

## Concrete

Xzibit

Uh-huh, yeah, yeah, yeah...  
As the world turn, cash to earn, falonious burn  
We Takin Ova, its our turn, where the moss burnin?  
Clear the path, we get more ass than saddle seats  
Steal this wall like the Alamo, standoff cowboy style  
I draw first, y'all sweet like Starburst  
Bit more than you can chew, handle it, street's scandalous  
Dynasty met, no need to pretend, mix liquor, top shelf nigga  
with the marvelous blend  
Oh you think you the chief now? You know how we get down  
You claim to spit rounds but are you hittin shit clown?  
Your aim is all off, I make your crew hit ground  
Jump in your six nigga, its time to skirt off now  
You in the wrong part of town trying to lay law down  
Play hard now? My niggaz gonna shut it all down  
You cheap like First Down got beef like ground round  
We move the crowd like a pound of the sweetest indo in town  
Sahdeeq and X to the Z, y'all Dead in the Sea  
We make ya face crack, like them Reebok runnin cats  
Niggaz be like yo run it back, bitches be like yo that's phat!  
Put it down with my fam from across the map

Rhyme for rhyme believe me we raw with it  
Cash gotta get it, bag a girl when we spit it  
Our team win it, drop gems for peoples listenin  
Put your ears to the concrete, feel the buzz on the street

Yo, yo, this is dedicated to the niggaz that be hatin me  
But never can face me, because they scared for their own safety  
Replace me? Mr. X to the Z  
It's B.Y.O.B. cause all the pussy is free (pussy's free)  
And everything else is me and my niggaz spreadin the wealth  
Cross me I'll introduce you to the devil himself  
See I'm the motherfuckin man layin over Japan  
Computer hack through your laptop  
then leave your whole SoundScanned (what the fuck!?)  
And watch you panick like the bitch you are  
I'm the mechanic with a pipe bomb that fits your car  
Ka-boom, now I assume your homies wanna retalliate  
Set em straight with a thirty-eight, the wrong cat to violate  
So watch Xzibit and Shabaam start to dilate  
Anihilate competition, some niggaz got hard heads  
And just don't listen, they the ones you find missin  
Better get on the right team and play your position  
See I'm lost, scandalous, finest  
Blew your back out because your spineless  
I'm never makin music for the mindless  
Cause I'm hard to the core, and I'll never go soft  
Just consider us the hitmen thats knockin you off

Yeah, yeah, See I'm ready to raise a ruckus  
Try to elevate you motherfuckers to the places where the law can't touch us  
Walk off on your own or with the aid of crutches  
Anyway you want it to happen I'm ready for action  
You get shot up under my soles, call it Fatal Attraction  
Beat you niggaz till you get it right, like Joe Jackson

Listen, we here to give the hardcore what they lookin for  
At the same time pimp the game like a fucking whore

In this game here, we got swift handles  
Dismantle your chalkboard strategy, check the replay  
Here you gets no shine we dimmin your light  
Make your heart pump \*echoes\* when my squad's in sight  
Shorty got assets and a man that ask bets  
Lost it all fuckin round with the dice, you ain't nice  
You a sacrifice, guinea pig, you dig?  
Roast you, get a jokey smurf through the postal