

## 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 fulfill, 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