

**X****"Enemies & Friends"**

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1996, dysfunctional member  
Of the Alkaholik family, yo

Rule Number One  
Always be aware of your surroundings  
And peep all exits  
Stay and move to the next shit  
Rule Number Two  
Love no one that don't love you  
And if the shit come down  
Then you know your way around  
Rule Number Three  
Realize it ain't about size  
Or havin' gats and guns  
Because it only takes one  
Handle your business  
Don't let your business handle you  
It's a lot of motherfuckers tryin' to do  
What you're doin' right here, right now  
Same color, same style  
Tryin' to claim worldwide  
And ain't traveled but one mile  
In these shoes, I paid dues  
With nothin' to lose  
Live by the rhyme  
But I'ma die by the booze  
Xzibit breakin' down niggas  
Who got somethin' to prove  
Here we are face to face  
Nigga make your move  
You're in the wrong place  
But at the right situation  
Cause i was waitin  
Hotter than Satan, never perpetratin

Chorus:

I treat my enemies like friends  
So I can reach out and touch  
Leave'em in the dust at the very end  
You now tuned in to Hennessy and Gin

Ice cold Heinekens and down for whatever skins  
Animosity you can reach out and touch  
Heavy right handed  
Teeth grind like a clutch  
And plus you ain't never had this much  
Too many friends too close  
You might collapse from an overdose

I was raised to never follow after no man  
To be my own man  
So I can die by my own hand  
And never knowin' what the next day can bring  
So I gotta make the ends  
Justify the means  
Yo, I'm on the scene, here to do my own thing  
Can't never spend a lifetime  
Chasin' after dreams  
I got the right shit  
For all the wrong reasons  
As long as I breathin'  
Niggas change like seasons  
Never trust a man  
Who can't look you in your eyes  
Only the strong survive  
And that's word to the wise  
Yo, when dead bodies get outlined in chalk  
Everybody should walk  
Cause real killers don't talk  
I ain't really concerned  
How many bridges you burned  
I extinguish your flame  
And take aim at your brain  
Givin' ligament pain  
To have you walkin' with a cane  
Wantin' money and fame  
You got your fuckin' self to blame  
And that's West Coast rhyme  
Without no gimmicks  
Here come Xzibit to break it down  
Like a chemic  
I'm spreadin' like an epidemic  
And all good things come to an end  
Enemies & Friends

Chorus

I don't give a fuck  
About the set you claim  
Xzibit easily dispersed like crack cocaine  
See I lent my shotgun to Kurt Cobain  
And the motherfucker never brought it back

Ahh, that's wack  
As a matter of fact  
This one nigga tried to jack  
My squad had his ass  
On the run like track  
Never knowin' who to trust  
In this shit called rap  
Here to let you know  
My sound surrounds like dat  
Never half step  
Or play the role like DeNiro  
Y'all niggas wasn't down  
When we had less than zero  
Fuck tryin' to be a hero  
Tryin' to save some bitch  
Mr. X to the Z  
Never play that shit

Chorus

Yes, 1996, yes  
Bringin' it live from the Westside  
This is X to the Z  
These niggas don't know  
These niggas ain't ready  
Yo, Mr. X to the Z  
From the Likwit Crew

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