

## **Xzibit**

# **"Loud & Clear"**

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Yeah, addicted to life, had to pay a heavy-ass price  
Sacrifice worth waitin' on the platinum and ice  
I'm precise with the merchandise, came back like Christ  
To change the game, while y'all niggaz remain the  
same

Clear the lane, comin' through like Kobe, you can't hold  
me  
You can't stop me, ever since I dropped 'Paparazzi'  
I done watched the game unfold into some hideous  
shit  
Like every idiot that can spit be droppin' a hit

I transmit for the convicts, committed, never bullshitted  
Shadowbox, detox, my own worse critic  
It's like tryin' to squeeze water from rocks  
I negotiate the neighborhood stops and clean your  
clock with a glock

Sick of niggaz screamin' they hot but really they not  
Beatin' you all to the ground like six L.A. cops  
Put your fist up in the air if you ever been shot  
And lived to tell about it, never leavin' home without it,  
c'mon

There's no one out there for us to fear  
I'll say it loud and clear  
(Yeah, we ain't scared of nothin' y'all motherfuckers)  
Who can say they're close to us  
Speak now and you'll be brought to tears

They probably saw me on the 91 East, gettin' off on  
Central  
With the rag back, lookin' like life's so simple  
Tela take a loss, still floss, all bets  
If Trife can't cover the house, call X

Likwit crew brothers, Blues Brothers  
Move somethin', make killers do somethin', f'real  
The bitch made often politic with the skill  
Now shit's all twisted, unlisted

Guns fixed it, best not speak about the Likwit we gifted  
Twenty-four hours and still lifted  
Bitch keep your vagina, we drunk and ain't interested  
Bitches come a dime and a dove, we ain't trippin' it

Standin' at the bar, soft-styled in the cut  
"Ooh, boo wait, I think you had too much"  
Bitch what? Act right and pour it in a cup  
The West and Eastside keep smokin' them blunts,  
niggaz

Let's get with it, I was born to trip  
Stay on the lookout, ain't no time to slip  
We ain't for games and shit  
Change your spot 'cause we're known to dip

No time for chasin' hoes  
I'm on a mission 'cause my cash is low  
There's no need to speak on those  
Doggy rags are the gangsta's clothes

There's two sides of my family, both sides from the  
ghetto  
Pops Finnish chocolate, moms Mississippi yellow  
Caramel, Cherokee black man, with a pedigree of  
excellence  
Together we rise, no time for separateness

My grandfather Snake was a Jake, or a Jack  
Of a smack to a bird who don't know how to act  
Straight hustler, Mississippi moonshine smuggler  
Good ol' wrangler in his day with that attitude to fuck  
ya

Built to run forever, X the infinite  
First line of defense to smash through the immigrants  
Can't straddle the fence, it's all or nothin'  
Close the curtain, shut down your whole production

Don't be scared, be prepared, niggaz do be bustin'  
Without thinkin', I mastered the art of hard drinkin'  
Yo, you wanna stop the X, try your best  
I'm still fuckin' with your pockets like the IRS, so yo

There's no one out there for us to fear  
I'll say it loud and clear  
(Yeah, we ain't scared of none a you motherfuckers)  
Who can say they're close to us?  
Speak now and you'll be brought to tears  
(Front line all the time, motherfuckers)

Gather all around, to see  
How we display our vicious skills  
(You guys spinnin' after spinnin' after rhyme spinnin')  
I done seen and heard enough  
Let's prove the West Coast is for real

Speak now and you'll be brought to tears

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