

X - 1/3

Interprété par Xzibit.

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

(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

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Ever since Xzibit could split, 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

X - 2/3

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

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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 Grier
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

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[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 Xtasy
X-ing your bitch-ass out if you tryin to test the G
And what's the recipe? Xcalibur weaponry

X - 3/3

And we shoot Xceptionally
That there is hot- X marks the spot?
Fuck naw, X spots the marks