

Xzibit

"State Of Hip-Hop Vs. Xzibit"

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Man, Iâ€™m talking about that six four rag top,
Green, with the back racked,
Everything mat black, caught it in a six pack.
You know what the fuck it is and what I came to do.
Now put your hands up in the air, like Iâ€™m about to
shoot.
My agenda is here, crystal perfectly clear,
Breathe apocalypse in, we have nothing to fear.
We have nothing to lose, pressure applying the rules,
Wasp on a motherfucker and knock him up out of his
shoes.
Thatâ€™s what my coast love, good money, great drugs,
Every bad bitch you can think of.
Swagged out, locked out, flamed on, purve out,
Shit face from shots, your words come swirled up.
Better put the word out, mind I find the mediocre.
Imma bust it down, serve â€™em like a bunch of
smokers,
You can fuck around, who else get the fly
You know I asked your little mind is your prime world
dying over.

Order in the court, thatâ€™s what you came to see
The state of hip hop versus mister X to the Z
Not a verdict to see, just the moment of truth,
Fighting the fight of my life, jury ready to shoot.
I be my own attorney, watching you try to burn me
down,
Testimony testifier from the underground.
Order in the court, thatâ€™s what you came to see
The state of hip hop versus mister X to the Z.

I create in a dark, darkest place in my heart,
I finish off with your started terror, I tear you apart.
I am not for the cage, Iâ€™m the climb to the change,
Dread the eye and the needle, that means accurate
aim.
That means I can arrange haters and hideous things,
Iâ€™m the sickness you feel, sickness from popping a
vein.
Paranormal presence to people who can never explain

Why deal with the devil when dealing with you is the same
I got a proposition for all you bitches listening,
Get in position, let me nail it like a crucifixion.
Give you what you've been missing,
A man in my condition shouldn't be allowed around
crowds without supervision.
Call it a superstition, can't get this out my system,
I got a fetish for fucking over my opposition.
It's time to set the standing, the mother ship is
landing,
We didn't come here in peace, we're here to take
the player.

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Fighting the fight of my life, jury ready to shoot.
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I came up with the wolf, they came out with them tools,
Elevate you out the earth gravitational pool.
This is not for the week, this time works for the streets,
Mister X to the Z, motherfuck, what you think?
Motherfuck, what you blog, this for my loss and my
dogs
Standing tall, still calling shots from behind the wall.
I've been tried and I'm true, reassemble my crew,
Carry on tradition, position I'm put here to do.
Make movements my elemental, I did make some
improvements,
You can check my potential, tool to never pursue it
If I listen to critics, there would be no Xzibit,
Dreams splattered and broken never breaking my
spirit.
Listen close, you can hear it, the footsteps of the
future,
Ain't no time like the present, live the past and
excuses.
Fucked on anything, fuck it, I keep it exclusive,
You just saw as if acoustic, this that real nigger music

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