

## **Xzibit F/ Ras Kass, Saafir**

### **"The Bizness"**

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Intro: Common (Craig Mack sample from "Get Down")

And and bass up the track a little bit  
Cuz I I'm here I wanna hear that boom bish boom,  
knowhat!msayin?

Yeah yeah you know the bizness  
Common Sense, soul with the De La  
Get all them play-ahs  
We the rhyme sayers  
Huh, and that's the bizness, hah  
Gonna do it like this  
Gettin it that  
Like the Chicago streets

Verse One: Dove

I speak divine of God theories, no need to be high  
Always exhale the facts cause I don't inhale lye/lie  
Play the greater man's game, to bounce off my losses  
So I can earn the acres (uhh) the houses (yeah) the  
horses (huh)  
Of course it's much greater than your Benx or your Lex  
The engine to my comprehension is just too complex  
Much too complex, EFX/effects be live like Das  
Making moves down South, to avoid the chaos  
And never, flaunt the coin cuz dime-getters be gazin  
They call me Luther Van, they say my style is so  
Amazin  
I'm fazin those who're supposed to have the last  
laughter  
Cuz even when I'm gone I'm reappearin in the after  
I haveta, send respects to real money makers  
Do not connect us with those champaign sippin money  
fakers  
Taste the quarter pound with spice from Chi-town  
Now what that prove, you're so full you can't even move

Chorus:

Cause I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E

And can't another brother cook these delicacies

Well I'm the P-L-U, the G-to-the-One  
Walk around the planet earth making money having  
fun

And I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N  
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win  
I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N  
I sit and think with a drink...

Verse Two: Common

Do you wanna be a MC? Or do you wanna serve  
Do you wanna be dope? Or do you wanna deal it  
Fabricated acrylic, I feel it, I'm the style molester  
I do a show get Extra P's like the Large Professor  
In fact I get more hoes than Tessa, peep game like a  
refa-ree in soul control of my  
desti-ny, in the best of, three out of five  
Whip ANYBODY ass at NBA Live, rappers  
take a dive like Greg Louganis with his bitch-ass  
Rather be in Bebe's alley, than at the click with gators  
Not a hater of the players, I'm more like a coach, or an  
owner  
I Used To Love H.E.R., but now I bone her (ahuh-hah!)  
At one point in rhyme I thought I lost my erection  
But then I got it back with the Resurrection, blessings  
upon rhymes old man who called him traitor  
Big Com Stradamus niggaz styles I predict

Chorus:

I'm the C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N  
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win

And I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E  
And can't no other brother cook these delicacies

Well I'm the P-L-U, the-G-to-the-One  
Walk around the planet earth making money having  
fun  
Walk around the planet earth making money having  
fun  
Walk around the planet earth making money having  
fun

Verse Three: Pos

I'm the most from the coast of the Eastern flav'  
Droppin more knowledge than litter, on the New York

pave'  
It's me, wonder why, in the place to be  
Certified, as superior, MC  
While others explore to make it hardcore  
I make it hard for, wack MC's to even step inside the  
door  
Cause these kids is rhyming, sometiming  
And when we get to racing on the mic, they line up to  
see  
the lyrical killing, with stained egos on the ceiling  
My rhymes escalates like black death rates  
Over music plates, being played as the rule  
Kids thinking stepping to the Soul, you're labelled fools  
who claims to drop jewels but for now you do the  
catching  
I don't worry on what crew you run, or what section of  
earth  
you reside, you're not even a man  
So I don't seem it mandatory taking your pride  
But I will, cause my man said Soul for the life  
You cried "Keepin it real", yet you should try keepin it  
right  
That's understanding microphone mathematics  
Which leaves the currency in temporary world status  
And when one shows he posed threat to this one  
This one will make that one into none  
Simple equation, zero, you shouldn't play hero  
If you can't stand Strong like the Island I'm from

Chorus:

Now I'm the P-L-U, the-G-to-the-One  
Walk around the planet earth making money having  
fun

Yeah, and I'm the-C-to-the-O, double-M-O-N  
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win

And I'm the D-to-the-O, the-V-to-the-E  
And can't another brother cook these delicacies  
See can't another brother cook these delicacies  
See can't another brother cook these delicacies

Outro: Common

Ahh that's how, that's how I'm supposed to do my thing  
huh  
Like triple it, alright  
That's how we do it, all the way from Strong Island to  
Chicago  
The type of freestyler flow

Yeah, it's fluent, and we don't need to flow no more  
Hah

Intro: \*this comes before "Wonce Again Long Island"  
on the LP\*

To my man Mos Def yo he nonstop  
To my man Enola, yo he's nonstop  
And to my kin de Calhoun, yo he's nonstop  
Yo that girl MP, yo she's nonstop  
And to that crew Camp Lo, yo they nonstop  
And to that nigga Pop Life, yo he's nonstop  
And to my cousin Fudd Love, you know he nonstop  
My brother Lucky and Pert, yo they nonstop  
And to my man Joe Buck, you know he nonstop  
And my man Extra P, yo he's nonstop  
And my man Mike Divine, you know he nonstop  
That kid called Baby Paul, yo he's nonstop  
And to the Jazzyfatnastees, yo you're nonstop  
And my peoples Beatminerz, man they nonstop  
And to my man Mr. Bug, you know you're nonstop  
And yo, Litro, yo, he's nonstop  
And to, my dean The Green, yo you're nonstop  
And to my man Prince Paul yo he's nonstop  
And to that man Kid Capri yo you nonstop  
And A Tribe Called Quest, man they nonstop  
And don't forget the Jungle Beez yo they nonstop

Extra Verse: \*sampled from "Down Syndrome"\*

Let me tell you a little something about Soul (tell em  
son)  
I be a piece of the East coast, so give a toast to  
Plug Wonder why back in the day who soaked his words  
in jigga  
So when I ran a phrase in June you didn't catch it til  
December  
I'm a member of them kids from the inner city  
Giving you kitties audible treats, you be aching for  
making  
more money than a pagan holiday  
Not from the PJ's, yet I still got something to say

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