

Xzibit

"Handle Your Time"

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[convict 2/sadat x]

Oh my goodness! look what they sendin through
nowadays
Ah, it's a light-weight
And he got a smirk on his face like it's all of that
Yeah, well we gone see what it is

[convict 1/xzibit]

What you in for, everything under the sun
Recently, got me first degree wit a hot gun
That's my third strike, so xzibit can't go home
Fight to see daylight like sylvester stallone
Don't ask too many questions nigga, keep that on the
d-low
My family might mistake you for an undercover c-o
Last one that tried didn't make it past bookin
Five times in the neck when everybody was lookin

[convict 2/sadat x]

You see the judge, but he don't budge
That's you're third felony, I believe strike three
Remanded and stranded, to the cold steel granite
Lost to the world, your moms and your girl
Keep your weight up, or your ass get ate up
Cats is stickin, straight up
Wit the shank, get more time in the tank
Ask hank, he bout to bank, killed a cop wit high rank
They gave him life and now another cat is fuckin his
wife

[convict 1/xzibit]

Just because I'm locked down don't mean the hustlin
stop
Her-oine and beer joints twenty dollars a pop
You a new recruit, so today I'm lettin you slide
But tomorrow you'll be confronted wit the two's in the
side
If you a smart mothafucker, you'll be fallin wit mine
Behind bars, no bitches and cars, we only got time
We're I'm from, time is money and got neither to waste
Once in a while catch a cannanite in the wrong place
Beat him down, break the strongest hand, piss in his

face

Strike fear, play the rear, 'fore he catchin a case
Low-class, got a dozen free visitors pass
Plus the female c-order wanna give me some ass

Chorus [sadat x] 2x

This is your new home boss, where you survive at all
costs
And if you don't, well it's only your loss
You're only here 'cause you tried to force and be the
boss, ha
Handle your time like a man yo

[convict 1/xzibit]

So it's my twenty-third birthday, drinkin brew-no
You know no matter what it take, we gotta celebrate
Fuck stayin straight, hair braided by this muslim cat
Regulate the whole yard, now we got the straps
Niggas say "who the fuck is that? "
The x-man, rowdy, gettin treated like the feds in the
county
Correctional facilities, basically you don't wanna fuck
wit these
Murders and felonies keep you company ("yeah!")
[convict 3/kid creole]
And yes y'all, come on in ("yeah")
All you brand new heffer, sissy, soft booty-ass shook
niggas ("yeah")
Yeah bitch, welcom to central booking ("yeah")
A sleep-over for pimps, private hustlers ("yeah"), drug
slingers, and gun
Clappers
Even bitch-ass, shook-ass niggas ("yeah") like y'all
Get on your ? ("yeah"), get out the blood on your ?
married character?
Kitten-ass faces ("yeah"), niggas about to beat you all
down to the last stop
echoes

[convict 2/sadat x]

I'm all good, as I telephone my hood
At first I was shook, tried to play by the book
But you can't bid your time by stayin in the cell
I'm gettin high everyday like I was still on the corner
Where I'm in fat pink caps, new york to california
Makin deals for mills, holdin cigarette lottos
Givin cats pills, and tell em "yo try those!"
Niggas try to scheme but my team is tight
We as shady as the night and bring fright to sight
Hey you be aight, but don't act like a sucka
Ain't you ain't got to be the wildest mothafucker

Use control, put a cat in whole if he's broke
And let em know, I just wanna serve my time and go
And flow, lay low, try to grab some dough
Aiyyo I ain't tryin to jail, somebody post my bail

Chorus

[convict 2/sadat x] (convict 3/kid creole)
Yo man shhh, I need some new kicks man
(oh what? oh shut the fuck up!)
Somebody got some at least some money man (nigga
what!)
Or something man, I ain't get no letters man
(you gone be my bitch tonight, what)
Niggas forgettin about me man
(I'll poke y'all, don't come on the island)
Namsayin, supposed to be my crew
(don't be on the island when I get there)
Can't even make collect phone calls
(mothafucker, what ah um!)
Tryin to jam my collect calls now
(you will be mines tonight mothafucker!)
Nobody ain't home, nobody wanna write me (mine you
hear me!)
I ain't got nuttin to read, yaknamsayin
(you'll be mine tonight mothafucker!)
Ain't nobody put no money on my book
(don't fall asleep tonight bitch!)
It's like I'm starvin in here
This ain't no fun

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