

Xzibit, Enemies & Friends

1996, dysfunctional member
Of the Alkaholik family, yo

Rule Number One

Always be aware of your surroundings

And peep all exits

Stay and move to the next shit

Rule Number Two

Love no one that don't love you

And if the shit come down

Then you know your way around

Rule Number Three

Realize it ain't about size

Or havin' gats and guns

Because it only takes one

Handle your business

Don't let your business handle you

It's a lot of motherfuckers tryin' to do

What you're doin' right here, right now

Same color, same style

Tryin' to claim worldwide

And ain't traveled but one mile

In these shoes, I paid dues

With nothin' to lose

Live by the rhyme

But I'ma die by the booze

Xzibit breakin' down niggas

Who got somethin' to prove

Here we are face to face

Nigga make your move

You're in the wrong place

But at the right situation

Cause i was waitin

Hotter than Satan, never perpetratin

[Chorus:]

I treat my enemies like friends

So I can reach out and touch

Leave'em in the dust at the very end

You now tuned in to Hennessy and Gin

Ice cold Heinekens and down for whatever skins

Animosity you can reach out and touch

Heavy right handed

Teeth grind like a clutch

And plus you ain't never had this much

Too many friends too close

You might collapse from an overdose

I was raised to never follow after no man

To be my own man

So I can die by my own hand

And never knowin' what the next day can bring

So I gotta make the ends

Justify the means

Yo, I'm on the scene, here to do my own thing

Can't never spend a lifetime

Chasin' after dreams

I got the right shit

For all the wrong reasons

As long as I breathin'

Niggas change like seasons

Never trust a man

Who can't look you in your eyes

Only the strong survive
And that's word to the wise
Yo, when dead bodies get outlined in chalk
Everybody should walk
Cause real killers don't talk
I ain't really concerned
How many bridges you burned
I extinguish your flame
And take aim at your brain
Givin' ligament pain
To have you walkin' with a cane
Wantin' money and fame
You got your fuckin' self to blame
And that's West Coast rhyme
Without no gimmicks
Here come Xzibit to break it down
Like a chemic
I'm spreadin' like an epidemic
And all good things come to an end
Enemies & Friends

[Chorus]

I don't give a fuck
About the set you claim
Xzibit easily dispersed like crack cocaine
See I lent my shotgun to Kurt Cobain
And the motherfucker never brought it back
Ahh, that's wack
As a matter of fact
This one nigga tried to jack
My squad had his ass
On the run like track
Never knowin' who to trust
In this shit called rap
Here to let you know
My sound surrounds like dat
Never half step
Or play the role like DeNiro
Y'all niggas wasn't down
When we had less than zero
Fuck tryin' to be a hero
Tryin' to save some bitch
Mr. X to the Z
Never play that shit

[Chorus]

Yes, 1996, yes
Bringin' it live from the Westside
This is X to the Z
These niggas don't know
These niggas ain't ready
Yo, Mr. X to the Z
From the Likwit Crew