

A Rhyme This Time

"Beware of Us"

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Yeah, Stong Arm Steady
One gang, four guns, how the West was won, let's go

[Chorus: Xzibit]
Jump if you really want it (jump)
You'll catch one in yo' stomach (yeah!)
When you see the Steady comin {*blam*}
Y'all better bewaaaaaaare of us
Loudmouths is always talkin (talkin)
When we come they keep on walkin (walkin)
But my dogs ain't only barkin (woof!)
Y'all better bewaaaaaaare of us

[Chorus]

[S.A.S. - Krondon]
I'm eatin chicken wings, mm, it's like chicken feed
Mm, I'm at the feedhouse smokin all this chicken's
weed
Huh, you're hardly hard, this sucker's soft as volleyball
Cold Chillin' like my name was +Big Daddy+ +Marley
Marl+
You're not a star at all, no, you're just a sidekick, yeh
Runnin the outside lickin shit and ridin dicks
Real niggaz start cliques, start shit we spark clips
The mac'll make your door lift and leave me with a sore
wrist
You should be impressed, yeh, it's like my first
impression
I pull representer, exposition in a session
I'm in the Expedition, expose a dark dimension
Your girl used to suck dick du-ring detention
You got dumped, she came up by spittin
out nuts of every homey comin home from prison
Yeah the fake chicks get dick the Ferragamo fake fits
I keep they drawers drenched, no drawers, fake tits

[Chorus]

[S.A.S. - Phil Da Agony]
This the last call, total recall, my pimpin flowin like

Niagara Falls

So you can Phil Da Agony y'all

Yeah you get beat to the punch, rap monsters eat you
for lunch

And feed you to the beat that you want

Fear keep knockin fake fans sent to no one

Fuck them niggaz run from me I don't owe 'em

Why do things for free, you don't know 'em

These niggaz'll load up the heat, they don't throw 'em

Hooks stay floatin in my mind, I design 'em like

architects workin online, I'm on the incline

Lamp like the heavyweight champ, it took 3 months of
trainin

While it's rainin take your brain through boot camp

Fair facts, Nike Air Max, I'm back blunted

Yeah that them niggaz hear that and don't want it

Triple trick niggaz get sick to they stomach

Strong Arm Steady ready act like you want it - BITCH!

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

Every day above ground is a good day

My wordplay only contain what the hood say

Clack the black off a nigga make him see the light

My overhand right'll violate your civil rights

We get bars, big cars, cigars

12 gauge salute to your face to face God

Icon, marathon mack, where the bitches at?

Raise it back, steady game, came with a gang of gats

I hit your pressure points, we jack the motherlode

Expose your motives like a CSI episode

Output maximum level, dig deep down in the dirt

with diligence and dance with the devil, yeah

Cause you don't know me homey, I keep the banger on
me

It wasn't my aim, it came with the territory

Feet planted firm in the turf, plant you six feet deep in
the earth

Gettin slumped while the ammo dump, fucker

[Chorus]

Bewaaaaaaare of us {*BLAM*}

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