

Xzibit

"Bk to La"

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Yeah, c'mon, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
M.O.P., uhh, X to the Z
Yeah baby, that's right, you know how we do it
One time, X, where you at my nigga? Fiyaah

I spread the hate, like Taliban records and tapes
Shoot five times to the sky, gimme some space
I got y'all, runnin' in place, cut to the heart of the
subject
Mash out niggaz, straight from the gutter you love it

Ain't nothin above it, we stomp y'all religiously
Watchin' paper thugs tryin' to hide behind the industry
From here to infinity, love thy enemy
Niggaz got the knowledge but don't know the
chemistry

All inside your baseball hat and kneecaps
With baseball bats, 'til fame hit you with me till mini-
mac
Full body black fatigues, lungs black from weed
In black limo tinted SUV's with Bill

Still, world, famous
The underdogs of rap, back to claim this, the fact
remain we're
Heartless and painless, it's dangerous to strangers
That try to change us, knowin' we're anxious to flame
'em

You want problems I'ma bring 'em to you
We cockin' them thangs
Yeah, I got a song let me sing it to you
We ready to bang
Yeah, you talk impressive, you don't mean it do you?
Watch where you aim
Get lost in the game, get tossed in the flames, nigga

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You must wanna throw the towel in holmes, it's your
man B.D.
From N.Y.C., the N.Y.G.
M.O.P., and X to the Z
Is a friend of our family, yeah my nigga

For you, counterfeit, wannabe hardcore players
I rub you under your face with single-edged razors
Cold street intelligence, O.G.'s and Rebel Men
Grip quick, cock squeeze and Level Men to settle it

From L.A. to B.K., from B.K. to L.A.
Persistent and insistant on doin' it our way
Do you really wanna fuck with Danze?
When he comin' with them thugs in the van
Double clutch in his hands, my nigga

Make the world flame, face the Fame-ster, part, Fame-
ster
Y'all niggaz akin to God and gangsters
It's the M dot, to the O dot, to the P
With X to the Z hot, what's happenin'?

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Hunt down, hurt, hang and hate the hater
Watch how you rise, fall and thank me later
Look in my eyes, I should not have to say it
Look alive, these streets is complicated

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Look alive, these streets is complicated

You got problems with us? Start poppin'
I get in yo' chest like anthrax, vaccine couldn't stop it
Let's move on 'em, must move on 'em
Rush in, gun-bustin', black seven plus tools on 'em

Never snooze on 'em, I'm short, haven't got room for
'em
I send you to God with no shoes
Clueless, real G's run this, we rule this
If you wanna get into some gangsta shit, let's do this

No question, no half-steppin'
Streets is my profession, heat in my possession
Hollow-tips is the answer; look around you see the
signs
Say, "No Smokin'", but our guns got cancer

Yeah, 'cause I'm not, what you thought I was
Like my career was gon' fade like a fuckin' buzz
Raise the stakes high, I solidify
The grip that I keep on shit, get off my dick

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