

## Xzibit

# "Nobody Sound Like Me"

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**(feat. Montageone)**

*[Intro:]*

*[Interviewer:]*

If you saw you walking on a street and a  
black man were comin' toward you  
what would you be feeling?

*[Scared man: ]*

Just one single black man? (yeah)  
I really don't fear that  
You know but if it's a group I'm talking from age thirt  
even thirteen even younger than  
thirteen. Yes I will walk across the street.

*[Interviewer:]*

Well let me ask you this...

*[Hook:]*

"I don't want niggas soundin' like me" [Ghostface  
Killah on 'Shark Niggas  
(Biters)']  
"I don't want niggas soundin' like me  
knowhat!msayin'?" [x2]

*[Xzibit:]*

Yo we gettiin' restless me and D.O.G.s  
Never pretendin' rather we sendin' a very clear  
message  
Either you with me or against me punk hit 'em up  
Provide housin' for these shrimp from the shells we  
dump  
I'm makin' 'em bounce other niggas fail to bump  
Til we takin' advantage of inflicting irreversable  
damage  
It's the long awaited anticipated Likwit MC  
Bombin' first cause I feel it's better to give then receive  
You better believe  
Xzibit stays savage above the average  
When niggas try to switch turn bitch for the cabbage  
But see all that irrelevant it's like tryin' to turn a whore  
celibate

I dance with the devil for the hell of it  
Burning down your lavish landscape on digital tape  
Cause everything you rhymin' about is actually fake  
So make room for the legitamate nasty inconsiderate  
Thinkin' you rankin' top dollar but really counterfeit

*[Hook]*

*[Montageone:]*

Niggas we null and void I get swole like a keyloid  
To overload your system with rhymes for millenniums

To shut down artists with beats the deep closure  
Battlin' top rank for bank and exposure  
So open up your door to me Cause if it's closed  
I'm a brakin' in with some pantyhose  
Over the mic  
So you don't know who I sound like  
Executing those who record and bite to sound tight  
It's not permitted by the right  
The Gustopo surprising these niggas like Benny Blanco  
Remember me man? You thought I was a fan till I threw  
you in the back of a  
van  
Yo these Drop Squad delegates rhymes are delicate  
I spit on the mic to get these MC's pussys wet  
For those with plans to clone me thee original  
It can't be done I'm digital (digital)

*[Hook]*

*[Xzibit:]*

Yo who wanna come see the hard rock?  
The non stop green block yo whole block recieve speed  
knot  
You need not  
Get brave my bullets never graze  
They hit close to home seperating flesh from bone  
So better get off on your own bitch  
Rollin' chrome shit tryin't to own shit  
I was molded, after the best that the streets had to  
offer  
The author of my own destiny  
So I suggest you stop stressin' me  
I'll find out when I pull my nine out and blow your mind  
out  
Play a deadly game with no fouls and no time outs  
Inhale large amounts of dojah forever ready like a  
soldier  
I'm lock mode and shoot from the shoulder  
And burn down your lavish landscape digital tape

Cause everything you rhyme about is actually fake  
So make room for the legitamate nasty inconsiderate  
Thinkin' you rankin' top dollar but really counterfeit

*[Hook]*

"I don't want niggas soundin' like me. On no album"

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