

## **Adina Howard F/ Cat Daddy Ro**

### **"Just Maintain"**

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[Xzibit]

I look you in the grill  
And I laugh inside  
Niggas always perpetratin  
Like they down to ride  
But please don't try to tell me  
What I can not see  
What's the real definiton  
Of A Fake MC

[J-Ro]

Muthafuckas only rappin since 93  
And expect all props

[Xzibit]

Them gettin dropped like hot rocks  
"So stop what you doin cause I'm  
About to ruin".....  
Like Shock-G get turned to stone  
Tryin to rock me  
I seperate my thought process  
From stress, 24 tracks inside my brain  
Tyrin to maintain  
I bang shit without no gang or jherri curls  
I seem like Kadeem  
In a whole different world  
It's the girls the cars niggas lose themselves  
Forgettin who they are  
When they try to be that superstar  
They don't understand  
It's all in the game plan  
Exploit the art  
And watch Hip-Hop fall apart  
But I'm a do my part, and stay true  
And keep breakin down bitch niggas like you

HOOK

[Hurrincane Gee]

I'm not the type  
To play games or drop  
Name I just maintain  
And burn rappers out the frame  
Doin my part to stay true

And keep breakin down  
Bitch niggas like you

[Xzibit]  
But above all else  
I represent it for myself  
Leavin muthafuckas stretched out  
Or better yet X-ed out  
Xzibit, Excelerate, I rush it to the extreme  
Like nicotine, never get me clean  
From your blood stream  
We all can't bust, so do it how you must  
But if you hustle, avoid gettin rushed  
With hand cuffs plus  
In got we trust but don't trust us, we just  
Add to the ashes, then pick up the dust  
Like that

[J-Ro]  
I make it seem  
Like you havin bad dreams  
Have you wakin up out your sleep  
By your own screams  
Xzibit has arrived Goddamit

[Xzibit]  
We bout to rock the whole planet  
And bitch niggas can't stand it  
Try to play the back and look intense  
You need to hit a fence  
You don't want none of this  
Hands on experience  
I'm no the type to play games  
Or drop names I just  
Maintain and drop rappers out the frame

[Hurricane Gee]  
I bring it to the ruffest toughest  
Mic killers  
And you wanna be niggas  
And you burn bithces, type vicious  
Imitating Hurricane flow for riches  
You don't know the half  
I got the ill vocab double rap style  
Gettin bucked  
More freaky than your last good fuck  
Milkin you like ba ba pieces  
Meetin niggas lyrical wishes  
Writin rhymes and washin out dishes  
Flowin with the likwid wicked  
Representin with my nigga Xzibit  
And we gonna do it  
And do it and do it  
Til you satisfied! cause shit is tight

Bodiqua C.E.O. on the mic  
Smashin and trashin  
Fuck Moschino fashion  
All you muthafuckas need to stop askin  
Valued more than the chrome  
On your last set of wheels  
Hurricane here to reign on your brain  
Just maintain

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