

Engelbert Humperdinck

"You Better Believe It"

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[Xzibit]

Yeah, yeah!

Yeah, we keep it bouncin like this

Yeah, huh, we keep it movin like

Listen, listen, look..

The most wanted man in America, I +Soul

Assassinate+ your character

Quickly embarass ya as easy as fuck!

Pressin my buttons nigga is just like pressin your luck

China-white, a hundred percent, pure uncut

Detonate, Little Kuwait, I'm blowin shit up

Go ahead, make your mistake, and throw that punch

I'ma pull this forty-four Mag and make you strip

then walk down the street naked, some gangsta shit

Make it complete, I yell dance, shoot at your feet

(Dance nigga!)

Niggaz be weak, I found out you talk in your sleep

Since you a bitch, you came back, went in for more
cash

Baseball both of your legs, I'll trip on your ass

[Chorus: Xzibit]

You never stop me cause you movin too slow

And we not the motherfuckers that you thinkin you
know

It ain't the dollars it's the principle of it so love it or
leave it

Forever hardcore, so you better believe it

In all black, full metal jackets that make you move back

Move units the same way I used to move crack

You never stop me cause you movin too slow

And we not the motherfuckers that you thinkin you
know

[Xzibit]

Yeah, yeah, most of the time I'm totin a nine

in my waistline or behind this close to my spine

I write these, negative fines, and heat for lines

Last seen in a black trenchcoat, at Columbine

Peep the design, make your remains hard to find

I ain't afraid to exchange fire, just cross this line
Most niggaz got guns but still don't know how to aim
right
I remain tight, sleep in a coffin, avoidin daylight

[Chorus]

[King Tee]

We sit upon a plateau, with guns and cash flow
Sadaam and Castro, terror to the last blow
I mash dough and half these cats you ass slow
It's relative, and all positively negative
It's like, cuz flashin his gat, thinkin he cute
while I'm paranoid, cookin that loot, urgin to shoot
+Assassinate+ the +Soul+ and bring life
A fascinatin flow by King Trife, listen
I'm in a fucked up position, my baby momma keep
bitchin
Niggaz is dry snitchin, and switchin
Not to mention, my cousin cookin crack in my kitchen
So why the fuck you think my braincells keep flippin?
Plus most niggaz round these parts got weak hearts
Call theyselves thugs when they let the heat spark
You mark, cross me and pay that tax
Punch you in the mouth and take that gat,
motherfucker!

[Chorus 2X]

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