

Bk To La - 1/2

Interprété par XZIBIT.

XZIBIT LYRICS

"BK To LA"
(feat. M.O.P.)

Yeah! AOWWW, AOWWW!
C'mon! Yeah, yeahhh (yeah) yeahhh, yeahhh
M.O.P.! Uhh (X to the Z)
Yeah baby, that's right, you know how we do it
One time, X, where you at my nigga?
FIYAHHHH!!!!

[Xzibit]
I spread the hate, like Taliban records and tapes
Shoot five times to the sky, gimme some space
I got y'all, runnin in place, cut to the heart of the subject
(MASH OUT NIGGAZ!) Straight from the gutter you love it
Ain't nothin above it, we stomp y'all religiously
Watchin paper thugs tryin to hide behind the industry
From here to infinity, love thy enemy
Niggaz got the knowledge but don't know the chemistry
All inside your baseball hat and kneecaps
with baseball bats ('TIL FAME HIT YOU WITH THE MINI-MAC)
Full body black fatigues, lungs black from weed
In black limo tinted SUV's with Bill

[Billy Danze]
STILL (still) WORLD (world) FAMOUS
The underdogs of rap, back to claim this, the fact remain we're
heartless and painless, it's dangerous to strangers
that try to change us, knowin we're anxious to flame 'em

[Chorus 2X: Xzibit + M.O.P.]
[X] Huh, you want problems I'ma bring 'em to you
[B] We cockin them thangs
[X] Yeah, I got a song let me sing it to you
[B] We ready to bang
[X] Yeah, you talk impressive, you don't mean it do you?
[B] Watch where you aim
[F] Get lost in the game, get tossed in the flames, nigga

[Billy Danze]
You must wanna throw the towel in holmes, it's your man B.D.
From N.Y.C., the N.Y.G. (IT'S)
M.O.P., and X to the Z
is a friend of our family (YEAH MY NIGGA)
For you, counterfeit, wannabe hardcore players

Bk To La - 2/2

I rub you under your face with single-edged razors
Cold street INTELLIGENCE, O.G.'s and REBEL MEN
Grip quick, cock squeeze and LEVEL MEN to SETTLE IT
(From L.A. to) B.K., from B.K. to (L.A.)
Persistant and insistant on doin it our way
Do you really wanna fuck with Danze? (c'mon)
When he comin with them thugs in the van
Double clutch in his hands, my nigga

[Lil' Fame]
Make the world flame! Face the Fame-ster, part, Fame-ster
Y'all niggaz akin to God and gangsters
(YOU SEE IT!) It's the M dot, to the O dot, to the P
With X to the Z hot, what's happenin?

[Chorus]

[Interlude 2X: Xzibit]
Hunt down, hurt, hang and hate the hater
Watch how you rise, fall and thank me later
Look in my eyes, I should not have to say it
Look alive, these streets is complicated

[Lil' Fame]
AOWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!
You got problems with us? Start poppin
I get in yo' chest like anthrax, vaccine couldn't stop it
Let's move on 'em (aoww) must move on 'em
Rush in, gun-bustin, black seven plus tools on 'em
Never snooze on 'em, I'm short, haven't got room for 'em
I send you to God with no shoes
CLUELESS! Real G's run this, we rule this
If you wanna get into some gangsta shit, let's do this
(YES SIR!) No question, no half-steppin
Streets is my profession, heat in my posession
Hollow-tips is the answer; look around you see the signs
say "NO SMOKIN" but our guns got cancer!

[Xzibit]
Yeah cause I'm not (I'm not) what you thought I was
Like my career was gon' fade like a fuckin buzz
Raise the stakes high, I solidify
the grip that I keep on shit, GET OFF MY DICK!

[Chorus]

[random ad libs to fade]