Xzibit, Kenny Parker Show 2001

(feat. KRS-One)

[KRS-One]

You are now tuned in to the ultimate sounds.. of Dr. Dre

You know what time it is!

Xzibit steps up to the mic

layin down the hard-core, real raw, underground

My name is KRS-One, and it's REAL!!

[Xzibit]

Well it's me, down with D-R-E

X to the Z rocks any party

Rocks the beats, and the breaks

Rocks the cocks off the whores in the place

Cause suckers shake, while I'm creatin

They get together and they start to hatin

How can we take him out one time

cause he brought back the West with the freshest rhymes

I might go first, and he'll go second

I'll wreck 'em, deck 'em, set it, just checkin your mic

Droppin hot shit I like

So throw up your hands bitch, run your ice

Cause I'll go third, and he'll go fourth

By the fifth eat shit, you'll step off

Six is your beatdown, your title is seven

Takin out your four man crew makes eleven

By the twelveth I go for self

Rockin L.A. like no one else..

You can check any rapper from the underground scene

but few have dropped hot shit and seen green

Some have dope twelve inches, count 'em

But not many niggaz have slammin albums

X to the Z rocks consistantly

I'm "Criminal Minded" so don't fuck with me

Why? Well that's my secret baby

I don't take shit, so fuck you, pay me

So you can call me, a public servant

Not a king but a teacher I believe I've earned it

So I just walk, or ride my bike

and bust on the +Up In Smoke+ stage tonight

Give me a chance and I'll rock the house

But let a motherfucker try to take me out

Cause male or female, I will strangle

If it's a label, they have to untangle Adidas, chains, jerseys, braids

Bandanas hangin off the end of my gauge

Step right up if that's what you like

but watch your bitch, I catch hoes like a dyke

In the night at a height right for flight

Way out of sight, you bite, I recite

My chain shine bright, plus my kicks stay white

as your faggot CEO say, "Well alright!"

.. I am your mentor

History is mine, it's time you surrender motherfuckers

and just back up quickly

Your style is sickly but you persist to get me

or outwit me with the style that I created

years ago when I was sellin powder to the hoes

Oh, all of a sudden you don't know

or can't remember can't recall can't bring to mind

that rhyme that place do not chase

I run a marathon a race of rhymes in your FACE

In case you hate I won't write no tough rap

Fuck with me get your whole FAMILY kidnapped

[KRS-One]
Yo Xzibit! Show these motherfuckers man! I don't think they understand this shit!

Break this shit over they backs!

[Xzibit]

I don't dress up to rap or keep a hairdo I only grab a nine to bust holes in your crew I deny your existence as artists You puttin out a record expectin to chart but it's weak but when you speak through the microphone you fail to realize, nope, you're not alone on the earth The light comes forth cause Mr. X Intelligence, smoke and guns manifest in the flesh I snatch the mic and get hype Behave, before you make the news front page Headed for the grave and the wake So save your microscopic miniature small talk and WALK And put a little pep in your step X to the Z will destroy any motherfuckin rep-utation in the nation, in creation All you assholes in ANY occupation Like rappers with nothin to say

I CRUSH 'EM like chronic and then smoke 'em with Dre

Cause no matter how fatter the wallet, I'd rather

gather together and splatter

whatever egotistic bullshit, the game is over

when you push the record but don't push the culture

[KRS-One]

Breakin, emceein, graffiti art, deejayin, beatboxin Yo Xzibit, keep rockin!

[Xzıbıt]

Just throw your hands in the sky Still believe real niggaz never die And if you in this life just gettin by Somebody say, "I'm high!" (I'm high!) "I'm high!" (I'm high!) Yeah, and you don't stop Yeah..

[KRS-One]

Woop woop, woop, woop woop!
You know what time it is
Pull over, all wack emcees, AHH-AHHH!
Yo.. YO! You are tuned in.. to the ultimate..
underground.. rawness! Straight off the street
Xzibit, turn it up..