

## Xavier Rudd

### "YEAR 2000"

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I wanna speak to you motherfuckers for a minute  
Yea thanks for the lighter  
Anybody smoke here?  
Aight, thats more for me you punk  
Motherfuckers  
Look, check it out, look

[verse 1]

Everybody, he was born to hustle  
It's a very thin line between the boss  
And the muscle  
We foot soldiers  
Face first in the trenches  
Only time I'm on my back is fucking these  
Hoes and weight bitches  
Hell's kitchen, raw kitchen  
Never crying and bitching and settling  
For less  
Metal in your chest, take a final breath  
Revolutionary  
It's x-man the mercenary  
Carry a .44 desert eagle  
Feeding the people even if it ain't legal  
Low-riding in the regal or the cadillac  
Money stacked probably give yo ass a  
Heart attack  
Purchased your last cd I want my money  
Back  
You see the battle ima see you in the  
Street  
Survival of the first to draw the heaters  
And the cannons  
Im guaranteed to be the last man standing

[chorus 2x]

Crack a bottle for your hard time  
It's dedicated to my soldiers on the  
Front line  
This one's for all of us  
Thinking bout your casualties  
Learn from mistakes, protect your family

Cause it's the year 2000

[verse 2]

Everybody wannabe king  
Fuck everything  
All this shit is bout to me mine  
I hear it all the time  
Live your life for the day  
Easier to burn than papier-mache  
Started with dre  
Graduate to radioplay  
I still ain't satisfied  
Bout to blast off worldwide  
Get in line check the politics  
Ever wonder why only certain  
Motherfuckers get rich  
Ain't this a bitch  
Barely can eat, barely can pee  
I dedicate my life to the street  
It's not for you if your stomach is weak  
Relax with dead bodies covered with sheets  
That's the only time I really find peace  
Having violent stand-offs with the police  
North hollywood beef  
Grinding my teeth  
Have you stuck and stunned in disbelief  
New breed I'm the bad seed  
Smoke your weed til my mothafucking eyes  
Bleed  
Dedicated to the niggas that despise us  
So ain't nobody s'posed to be here  
Besides us  
Catch a flatline

[chorus 2x]

[verse 3]

I was one that never begged for nothing  
Me and my homies build penitentiary  
Huff-it  
Running your mouth like a bitch cause you  
All on my dick  
What is he dogg pound now? is he still  
With tha liks?  
Is he rich? is xzibit a crip? this is  
Business stay the fuck out of my family shit  
A grown man, the back of my hand is what  
You will see  
If the x-fives make you believe  
You check the sound scan I do the math  
Me and my staff run a worldwide warpath

A bloodbath, make xzibit have a good laugh  
It's going down, hit the ground like a  
Plane crash  
You lil fags ain't prepared for the x-man  
Scared and desperate  
Young and restless  
There is no guest list  
Move to the back of the line  
Yo it's my time, prime time only where the  
Beats and the rhyme shine

[chorus 2x]

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