

## Xzibit "Carry The Weight"

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*[Intro: Xzibit, J-Ro]*

I really wish I could you know at twenty-one  
youknowhatl'msayin', he he, yo yo  
(I'ma tell you exactly why I do the things  
I do, youknowhatl'm sayin')  
Gotta carry the weight youknowhatl'msayin'  
Go ahead  
Yeah! I break it down like this

*[Verse One:]*

You see I don't like to remenisce about the past  
The lower class, no clout livin' hand to mouth  
Each and every wrong move the police keep count  
make it real fuckin' easy to get streched out  
I was at the funeral when it all began  
You know the painful transition from a boy to men  
I lost sight of my mother at the age of nine  
didn't understand death nearly lost my mind  
But see life moves on and broke niggas can't change it  
Age ten, new step family arrangement  
at thirteen, I started gettin' hair on my dick  
And noticed me and my sister were gettin' treated like  
shit  
I would forever be hit with anything in reach  
Then my father would proceed to go to church and  
preach  
about forgiveness, patience all the shit that he lacked  
Gettin' jump when he said and the head gat cracked  
physical contact was in form of a slap  
at the age of fifteen Xzibit now hit back  
courtesy of my stepbrother, who taught me to scrap  
Left the bitch on the ground with her eyes on black  
Ran away from the house of Teresa and Nate  
Into juvenile detention where I built up hate  
I don't remember the date of the judical debate  
but legally I was now in custody of the state

*[Chorus:]*

And niggas wonder why I sit up in the club and drink

Say what's up to Xzibit and I still don't speak  
I'm trying to contemplate the next move to make  
Gotta find some way to release this hate

And niggas wonder why I sit up in the club and drink  
Say what's up to Xzibit and I still don't speak  
I'm trying to contemplate the next move to make

Gotta find some way Xzibit carry the weight

*[Interlude: Xzibit, (J-Ro)]*

(Yeah it's fucked up though man)  
(Youknowwhat!msayin')  
Yo  
(The fuck you doin' in jail)  
Insane man, I don't know man, he he he  
(Yeah wats goin' on down there, gotta get out dude)  
Yeah I be out in couple of weeks man  
Youknow!msayin'  
(It's popin' man)  
It's cool yo fuck that  
(It's popin' out here)  
They can go on and on for that  
(I'm tellin' you it's popin' man come home)

*[Verse Two:]*

And that was worse then the treatment I was gettin' at  
home  
but only now I was fucked up plus all alone  
My father talkin' all crazy to me over the phone  
Turned age sixteen now on my own  
Started running with cats who carried gats cause they  
had too  
with no hesitation lock load then blast you  
Without a hassle we in a town of hicks  
fuckin' all these chicks  
Sellin' rock by the bricks  
so we feelin' like we mothafuckin' Nino Brown  
At the house when the mothafuckin' man touched down  
Screamin' demands "Let me see your goddamn hands  
(now)"  
A.T.F. cause of handguns and contraban  
we never kept it in the house  
So of course we clouded  
Only found one pistol took us all down town  
We be out by the end of the afternoon  
gettin' drunk on the strip let the system BOOM!  
Who would assume Mr. QK would chill with a wife  
Ty and Matt caught bodies

Now they spend there life behind bars  
catchin' scars that will not heal  
niggas don't know the half about keepin' it real

*[Chorus 1 1/2]*

*[outro:]*

Like this  
Like this, like that  
Yeah! gotta carry the weight  
Like this euh!  
Bringin live  
Yeah! yeah! like this  
It's Xzibit  
Gotta carry the weight  
Like that yo!  
Like that yo!

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