

## Xzibit

### "Spitshine"

Visit "[Spitshine](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Xzibit]

I'ma clean this whole shit out like colonics,  
With words put together better than Sony Electronics,  
King of the jungle, humbly stay honest,  
Eat with the lions, swim with piranhas,  
Gasoline the seem, strike the match,  
Inferno, I'm too thorough nigga so stand back,  
I spit shine, get mine and rip rhymes  
and make my career take an incline  
I'm strict with knives, straight with razors,  
Good with grenades and great with gauges  
Been around the world in a million stages  
Watch niggas bitch up and go through changes  
I had guns before thugs was in fashion,  
I mashed out before niggas knew mashin,  
I knew terror before the plane started crashin,  
I got punch lines and niggas ain't laughin,

[Chorus: Xzibit]

I'm gon be here after the smoke die down  
Insomnia style, I won't lie down  
Fight the good fight, don't need no help  
Keep your hands up, defend yo self  
Move like I move and live life long  
Can't move up if ya heart not strong  
Get'cha own shit cuz this shits mine  
Every time I spit I shine

[Xzibit]

Cocksucka I preach what I practise, back shit up,  
Wrap this rap shit up, still actin up,  
Get found in a trunk of an Acura,  
Y'all suck like jail and Dracula,  
X turn up the heat, increase the hatred,  
Straight stone faced don't fuck wit gay shit,  
So I guess that means I can't fuck wit you now,  
Two down, let off, vacate to new town,  
It feel like Bishop and Juice now  
Got a flame thrower that'll burn big holes through your  
goose down,  
Rough sound, same strong background,

Been on black, the big boys layin chips down,  
My whole train of thought is  
to bully any mothafuckea wit problems and not get  
caught  
I was blessed with life but I curse ta death  
I'ma spit ta my very last breath - Fuck y'all!

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

Let me give this a three second look, I hit a million  
dollar target  
You ain't came up yet, well nigga let me show ya,  
Come across dope like planes and boats,  
Like balloons filled with coke down a Mexican's throat,  
You ever seen a man get smoked, they shit on they  
self,  
Their body shake for a second then it gets dissected,  
For evidence of the weapon and the people involved  
Let one nigga talk, everybody gettin caught fa sho',  
I say that to say this (what?),  
If you can't handle the time then ride the bitch,  
Might as well touch ya tail and jump the fence,  
Castrate ya self, expose the bitch,  
X go head up, but fuck, never ran from it,  
I got a gauge with buck shot that you can't stomach,  
You ain't a killa, you a album filla,  
You ain't a soldier, you a rap promoter, game over!

[Chorus]

Visit [Xzibit](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.