

Xzibit F/ Method Man, Jayo Felony

"Life Goes On"

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Remember when the shit hit the fan and the man
wanted to know
which way you ran?
(Life goes on) (4x)

Back it up, smack it up, pop your corn
I got more style than Son Dooby's got horn
Top o the morn, rise and shine
LA swine, got no spine
Drop that stick, pig, my crew's real thick
Drop your gun, pig, and get a real dick
I got my gat cause I don't trust ya
Play me close and make me nervous, I'll bust ya
LA's no joke, the cops don't care
They'll beat ya down till there's just a fuckin' hair
Of life left in ya, then they'll pin ya
Way out in Wayside, watch your backside
White and black crime is what goes on
And life goes on

Chorus
And life goes on (13x)

And on and on till the break of dawn
And on to the next day, ay yo, by the way
Did you know about the science of creation
About the Masons, about their nation
Of disarm, this arm, a lega lega or a head
To the thirty-third degree, you know that's me
Ease back, so ease off or I'll squeeze off
My clip, please don't trip, or we's gonna flip
The House Of Pain makes clouds a rains
On parades, I wear shades when it's sunny
Sometimes I rock funny, I ain't in it for the money
But I get mine before the show goes on
And life goes on

Chorus

