

**X****"Spit Shine"**Visit "[Spit Shine](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[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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