Game Face

Xzibit

I don't fuck around I'll break you down in the hours of H
All these L.A. Times motherfuckers keepin the pace
No need to pull strings things still get done
To have you yellin at the top of yo lungs
So Xzibit never speak wit a false tounge
Slid off like a handgun
Tryin to build an empire to pass to my grandson
I never like to talk business over the phone
So either have love for the game or leave it alone
Plus action speak louder than words
And pussy move faster than birds
So I gotta keep a gameface
On the street you slip, and you might catch a hot one
Xzibit stay low and kick back like a shotgun
I keep it bangin to the end of the line
When a rapper think his saggin style is fuckin with mine, it's divine
Cuz my family is harder than bricks
Anything to keep it movin cuz it's harder to hit

Only right I fuck wit you when you fuckin' wit mine
Keep it movin to the end of the line
And action speak louder than words
And pussy move faster than birds
Gotta keep a gameface

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Men must be either tramp or the crutch
To regulate, relegate, delegate power, nigga touch something
Trust no one and die dumping
Drained ya battery you barely talking like Teddy Ruxpin
See that's wassup, nigga I don't give a fuck
Say some shit so nasty, it'll make Little Kim blush
As if, a 98 bentley didn't tempt me
To lay bullshit over this empty
But consequently my conscience wouldn't permit me
I'm one-third black man, one-third Jackie Chan
One-third sand, shiftin across the surface of the land
Golden State Warrior let my nuts hang like niggas in nooses
While you givin groupies all your loochie
I'm known for fucking hoochies in suskis
And slippin [?]
Loved and feared, severe yet loved
The full time titan fighting three million over night thugs
So keep your, hand out your rectum 'cause you can't stop shit
Don't rock shit, studio hustlers
claimin' they got more keys than a locksmith
What part of the game is this
Bonus Round, give me the mic, the money
The pussy in that order, the mortar over populated
get fucked and orally copulated
And all you chumps on some you owe me an apology shit

can suck yo apology out my dick

This is for the black niggas, the yak sippers
The part time strippers,slash full time student,and fifty buck slippers
I got athletes feet,we run these contrete streets
Sporting cleets, ain't nothing sweet

I'm making rappers get they shit together
Still smokin, still drinkin, still maintain clear thinkin
Everyday is the weekend, mashin thru in a lincoln
And style so sick, the whole car start stinking

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