

Run D.M.C. F/ Stephan Jenkins

"Paparazzi"

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[Intro]

1996, the dysfunctional member, of the Alkaholik family

It's Xzibit, bring it live, one time, like this

[Verse One]

Sometimes I wonder if it's all worth my while

Xzibit stay versatile with million dollar lifestyle

and I can feel it as a child growin up

The niggaz that was real and the niggaz that was scared as fuck

that's why Xzibit only roll with a chosen few

You ain't really real, I can tell when I look at you

So ease off the trigger talk, you ain't killin shit

It's not affecting me or the niggaz that I'm chillin with

I don't believe the hype or buy Woof tickets

Nigga you make a gang of noise and never seen like a cricket

I guess that's why we never kick it

A lot of niggaz are soft and get tossed tryin to fuck with the Likwid

How many niggaz do you know like this?

Always claimin that they're ridin but they really turn bitch

It don't make sense; either you a soldier from the start or a actor with a record deal tryin to play the part, like that

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

It's a shame, niggaz in the rap game

only for the money and the fame (Extra large!)

It's a shame, niggaz in the rap game

only for the money and the fame - Paparazzi

[Verse Two]

I don't need no lights, no cameras, just action goddammit

Never no superstar, I'm more like a planet

So my composure is kept while others start to sweat

Emergin from the fog with my fucked up dialogue

Tryin to live high on the hog leaves you bankrupt

and niggaz you spent it on, would not give a fuck
and that's deep, how deep? It's deeper than Atlantis
Home of the scandalous, big bad Los Angeles
Dangerous, vandalous, yo, not to be trusted
So how the fuck is you hard not bein scarred by the
boulevard?
I'm pulling that card and sayin Gin motherfucker
Flowin' like liquid, soak it in motherfucker
I'm breakin' it down, my sound, surrounds like, death
From the West, puttin' whole counties to the test
It's all in perspective, breaker one-nine copy
This is for the niggaz gettin caught up in the Paparazzi

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

NiggaZ smoke stress and cross dress, but I just play
the back
Others goin through schemes and pipe dreams for a
contract
Real tightly rolled, fuck 'em all how I feel
I made a cool half mill' before I had a record deal
Therefore you look and stare like it's magic
But too much of anything can make you a addict
When devils be startin static, break out the automatic
I set it off straight, I spread hate, then I vacate, but wait
Who dares to cross this path? Yo, I do ya like math
cut with glass, make a bloodbath
So on behalf of all niggaz I get drunk with
Smoke a blunts with, I dispose of yo' punk shit (oo-
OOOOH!)

And keep it all in perspective, carbon copies
Gettin caught up in the Paparazzi
Once again, it's the Likwidation Crew
And we return, for you like this

[Chorus]

It's a shame

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