

## **Xzibit F/ Method Man, Jayo Felony**

### **"Guess Who's Back"**

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(Guess who's back)

I got the skills to pay the bills  
I don't pop pills but I send chills  
Up your spine when I rhyme  
I get wicked, you got a booger, pick it  
Sippin' on the fourty, ya know it makes me horny  
Spread them legs, grab my axe  
Fire up the grill and crack the kegs  
Nobody fear, the party's here  
Everlast is comin', the funky drummer's drummin'  
Ya only came backstage to make the front page  
To get me locked up, or get yourself knocked up  
But I ain't with it, even if I did it  
I got a hundred homeboys to say I didn't hit it  
My name's Everlast, I got the funky rhymes  
I make more papers than the LA Times  
I don't do lines, but I puff blunts  
I don't rock fronts, but I stuff stunts  
Fill 'em to the brim like a cup of coffee  
If ya don't know me, homey, back up off me  
Cause I ain't soft, see, I'll fly ahead  
You wind up dead, you made your bed  
Now ya gotta lie in it, don't bother tryin' it  
Take my advice, homeboy, think twice  
Before you step up, step back  
Or catch a smack, guess who's back

Chorus

(He's back) Guess who's back (Everybody's in the street) (4x)

(He's back) (Everybody's in the street) (3x)

(He's back) (2x)

He's back from the dead, with the shaved head  
Don't start to trip, dip, I brought my lead  
Just in case you wanna fuck around  
I'll stare ya dead in the face, and then I'll buck ya down  
I'll put ya six feet deep, some say talk's cheap  
But I make big bucks servin' up punk ducks  
By the pound, I got the sound

I never been checked, I only get wrecked  
I kick the willy drag, let my pants sag  
Don't give up the booty, cause I ain't no fag  
Checkin' out checkit, I'm prone to wreck shit  
If ya dig this joint, check the next shit  
I'm Everlast and it's a natural fact  
That the white man is back

Chorus

I'll eat you up like some butter cups from Reese's  
I come in peace, but you'll leave in pieces  
That's how I'm livin', that's how it goes  
Everyday I'm sleepin', every night I'm doin' shows  
Always gettin' hoes when there's hoes to get got  
Always wear my hat so I never need a shot  
Always drink a beer before I write a rhyme  
And if I have to drive I avoid the one time  
Stay between the lines and I won't get pulled over  
I don't need luck cause I got a four leaf clover  
Yea I'm Irish, word to the motherland  
But on the otherhand  
I love America, apple pie, mom and all that  
My pockets stay phat, step the fuck back  
Play me close and you catch a mean dose  
Of my fist, homeboy you get dissed

Chorus

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