

## **Xzibit**

# **"Eyes May Shine"**

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Yeah, yeah  
Look, you could've got away but your response wasn't  
quick enough  
Can't preserve life 'cause the best wasn't thick enough  
Teflon, Napalm, Homicide scenes  
These are a few of my favorite things!

But I ain't Mary so ain't a damn thing poppin'  
Only death disease and a whole lotta palm trees  
Not only for mics, Xzibit is a way of life  
Until my death so I celebrate success

Best of the best wouldn't test these waters with a yacht  
Sendin' sixteen shots across your parking lot  
All up on your proximity drinking Hennessey  
Holdin down ground like the Statute of Liberty

So nobody ever can rush my spot  
And the torch stay lit so I ain't worried about shit  
It ain't where your from it's all about how you  
represent!  
Unfamiliar faces better know who your fuckin' with

Eyes may shine, teeth may grit  
And all of that shit and you still won't step  
So what's next? All of a sudden you ain't sayin' nothin'  
(You better off buckin' yourself)  
(You need to stop frontin')

Eyes may shine, teeth may grit  
And all of that shit and you still won't step  
So what's next? All of a sudden you ain't sayin' nothin'  
(You better off buckin' yourself)  
(You need to stop frontin')

I'm only comin' through when it's time for collection  
Xzibit forever nasty, spread like infection  
Ain't no protection ever made by man to withstand this  
punishment  
In other words runnin' shit

Keep your eyes wide 'cause the style gets darker

I make papers and see more new cars than Bob barker  
'Cause if the price ain't right then it's time to take flight  
Let the piece go twice to make sure you see the light

Plus I'm dreaded not by the locks but by the cops  
And flocks of females that only think with their croth  
Unlimited smoke, the bonafied cut throat Columbian  
neck tie  
Now don't you look fly

I'll leave you there to be discovered by your mother  
Or maybe your brother or your booty boy lover  
No matter your background Xzibit never backs down  
Be prepared for static and semi automatics in your grill

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Everything that come around go 3.6.0.  
Longitude and latitude, it's all in the attitude  
I'm in the mood to put a twist on things  
Xzibit here to rock the planet 'til the fat bitch sings

The shit is closer than you think  
Don't blink it might be over in a matter of seconds  
I'd like to say this off the record but it's not so I testify  
to the fact  
Chronic mixed with the Yak make a hellified contact

It makes it real easy to trip  
Unload the whole clip on your block then split!  
Ain't no answers to the test you taken, never move  
fakin'  
Can't be shaken' from my solid foundation like this

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