

# Xzibit, Handle Your Business

Xzibit)

Yeah, uh, what, worldwide

Yeah, Im forever, ever lastin, spread the wealth  
Procrastination like masturbation, your fuckin yourself  
So we gonna move on em quickly (what)  
No chance to think about coming back  
Chain smoke em, turn they lungs black  
See I was raised to love black, but sometimes  
Black folks wanna sweat you harder than the one-time  
Never participate in dumb, def and blind shit  
Plus I got my little man, so daily I'm reminded  
The ride only gets rougher (right)  
But I'll be damned if me and my niggas suffer  
Smuggle this motherucker with the raw shit, I'm blessed wit  
Lookin at the world, burned for the young and the desperate  
Showed heart, but got cardiac arrested  
More than a nigga with an image and a press gig  
The wreck hits, creates desert land, desolate  
The whole intent to rock the shit, keep the herb lit

Chorus: Xzibit (Defari)

Handle your business before your business handles you  
Mister X to the Z (and Defari Herut), want to  
(Remain true, regardless what we go through)  
Yeah, handle your business so you can stand on your on two  
\*repeat\*

(Defari Herut)

Everyday I puts in down in LA, hustle in this  
Assassin lyricist, serious, muscle in this  
I call the bets, I know we got coordinates, a mortgage to rent  
We blaze shows, never no Half Step  
Tactics, B-Boys, no games no antics  
No false images, no bullshit semantics  
We planned this, for hundred of thousands  
Reignin/Rainin on they brains with lyrics, from the mountains  
Don't contemplate what you can't even demonstrate  
Defari lottery draftpick, never the second rate  
Nigga who wanna hate but front like its all great  
I gots no time for these emotional niggas, I gots to motivate  
Moves to make, best rhyme straight  
That's for the old school, this here's our year, it's time to elevate  
Handle this, don't hesitate got money to make  
Push maximum levels from the Golden State

Chorus

(Defari Herut)

This combination's high calibre  
Hatians stay amazed and confused like this was algebra  
I'm scoutin the, best land for property  
Never sloppily, picture someone stoppin me  
From gettin mine, line after line  
And you wonder why I call these fake niggas Miller  
they think they Genuine; I'm startin to shine, imported Italian  
With a custom made Herut charm as my medallion

(Xzibit)

Seem like, I recite the same prayer every night  
Watch my folks, make sure my dogs stay tight  
And fully prepared to gunfight in broad daylight  
Till then, lick it to the chin, let it begin  
We could break bread or break skin; and watch me send it  
Try not to break the law, sometimes I gotta bend it  
And my directions, suggest for your own protection  
You motherfuckers keep it movin like an intersection

Chorus

Serious business \*scratched in background\*  
Fuck you, like that Mr. X to the Z, Defari Herut. Yeah, yeah right? \*3X\*  
What, keep it movin like this y'all