

## Trapt

### "X"

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Yeah! Ladies and gentleman  
Broadcastin live to you and yours  
It's Mr. X to the Z, Xzibit  
Yeah, bouncin, c'mon

The first day of the rest of my life  
X stand behind the mic like Walker Cronkite  
Y'all keep the spotlight, I'm keepin my rhymes tight  
Lose sight of what you believe and call it a night  
This ain't the light-weight, cake mix shit that you're  
used to  
Teflon territory you just can't shoot through  
You gon shoot who? (Who?) Not even on your best day  
Rollin the Wild West way, givin it up  
Leavin the whole world stuck not givin a fuck  
Laid in the cut, now we break through in the rut  
Hennesey and orange juice baby fill up a cup  
Quick to grab Mary Jane by the butt and squeeze  
Loosen up, let your hair down, and join the festivities  
Overcrowd the house like lockdown facilities  
Bitches be, quick to give me brains while the pistol  
range  
Goin up and down my dick like the stock exchange

1 - (X) Rearrange the whole game with my rugged  
sound  
(X) Won't even say your own name when I come around  
(X) Stay on top but remain from the underground  
(X) to the Z and we all in the family

Repeat 1

Ever since Xzibit could spit, been on some pimp shit  
Approach every woman like a - potential mistress  
Shine bright, make sure that X stay tight  
Cause tonight I might meet my next ex-wife  
Mr. Big Chief Reefer, Xzibit use his dick like a Visa  
I run it through and money come out  
Runnin your mouth, I'll have somebody run in your  
house  
Ravel your spouse and have a little fun on the couch

Now you know that it was bound to happen  
I came to give you what you lackin  
whenever you hear them other niggaz rappin  
Rockin chains, stadiums, paladiums, cracked craniums  
My whole skeleton is dipped in titanium  
Drop-top tinted on twenties  
Usin rappers like crash test dummies, stackin real  
estate and money  
It's funny how things change overnight when you  
thinkin right  
I beat the odds like Ike beat on his first wife

Repeat 1 (2x)

What an event, we hardcore a hundred percent  
Makin it stick, Los Angeles proudly presents  
The real deal, how does it feel? No special effects  
Yank the chain off of your neck, demand the respect  
Now all your conversations sound strange to me  
It be like everybody around me done changed but me  
I stand alone on my own two feet  
Stab a track, strangle the beat - Restless, no time for  
sleep  
Niggas be weak, I'm concrete like Benjamin Grimm  
It's a very thin line between a foe and a friend  
Straight to the chin (Not these niggas again)  
Call Doc, bounce to the spot, and slide right in  
I ain't tryin to see nothing but progress, regardless  
Home of the heartless, move right, remain cautious  
Represent nothing but the hustle and struggle  
Hennessy, rock plenty of ice, making a double, now  
SCREAM

Repeat 1 (2x)

[Snoop Dogg]  
So there you have it; A-B-C, D-P-G-C  
X to the motherfuckin Z  
Mr. Xuberant, Xtravagant, Xtrordinary, Xciting, X-a-  
lotta  
X-O with a little bit of Xstasy  
X-ing your bitch-ass out if you tryin to test the G  
And what's the recipe? Xcalibur weaponry  
And we shoot Xceptionally  
That there is hot- X marks the spot?  
Fuck naw, X spots the marks  
Xclamation point, niggaz!

