

# Xzibit, Eyes May Shine

Yeah yeah

Look, you could've got away but your response wasn't quick enough  
Can't preserve life 'cause the best wasn't thick enough  
Teflon, Napalm, Homicide scenes  
These are a few of my favorite things!  
But I ain't Mary so ain't a damn thing poppin  
Only death disease and a whole lotta palm trees  
Not only for mics, Xzibit is a way of life  
Until my death so I celebrate success  
Best of the best wouldn't test these waters with a yacht  
Sendin' sixteen shots across your parking lot  
All up on your proximity drinking Hennessy  
Holdin down ground like the Statute of Liberty  
So nobody ever can rush my spot  
And the torch stay lit so I ain't worried about shit  
It ain't where your from it's al about how you represent!  
Unfamiliar faces better know who your fuckin' with

[Chorus 2x]

Eyes may shine, Teeth may grit  
And all of that shit  
And you still won't step  
So what's next?  
All of a sudden you ain't sayin nothin  
(You Better off buckin yourself)  
(You need to stop frontin)

I'm only comin' through when it's time for collection  
Xzibit forever nasty, spread like infection  
Ain't no protection ever made by man to withstand this punishment  
In other words runnin' shit  
Keep your eyes wide cause the style gets darker  
I make papers and see more new cars than Bob barker  
'Cause if the price ain't right then it's time to take flight  
Let the piece go twice to make sure you see the light  
Plus I'm dreaded not by the locks but by the cops  
And flocks of females that only think with their croth  
Unlimited smoke  
The bonified cut throat Columbian neck tie  
Now don't you look fly  
I'll leave you there to be discovered by your mother  
Or maybe your brother or your boty boy lover  
No matter your backround Xzibit never backs down  
Be prepared for static and semi automatics in your grill

[Chorus 2x]

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And all of that shit  
And you still won't step  
So what's next?  
All of a sudden you ain't sayin nothin  
(You Better off buckin yourself)  
(You need to stop frontin)

Everything that come around go 3.6.0.  
Longitude and latitude  
It's all in the attitude  
I'm in the mood to put a twist on things  
Xzibit here to rock the planet 'till the fat bitch sings  
The shit is closer than you think  
Don't blink it might be over in a matter of seconds  
I'd like to say this off the record  
But it's not  
So I testify to the fact

Chronic mixed with the Yak make a hellified contact  
It makes it real easy to trip  
Unload the whole clip on your block then split!  
Aint no answers to the test you taken  
Never move fakin'  
Can't be shaken'  
From my solid foundation like this

[Chorus 2x]  
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And all of that shit  
And you still won't step  
So what's next?  
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(You Better off buckin yourself)  
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