

Cyndi Thomson

"Loud & Clear"

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[Xzibit]

Yeah..

Addicted to life, had to pay a heavy-ass price
Sacrifice worth waitin on the platinum and ice
I'm precise with the merchandise, came back like Christ
to change the game, while y'all niggaz remain the
same

Clear the lane, comin through like Kobe, you can't hold
me

You can't stop me, ever since I dropped "Paparazzi"
I done watched the game unfold into some hideous
shit

Like every idiot that can spit be droppin a hit
I transmit for the convicts, committed, never bullshitted
Shadowbox, detox, my own worse critic
It's like tryin to squeeze water from rocks
I negotiate the neighborhood stops and clean your
clock with a glock

Sick of niggaz screamin they hot, but really they not
Beatin you all to the ground like six L.A. cops
Put your fist up in the air if you ever been shot
and lived to tell about it, never leavin home without it,
c'mon

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

There's no one out there, for us, to fear

I'll say it loud and clear..

Who can say they're close, to us

Speak now and you'll be brought, to tears

[King Tee]

They probably saw me on the 91 East, gettin off on
Central

with the rag back, lookin like life's so simple

Tela take a loss, still floss, all bets

If Trife can't cover the house, call X

Likwit crew brothers, Blues Brothers

Move somethin, make killers do somethin, f'real

The bitch-made often politic with the skill

Now shit's all twisted, unlisted

Guns fixed it, best not speak about the Likwit

We gifted, twenty-four hours and still lifted
(*X*: Bitch keep your vagina) We drunk and ain't
interested
Bitches come a dime and a dove, we ain't trippin it
Standin at the bar, soft-styled in the cut
"Ooh, boo wait, I think you had too much!"
Bitch what? Act right and pour it in a cup
The West and Eastside keep smokin them blunts,
niggaz

[Interlude: Butch Cassidy]
Let's get with it, I was born to trip
Stay on the lookout, ain't no time to slip
We ain't for games and shit
Change your spot, cause we're known to dip
No time for chasin hoes
I'm on a mission cause my cash is low
There's no need to speak on those
Doggy rags are the gangsta's clothes

[Defari]
There's two sides of my family, both sides from the
ghetto
Pops Finnish choco-late, moms Mississippi yellow
Caramel, Cherokee black man, with a pedigree of
excellence
Together we rise, no time for seperateness
My grandfather Snake was a Jake, or a jack
of a smack to a bird who don't know how to act
Straight hustler, Mississippi moonshine smuggler
Good ol' wrangler in his day with that attitude of "Fuck
ya"

[Xzibit]
Built to run forever, X the infinite
First line of defense to smash through the immigrants
Can't straddle the fence, it's all or nothin
Close the curtain, shut down your whole production
Don't be scared, be prepared, niggaz do be bustin
without thinkin; I mastered the art of hard drinkin
Yo, you wanna stop the X, try your best
I'm still fuckin with your pockets like the IRS, so yo

[Chorus]

[Butch Cassidy]
Gather all around, to see
how we display our vicious skills
I done seen and heard, enough
Let's prove the West coast is for real

.. speak now and you'll be brought to tears ..

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