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Xzibit

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Yeah, ladies and gentleman Broadcastin' live to you and yours It's Mr. X to the Z, Xzibit Yeah, bouncin', c'mon

The first day of the rest of my life X stand behind the mic like Walker Cronkite Y'all keep the spotlight, I'm keepin' my rhymes tight Lose sight of what you believe and call it a night

This ain't the light-weight, cake mix shit that you're used to

Teflon territory you just can't shoot through You gon shoot who? Who? Not even on your best day Rollin' the Wild West way, givin' it up

Leavin' the whole world stuck, not givin' a fuck Laid in the cut, now we break through in the rut Hennessey and orange juice baby, fill up a cup Quick to grab Mary Jane by the butt and squeeze

Loosen up, let your hair down and join the festivities Overcrowd the house like lock down facilities Bitches be, quick to give me brains while the pistol range

Goin' up and down my dick like the stock exchange

- X, rearrange the whole game with my rugged sound
- X, won't even say your own name when I come around
- X, stay on top but remain from the underground
- X to the Z and we all in the family
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- X to the Z and we all in the family

Ever since Xzibit could spit, been on some pimp shit Approach every woman like a, potential mistress Shine bright, make sure that X stay tight 'Cause tonight I might meet my next ex-wife

Mr. Big Chief Reefer, Xzibit use his dick like a Visa I run it through and money come out Runnin' your mouth, I'll have somebody run in your house

Ravel your spouse and have a little fun on the couch

Yeah, now you know that it was bound to happen, I came

To give you what you lackin' whenever you hear them other niggaz rappin'

Rockin' chains, stadiums, palladiums, cracked craniums

My whole skeleton is dipped in titanium

Drop-top tinted on twenties

Usin' rappers like crash test dummies, stackin' real estate and money

It's funny how things change overnight when you thinkin' right

I beat the odds like Ike beat on his first wife

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What an event, we hardcore a hundred percent Makin' it stick, Los Angeles proudly presents The real deal, how does it feel? No special effects Yank the chain off of your neck, demand the respect

Now all your conversations sound strange to me
It be like everybody around me done changed but me
I stand alone on my own two feet
Stab a track, strangle the beat, restless, no time for sleep

Niggas be weak, I'm concrete like Benjamin Grimm It's a very thin line between a foe and a friend Straight to the chin, not these niggas again Call Doc, bounce to the spot and slide right in

I ain't tryin' to see nothing but progress, regardless Home of the heartless, move right, remain cautious Represent nothing but the hustle and struggle Hennessey, rock plenty of ice, making a double, now

scream

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So there you have it, A B C, D P G C, X to the motherfuckin' Z

Mr. Xuberant, Xtravagant, Xtrordinary, Xciting, X-a-lotta

X-O with a little bit of Xtasy

X-ing your bitch-ass out if you tryin' to test the G

And what's the recipe? Xcalibur weaponry
And we shoot Xceptionally
That there is hot, X marks the spot?
Fuck naw, X spots the marks, Xclamation point, niggaz

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