

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

### **"X-Files"**

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Well if Jesus is your Lord  
Then praise your God  
If Islams your thing Allah U Akbar  
And if you represent the six pointed star  
Then my Heebs back home told me to say Shalom  
I put grooves in the mix  
I make moves like the Knicks  
And take ya straight up the lane  
I block out the frame  
And then I freeze it  
Believe it  
You need it like Heron  
Before you get ya fight on  
Kid, get your stare on  
Here come the Dondada making ghettos red hotta  
I drop the boom bata like Jake Lamatta  
I can single you out  
And isolate ya like Mono  
Im undefeated like Rocky Marciano  
Hit ya right below the belt  
Now ya singing saprano  
Talk what ya talk still you dont know what I know

[CHORUS]

Some fiend for ass  
Some fiend for cash  
Some do the knowledge  
Some do the math  
Some stick to the road  
Some stray from the path  
Some do the knowledge  
Some do the math

Now East Coast  
Westcoast  
Money, whats the beef  
Its goin down rough like swallowin teeth  
I say word to Dim Lizzy  
Kid I gets busy  
And Ill knock all of y'all off this Wonderwall

Cause on a daily basis  
I rock like Oasis  
Bit the Beatles style from a fetus to a child  
I kill fourteen billion cells puffin' L's  
Stompin' devils on all nine levels of Hell  
Check the transmission  
Hear the transition  
Observe the technition  
INFI(?) Nightvision  
Ya hot like reels  
I lace my drug deals  
As you scheme to check feels  
On chicks in high heels  
Its all bright and sunny  
When ya holdin' big money  
Buy my Sonics got Youth  
Plus my Muds got Honey  
I can be the King of Grunge if I blows my sponge away  
Heres a little black spot on a sunny day  
But y'all dont care if my souls up there  
So come on and feel the sting from the true Pain King!

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