

X**"Paparazzi"**

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Intro

1996, the Disfunctional member of the Alkohaliks
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 were real and the niggaz that were
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 triggga 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 a Woof ticket
Nigga you make a gang of noise and never seem 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 liquid
How many niggaz do you know like this?
Also claimin that they're riding but they really turn bitch
It don't make sense
Either you're a soldier from the start
or an actor with a record deal tryin to play the part
like dat

Chorus:

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 (2x)

Verse Two

I don't need no lights no cameras
just action god dammit
never no superstar
I'm more like a planet
so my composure is kept while others start to sweat
A merchant from the fog with my fucked up dialogue
try to live high on the hog leaves you bankrupt
and niggaz you spent it on, would not give a fuck
now that's deep, how deep, It's deeper than Atlantis
Home of the scandalous
Big Bad Los Angeles
Dangerous, Vandelous
Yo, not to be trusted
so how the fuck is you hard
not being scared by the boulevard
I'm pulling that card and sayin Gin muthafuckar
flowin like liquid, soak it in muthafuckar
I'm breakin it down, my sounds, so crowds are like
deaf
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 Papparazzi

Chorus

Verse Three

Niggaz smoke stress and cross dress
but I just play the back
others going through schemes and pipe dreams
for a contract
real tightly rolled, fuck 'em all how I feel
I made a cool half mil
before I had a record deal
there for you look and stare like it's magic
too much of anything can make you an addict
when devils be startin static, forgot the automatic
I set it off straight, I spread hate, then I vacate, but wait
who dare to cross this path
yo, I do ya like math
cut with glass, make a blood bath
so on behalf of all niggaz I get drunk with
smoke a lot of blunts with
I dispose of your punk shit
keep it all in perspective
Carbon Copies gettin caught up in the Papparazzi

Chorus

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