

E-40 F/ Ice Cube "Eyes May Shine"

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[Xzibit] (*Havoc in the background: "No doubt" - repeat 8x*)

Yea like this, rest in times, +Infamous+ Crew
yea +Infamous+ Mobb Deep, bring it down
Once again bring it live, yeah, like this

I'm on a path not thinkin bout a average man
Black Sedan my way through pitfalls and scams
Let the whole world know about this Likwit camp
Programmed to ignite on site
So now I'm standin in a whole new light (whole new light)
In a area where niggaz ain't tryin to fight (tryin to fight)
I feel my jaw get tight (get tight)
It's like, these niggaz get pumped up, and lick shots
at you, and yours, plus the motherfuckin cops
We got, blocks and blocks of non-stop hustle
21 backdrop, it's my turn to shuffle
Stay alert little pussy on the side can't hurt
Wear protection from the heats, so I don't get burnt
I got no time to be a star (*echoes star, star, star*)
I go straight from the car to the bar, and then get busy
Whenever provoked, I react like Bill Bixby
Incredible heat, X-to the-Z
and +The Infamous+ Mobb Deep, take it to the street
Don't waste my time (waste my time)
Tryin to disrepect me in your half-assed rhyme
(half-assed rhyme) that ass is mine
Been goin down like this since the beginnin of time
Eyes may shine

[Hook 2X: Xzibit + (Havoc)]

[X] Eyes May Shine, teeth may grit, AND ALL OF THAT SHIT

[X] And you still won't step so what's next (What's next?)

[X] All of a sudden, you ain't sayin nuttin

[H] You better off fuckin yourself, you need to stop frontin

[Havoc]

Aiyyo
I love my niggaz for that, it strike back, handle
buisness
Test the realest, stay focused and keep the, enemy
nearest
Niggaz is careless, slippin up, switchin up
Teams crossin over, they gettin stuck for they
+C.R.E.A.M+
Frontin like the skills, is superb and got the nerve
to get knocked the fuck out and kicked to the curb
That's for you and your whole click
You rollin thick, more the better;
so like a dick bitch you gettin whipped, shitted on
Scuffed off a Mobb Deep song
Take your thug off, he had it on a bit too long
Tuck your chain in, you gettin yapped
for your faulty karat slum gold Cubic Zirconian ass
havin
Talk about it, be about it, you ain't been doin this
So don't start, matter fact, keep it movin
When it's on, accumulate like cancer cells
wit advanced sells, leave a snitch dead son he can't tell

[Hook 2X: Xzibit + (Mobb Deep)]
[X] Eyes May Shine, teeth may grit, AND ALL OF THAT
SHIT
[X] And you still won't step so what's next (What's
next?)
[X] All of a sudden, you ain't sayin nuttin
[M] You better all, fuck yourself

[Prodigy]
(ye, ye, yo)
Yo, I send shots to any man that come too close
Niggaz get fold like a letter to ship across coast
Who Go? To go against my Militant Crime Militia
Like these street niggaz sendin' mis-sals to hit 'cha
Up from the ground up son, you get the picture
If not, write it down, take a picture
Pretend a poor exotic shit, keep me lifted, sum'in
retarded
You fuckin up my high beefin; don't get me started
Too late - I'm already on your ass
Beat the fuck out of anybody witcha, and anybody that
grab me
Move back, we attack, like pits locked in basements
Hungry for blood, derangedest, crayziest
type of shit you ever seen in your life
Nigga bled to death, standin up, holdin his life
Applyin pressure to his wounds tryin to stop the blood
loss

Found layin in a pool of the shit, his own fault
It's P the Exaulted from NYC, you get extremely
cut the fuck up by scar thieves (*Hissin' Noises*)
Who can't recognize, do I have to prove all the time
Then get up close and personal in front of your eyes
See me dipped and down-low, ready for ac-tion, crept
slow
Moved on ya enterprise and crash ya stock
Put a hold on your assets and dug up your pock'
We National Geographic niggas is known for flippin
This animal wildlife, surround me I live in
And float through the jungle at night on expedition
I got a jones for that live shit
Survivors of block wars and crime niggaz know what I
talk
In a black Tahoe, throwin' a foat-load and blow the
scene dancin
Doing bout a hundred all the way to Queens...

[Hook 2X: Xzibit + (Prodigy)]
[X] Eyes May Shine, teeth may grit, AND ALL OF THAT
SHIT
[X] And you still won't step so what's next (What's
next?)
[X] All of a sudden, you ain't sayin nuttin
[P] You better off fuckin yourself, you need to stop
frontin

[Xzibit]
Mr.X-to the-Z
yea, wit the +Infamous Mobb+
+Infamous+ Crew
From alive to direct, to you and yours
In the 9-6, 9-7

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