

E-40**"Enemies & Friends"**

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1996, dysfunctional member
Of the Alkaholik family, yo

Rule Number One
Always be aware of your surroundings
And peep all exits
Stay and move to the next shit
Rule Number Two
Love no one that don't love you
And if the shit come down
Then you know your way around
Rule Number Three
Realize it ain't about size
Or havin' gats and guns
Because it only takes one
Handle your business
Don't let your business handle you
It's a lot of motherfuckers tryin' to do
What you're doin' right here, right now
Same color, same style
Tryin' to claim worldwide
And ain't traveled but one mile
In these shoes, I paid dues
With nothin' to lose
Live by the rhyme
But I'ma die by the booze
Xzibit breakin' down niggas
Who got somethin' to prove
Here we are face to face
Nigga make your move
You're in the wrong place
But at the right situation
Cause i was waitin
Hotter than Satan, never perpetratin

Chorus:

I treat my enemies like friends
So I can reach out and touch
Leave'em in the dust at the very end
You now tuned in to Hennessy and Gin

Ice cold Heinekens and down for whatever skins
Animosity you can reach out and touch
Heavy right handed
Teeth grind like a clutch
And plus you ain't never had this much
Too many friends too close
You might collapse from an overdose

I was raised to never follow after no man
To be my own man
So I can die by my own hand
And never knowin' what the next day can bring
So I gotta make the ends
Justify the means
Yo, I'm on the scene, here to do my own thing
Can't never spend a lifetime
Chasin' after dreams
I got the right shit
For all the wrong reasons
As long as I breathin'
Niggas change like seasons
Never trust a man
Who can't look you in your eyes
Only the strong survive
And that's word to the wise
Yo, when dead bodies get outlined in chalk
Everybody should walk
Cause real killers don't talk
I ain't really concerned
How many bridges you burned
I extinguish your flame
And take aim at your brain
Givin' ligament pain
To have you walkin' with a cane
Wantin' money and fame
You got your fuckin' self to blame
And that's West Coast rhyme
Without no gimmicks
Here come Xzibit to break it down
Like a chemic
I'm spreadin' like an epidemic
And all good things come to an end
Enemies & Friends

Chorus

I don't give a fuck
About the set you claim
Xzibit easily dispersed like crack cocaine
See I lent my shotgun to Kurt Cobain
And the motherfucker never brought it back

Ahh, that's wack
As a matter of fact
This one nigga tried to jack
My squad had his ass
On the run like track
Never knowin' who to trust
In this shit called rap
Here to let you know
My sound surrounds like dat
Never half step
Or play the role like DeNiro
Y'all niggas wasn't down
When we had less than zero
Fuck tryin' to be a hero
Tryin' to save some bitch
Mr. X to the Z
Never play that shit

Chorus

Yes, 1996, yes
Bringin' it live from the Westside
This is X to the Z
These niggas don't know
These niggas ain't ready
Yo, Mr. X to the Z
From the Likwit Crew

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