

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

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[Xzibit]

I'ma clean this whole shit out like colonics
With words put together better than Sony Electronics
King of the jungle, humbly stay honest
Eat with the lions, swim with piranhas
Gasoline the seem, strike the match
Inferno, I'm too thoro nigga so stand back
I spit shine, get mine and rip rhyme
and make my career take an in climb
I'm strict with knives, straight with razors
Good with grenades and great with gauges
Been around the world in a million stages
Watch niggas bitch up and go through changes
I had guns before thugs was in fashion
I mashed out before niggas knew mashin
I knew terror before the plane started crashin
I got punch lines and niggas ain't laughin

[Chorus: Xzibit]

I'm gon be here after the smoke die down
The sound of your style, I won't lie down
Fight the good fight, don't need no help
Keep your hands up, defend yo self
Move like I move and live life long
Can't move up if ya heart not strong
Get'cha own shit cuz this shits mine
Every time I spit I shine

[Xzibit]

Cocksucka I preach what I practise, back shit up
Wrap this rap shit up, still actin up
Get found in a trunk of an Acura
Y'all suck like jail in Dracula
X turn up the heat, increase the hatred
Straight stone faced don't fuck wit gay shit
So I guess that means I can't fuck wit you now
Two down, let off, vacate to new town
It feel like Bishop and Juice now
Got a flame thrower that'll burn big holes through your
goose now
Rough sound, same strong background

Been on black, the big boys layin chips down
My whole train of thought is
to body any mothafuckea wit problems and not get
caught
I was blessed with life but I curse ta death
I'ma spit ta my very last breath - Fuck y'all!

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

Let me give this a three second look, I hit a million
dollar target
You ain't came up yet, well nigga let me show ya
Come across dope like planes and boats
Like balloons filled with coke down a Mexican's throat
You ever seen a man get smoked, they shit on they self
Their body shake for a second then it gets dissected
For evidence of the weapon and the people involved
Let one nigga talk, everybody gettin caught fa sho'
I say that to say this (what?)
If you can't handle the time then ride the bench
Might as well touch ya tail and jump the fence
Castrate ya self, expose the bitch
X go head up, but fuck, never ran from it
I got a gauge with buck shot that you can't stomach
You ain't a killa, you a album filla
You ain't a soldier, you a rap promoter, game over!

[Chorus]

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