

# No Comin' Back

Xzibit

Now I wanna get high  
Some rollin and smokin  
Poppin and drinkin  
And stop for the thinking  
And hop in this lincoln and let's roll  
And I ain't talkin about the pills we pop so let's go  
The block that I got  
So hot, I call it off in a stow  
That's what we gotta hit him to digit, you know  
And I let it get high cause it often expose  
The real in a man what they stand-in for  
Say I'm bout to overdose like Anna Nicole  
Plus the devil already got one hand on my soul  
Should I stand on my toes?  
Cause I'm walkin on the tight road  
Thin line between yours and mine when they not blow  
And you can die slow...  
Get smoked like hydro  
Then I'ma bounce like hydros  
And I know that it just ain't right  
But as long as I can sleep at night!

Ain't no comin back from that  
You tryna do me wrong put my name in a song  
Ain't no comin back from that  
I'm so goddamn high mind all up in the sky  
Ain't no coming back from that  
25 for the ale no parole no bail  
Ain't no coming back from that  
Two shots in the head - flatline and you dead  
AINT NO COMIN BACK!

I make yo blocks pop off  
The streets locked off  
When the heats cocked off  
Goes a body to the morgue  
Got the best kush money can afford  
So if you think about jackin  
We gotta send you home to the law  
You can see us when we out on tour  
With everybody flippin in the place  
Niggas can't keep our pace  
And you don't wanna see the heater chilling by my waste  
But if you gotta most likely it'll bleed your face  
Take a chill pill for-real, we break ya will  
I'm the bullet in the gunshot by ill bill  
I'm assassin with the hustler skill  
Off the hill when the crosshairs homie  
One shot one kill  
And it's a one way trip in your lesson  
Start running jack  
You like mason career - it's no comin back  
It goes click-clack  
This shit's on track  
Learn how to act or we twist ya shit  
BITCH!

Laa laa la-laa laa  
Laa laa la-laa laa

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To the day before negotiations  
Don't waste no breath no conversations  
No price no lefts I lay and win game  
2 - 2 - 3 rounds, kick your face in  
Men, I should have seen it comin  
Behind your eyes I can see your mind racing -  
Heart sink to your weak stomach!  
You not from it  
I'm sam bada summer  
I'm a franchise built from the gutter, thinking  
I'm a million dollar vocal with a grip  
So why I'm in here fucking with this 20-dollar bitch  
Ignorant bliss-a-bish like a black hole  
I disappear with a dinosaur, get strong  
So strong make the homies make housecalls  
Answer or not - yo block gets knocked off  
Chopped off, no time for apologies - words are done  
Cause you can't take it back when they pull a nigga gun!

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