

First 48

Xzibit

Bring out the big guns, 50 Cal. headshots
Put my hand up, turn my head when the gauge pops
Serial kill shit, only that real shit, like a nigga with millions
Welcome to the headlock, captivated, you old and dated while X
stay activated
You display it, let the camera roll on it
You see it, but you don't want it, smother and crush my opponents
Tyson mind state, fornicate, state to state
Thank God for section 8
I'm a freight train full of cocaine to that mainland
Half a billion staying insane is the game plan
I am not the same man that you accustomed too
Everything new, cue 7 on the avenue

I did what I had to do, longitude latitude
Fuck being a nigga half black with an attitude
Never had gratitude, young and jaded
And I guess that's why my MO is drunk and faded
The way I got here is so complicated
From way back in the day, I felt obligated
To the streets, to the roots, to the groups I came from
Never changed, kept it 100 since day one

B-Real, Cypress Hill, raw deal, stainless steel, get your whole
family killed
That's for real, lips stay seamed and sealed
If looks could kill, so much blood gone spill
I fufill, nightmares live on your street
Slow creep, 4 deep, bust with more heat
The whole neighborhood got to starve when I eat
There's nothing like a skull cracking hard on the concrete
AK-47 on repeat, straight to Hell ain't no Heaven where you sleep
Obsolete, 6 deep when I creep
When I speak, people act properly
Is it the cabbage or the cash or the broccoli
Nigga I don't give a fuck cause I want all three