

Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins**"My Life, My World"**

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Ok, alright, alright. You got me up? Is the Mic On?
Yeah. I pledge allegiance to the un-united streets of
Los Angeles
Check this shit out, yeah yeah...Come on, Ha!
You thought I was about to start right there right?
Y'all motherfuckers turn this shit up, it's X to the
motherfucking Z
Yeah...Ha, welcome to my planet..

[Verse 1]

Some things money just can't buy
From what I seen now that's a God damn lie
Been involved in some other shit, ran from the
government
Landed the mother ship, thanks for the ride
My niggaz still bang like the wrath of Cain
Fast lane, smack ya bodyguard and take ya chain
And it's all in another day's work for me
I spit the truth, the truth gone set y'all free SO-
What's my anti-drug? Drugs!
Anti-drugs is when I can't get none, for fun
I drop flows, punk the punk rappers
Load clips for nines and clap with gun clappers
Listen, too many motherfucking cooks in ya kitchen
Missin' the most important part of life 'cause you
bitchin'
Bitchin' so much you should tuck ya nuts
And dick between ya thighs and color your eyes
And wax your legs and buy some bras and thongs
And go crazy in the nightclub for sisqo's songs
You a hook motherfucker with the Jordache look
Bring lead with ya heat so the beef can cook

[Chorus: Xzibit]

Who's sticking to the script like pistol grip?
Xzibit, tradition of X-cellence
Hit 'em up, this westside G.S.B
Openbar all night drinks for free
Victory 'cause we make history
niggaz actually have the audacity
We the shit from the get and we set to win

Straight hard on a bitch y'all sensitive
(singing)
My life, my world, X to the Z
The streets done took so much from me
Fuck what you heard this is realityyyyyy
I close my eyes and pray just to see
Another day I live to breathe
My life, my world, this is realityyyyyy
(Yeah, Welcome to my planet)

[Verse 2]

I done had sleep for dinner, natural born sinner
Watched fiends suck crack through car antennas
Now that we winning motherfuckers aim to get us
The game is vicious constant hostile conditions
For the times I dropped Jewels and nobody would listen
(nope)
A new position, got a couple of pots to piss in
Got the aim of Oswald nigga I ain't missin'
If everybody eating' who the fuck gone clean the
kitchen
I got vision, and a real deep suspicion
About a lot of rappers reps and they street conditions
Everybody got bricks of yay, claim they do crimes that
pay
And tell you that it paved the way (BULLSHIT!)
Well only a few niggaz really came up this way
With gunplay day-to-day quick to blow you away
Trying to sound like snoop, trying to ball like Dre
I just think you mutherfuckers ain't got shit to say

[Chorus: Xzibit]

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