

What A Mess

Xzibit

Yeah, keep that
Huh.. what a mess
Yeah.. I see you (PRIMO!!)
Yeah.. I was blessed with some clarity right?
Uh-huh, hah.. I'ma sit back
Tell you niggaz what I been lookin at, huh

Y'all niggaz is killin me
You got Bloods and Crips in New York City, is anybody feelin me?
I ain't concerned with who gon' shoot who
I'm only concerned with music, and who break through
FUCK YOU, for thinkin platinum is the ultimate goal
These faggot niggaz gettin they money, but losin they soul
I don't wanna hear shit from you niggaz with no background
No backbones, you get no chance to back down
Deal how we deal witcha, peons, no chips
Changin whips out so they can look richer
I see the big picture, startin in the kitchen
with bricks and Pyrex pots, the widescreen edition
Listen, I seen niggaz hit with so much time loc
They have to die and come back three times to see them white folks
Take notes, cause you will be tested
Vested up, drunk as fuck, large caliber weapons
I feel you.. rap niggaz, fuckin it up
Monkey-mouthed muh'fuckers, spoilin the cut
For real niggaz in the street, really hustlin weight
See they networks and blueprints on hip-hop tapes
Johnny Law catchin on, soakin up the game
How you think they find the stash spots and follow the slang? STUPID
Grown men playin cops and robbers
Death for dollars, I'm too laid back to holla

[X] What a mess..
"And Ruff up, the motherfuckin House" - GZA
"Hope y'all niggaz hearin this right"
"We.. we gon'.. we gon' gon' win"

Look at what we leavin behind
We back at square one, ridin, with nuttin to ride fo'
Dyin for nuttin worth dyin fo'
The blind lead the blind with a blindfold, with "Eyes Wide Shut"
Save mine up, cause nothin ever last forever
Never nothin out of my reach, we blast whoever
I can split a muh'fucker from his ass to his last thought
Shit talk, then stomp through the asphalt
It's yo' fault we tow-truck for your outline
In due time, you'll find, the world is mine
So I listen to the rhetoric, jealousy and the ignorance
Can't stop me nigga, my mind too militant
God blessed me with a chin
And a heavy right-left combination that'll cave your face in
So don't make me hurt you, patience is virtue
They only got a few of us let, huh

Primo.. turn me up..
Now it's two-thousand-and-two; where kids do

whatever the fuck they wanna do, huh, sad but true
Wanna take another life like it's the thing to do
Shit, we the biggest gang, flaggin red white and blue baby
Designer drugs, pimps and thugs
Can't shoot, innocent folks, hit with slugs
One day it's gon' all make sense, 'til then
use your brains and your strength it's your best defense, c'mon

[X] What a mess..