

## Xzibit "Big Business"

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{xzibit}

Mi casa es su casa

Mi raza es su raza

Yeah

Yeah

Yeah

Kid frost

This is big business, understand me?

Yeah, you can't take no for a answer

Welcome to the world of big business, lives get broken  
and made

You're walkin barefoot in a room full of razorblades

We're playin catch with a hand grenade

Cause what you faggot niggas caught

Spread you all over the asphalt

Walk the walk, talk to nobody

Spark the chrome shotie

Whenever they run up on your home, gotti

Gangsta, gangsta, read all about it

Xzibit get your whole shit crowded

And packed to capacity

You actually had the audacity

To want some problems with the x man

Lift you off your feet with the back of my left hand

Learn one of life's hard lessons

You can't negotiate with a weapon

When it's fully loaded and cocked

Hollow points shot

Next to the firing pin, with the hammer ready to drop

I took you off, so accept the loss

Crack open some olde english that's covered with frost

And it's like that

[ chorus ]

Can you feel it, nothing can save ya

For this is the season for stackin the papers

Chasin my chips till my last days

Hit a million dollar lick and split it three ways

{frost}

I'm in pursuit of them hundred dollar big faces  
Wrapped in rubber bands in em bulletproof briefcases  
Please understand automatically  
One squeeze of the trigger cause tragedy  
Casually fucked around and got your whole family mad  
at me  
My strategy: subtract enemies mathematically  
Frost will kick your head off slow, you ain't as bad as  
me  
50/50 - half gangster, half hustler  
One side's about my business, and the other side's a  
muthafucka  
So when I creep, I crawl, I'm like swiss-made  
Fuck are you, bitch-made, I slice you with my  
switchblade  
Razor, got the h-k with the laser  
Slid the enterpriser, rent a 99 black blazer  
I shot straight at merino  
Thousand dollar suite, layin low at the peppermint  
casino  
I been a player before I had riches  
And now I'm eatin steak and crab and fuckin bad  
bitches

[ chorus ]

{jayo felony}

I don't give a fuck about not one of y'all  
Disrespect this here, nigga, it's real clear I'm gunnin  
y'all  
When night falls, nah fuck, night flies a kite  
I take flight like delta, nigga, helter skelter  
Who the fuck could you call to help ya  
Nigga, good health couldn't help ya  
Put the 's' in spit, bust your tightest shit, never felt ya  
Could you picture yourself in the same room when I let  
these off  
Two rivals, suicidal, take the strap and squeeze off  
But before you do it, I take the heater and shoot both  
your knees off  
Let him suffer, can't get enough of, I'm rougher  
Go get my ammunitions and paper, nigga, cause it's a  
habit  
Let off on ya in a 600, or let's call em rabbit  
Is it tragic how the automatic made you breathe like a  
asthmatic  
Static, what's that? that shit that get up in my fabric  
I'm into bitches and beamers and my chips

And I'm keepin four eyes on em schemers when I dip,  
bitch

[ chorus ]

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