

Xzibit F/ Method Man, Jayo Felony

"On Point"

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I'm sick, demented
I came to represent it
I rose from the grave
I had a close shave
The cops tried to lock me down
'cause the gloc they found
was stolen
thats how I'm rollin'
Calvin Klein's no friend of mine
So I don't like Marky
or the monarchy
don't start me up like a rolling stone
or I'll leave ya sulkin like Maculay Culkin in Home Alone

So get a grip like Steven Tyler
I used to trip with the divine styler
back in the days there were Irish ways
and Irish laws, stand up for the cause

(chorus)
When it's time to rock a funky joint
I'm on point
When it's time to rock a funky jam
I'm the man

(Danny Boy)
Well it's the D to the A, double N Y BO
Y, cause I rock shit like I run it in you
It's a black day, avenge quick run get the vest ?
I'm down with the Hill cause I still got the skill
To turn the party out
Its all about the skyscraper
Your girl caught the vapors
so I might videotape her
I make a lot of papers so I don't have to scrape the
bottom of the barrel
I rock fly apparel
Now I could pull your car
stating up the Harley David - son
I got the gun, so the drama, you could save it

Well it's the mad bum rushin'
funky with percussion
from LA to Flushing
I get your girlie blushin'
I'll cutcha like a butcher,
Well it ain't Joe the writer (?)
the old rock a loop cause I'm super like Schneider

(chorus)

I'm ill, retarded
so don't get me started
I might lose my cool
ya lose if we do
cause I can stomp a hole in the soul of a monk
with the rhymes in my head and the beats in my trunk
I got skill kid
and I run the mill kid
for all its worth, I'm gettin mines on Earth
so step to the next head
or like Sadat X said
'He's gone and that's how it flows to be
Don't stand so close to me!'

(chorus)

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