

Xzibit "Hurt Locker"

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Welcome

All foreign passports to the left
All resident passports to the right
Ya dig?

Welcome to my world of hurt, where I put in work
I got guns that knock you off of this earth
Stand up let yourself be heard, I ain't hear
one word
I'm just bringing through what the crowd
deserves

Cause what you want that's what we got
Once things begin, my n**** it won't stop
Lock down your blocks lets flood the streets
Now welcome to the world of Mr. X to the Z

Motherf***** I'm

Back with a vengeance, back with the business
I'm a vet with a pension, a man with a vision
I'm a man on a mission, so crowd around
listen

This that hardcore heavy head bang, you've been
missing

Go to Defcon one, if you don't comply
I might explode like a meth lab, there is no rehab
B****es need knee-pads, a pound of some Zig Zags
That last like Etta James, I'm back let the
cage rap

Charles Bronson, visionary marksman
Heartless, Leave your intellect on your carpet
I don't really start s***, I just like to finish it
dismember with a hacksaw, getting rid of it
I'm so militant, you so Gilligan, killing it
Heard you want the coast on your back
Yo, be careful what you wish for, good luck with that
You could be found in your trunk, with your chest
collapsed. Relax

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Motherf***** IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m

Made for the masses, chromed out classics
Block after block, when I park so Jurassic(?)
Cameras start flashing, everybody asking
Harassing, suck my d*** with six aspirins
ThatÃfÂçâ, -Â™ ll keep your head tight, back from the
afterlife

Locked in my hurt locker, built up my appetite
You need your name in lights, when I just need a mic
And I can level any playing field, like a sheet of ice
It's going down like when you cuffed, and they read
your rights

IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m going higher, better bail, if
youÃfÂçâ, -Â™ re scared of heights
IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m ritual killing prepare for a sacrifice
Roll her like a pair aÃfÂçâ, -Â™ dice, lounging in
paradise
Jealous n****s want to feed, like a parasite
Burn leeches off with cigarettes, I just need a light
I been around, seen the press get it shut down
IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m stadium status, the crowd got to move
NOW!!!

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Motherf***** IÃfÂçâ, -Â™ m

A man dies once, a coward dies a thousand times
Your b**** a**es on nine hundred and ninety nine
You only got one more, you better make it last
Before a lay this hurt locker, to your fucking ass

Lock chop choppers, chop shop droppers
Fresh state to state, until the feds came knocking
Call us in the clutch, when your shows ain't popping
When your hoes ain't dropping, when your flows ain't
rocking
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