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 & amp; 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