishment

In other words runnin' shit

Keep your eyes wide cause the style gets darker

I make papers and see more new cars than Bob barker

'Cause if the price ain't right then it's time to take flight

Let the piece go twice to make sure you see the light

Plus I'm dreaded not by the locks but by the cops

And flocks of females that only think with their croth

Unlimited smoke

The bonified cut throat Columbian neck tie

Now don't you look fly
I'll leave you there to be discovered by your mother
Or maybe your brother or your boty boy lover
No matter your backround Xzibit never backs down
Be prepared for static and semi automatics in your grill

[Chorus]: (2x)
Eyes may shine, Teeth may grit
And all of that shit
And you still won't step
So what's next?
All of a sudden you ain't sayin nothin
[You Better off buckin yourself]
[You need to stop frontin]

Everything that come around go 3.6.0.
Longitude and latitude
It's all in the attitude
I'm in the mood to put a twist on things
Xzibit here to rock the planet 'till the fat bitch sings
The shit is closer than you think
Don't blink it might be over in a matter of seconds
I'd like to say this off the record
But it's not
So I testify to the fact
Chronic mixed with the Yak make a hellified contact
It makes it real easy to trip
Unload the whole clip on your block then split!
Aint no answers to the test you taken
Never move fakin'
Can't be shaken'
From my solid foundation like this

[Chorus]: (2x)
Eyes may shine, Teeth may grit
And all of that shit
And you still won't step
So what's next?
All of a sudden you ain't sayin nothin
[You Better off buckin yourself]
[You need to stop frontin]

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