

**Angie Martinez F/ Q-Tip****"Klack"**

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[S.A.S. - Mitchy Slick]

Yeah.. huh.. it's been a long time  
It seem like the whole world waitin on the West coast  
We missed you.. welcome back - let's go!

Uhh, yeah that, new West  
Yes  
C'mon, uhh  
Uhh  
Here we go - Steady gang, Steady gang, Steady gang,  
Steady gang  
Uhh, yeah that  
Yes  
Klack, klack - klack-klack-klack-klack-klack-klack, uhh  
c'mon  
Yeah, uhh  
YEAH! YEAH!!!

[Xzibit]

Strong Arm Steady we ready it's time to ball out  
When vocal chords spit cold shit they never thaw out  
Industry tried to pigeonhole, I had to crawl out  
Hear my name bein called out, nuclear fallout  
Full body armor with bangers, we goin all out  
Garbage bags in trunk of the car, it won't stall out  
Hit you where you stay, hogtied, you gettin hauled out  
Crush the whole car, it's well planned and thought out  
Try to attain fame from beef, you went the wrong route  
Scrape a 38 on your teeth, I knock 'em all out  
I know you ain't fuckin with me dawg (c'mon NOW)  
Underestimate, run up on, it's on now  
Have your niggaz plottin revenge and puttin songs out  
Demise by design, blueprints is drawn out  
Flood crack back in the hood, it's been a long drought  
Show you what this gangster killa Cali is all about

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

KLACK - for the niggaz that bang in the inner city and  
KLACK - for the enemies creepin to come and get me  
Be thankful, if you get away alive  
You wouldn't kill or won't let nothin die, so keep it

movin

[Xzibit]

Yo! You don't like how I'm livin well FUCK YOU  
Nastradamus style, make every line come through  
Don't make me spit predict your last action  
Last man standin (yeah) last man laughin (yeah)  
Assassin, crosshairs, smile for the birdie (CLICK!)  
Hit you long range, high powered, 30-30 shit  
If you never heard of a heavy assault rifle  
Hit targets a mile away from the top of the Eiffel (woo!)  
Knock the soul out of your body, stay plottin like Bin  
Laden  
to swoop down and crash your party  
All bark no bite (SHIIIT!) we don't bark nigga  
We bite to the white then shake 'til the afterlife  
Hard work and sacrifice, who's your daddy?  
Make you wanna drop e'rything and move to Cali  
We classic, go 'head, speak my name  
And I'ma lay your ass down like the All Star game,  
c'mon

[Chorus]

[S.A.S. - Mitchy Slick]

Sawed-off shotgun, shoot through your shoulderblade  
Bitch-made niggaz get, hit with a hand grenade  
Blow up your Escalade, then I hit the road  
and I'm back in the hood lookin for somethin to smoke  
Everytime, I use the element of surprise  
With a gun that's big enough to make an elephant hide  
I elevate my rhythm by hustlin crack addicts  
Get locked but, when I'm released I'm back at it  
See, Mitch know the time, in front of me the birdie and  
Phil got the customers comin to get it early we  
came a long way from po-lice chasin us  
for dope in our socks and angel dust  
Yeah klack for the strippers in clubs shakin they titties  
This, mac'll have you bitch niggaz runnin like P. Diddy  
I'll bang you, comin out the side of your mouth  
We the reason why you stay in the house, Stizzle, Gang

[Chorus]

[unimportant ad libs to end]

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