

# Xzibit, Loud and Clear

[Xzibit]

Yeah..

Addicted to life, had to pay a heavy-ass price  
Sacrifice worth waitin on the platinum and ice  
I'm precise with the merchandise, came back like Christ  
to change the game, while y'all niggaz remain the same  
Clear the lane, comin through like Kobe, you can't hold me  
You can't stop me, ever since I dropped "Paparazzi"  
I done watched the game unfold into some hideous shit  
Like every idiot that can spit be droppin a hit  
I transmit for the convicts, committed, never bullshitted  
Shadowbox, detox, my own worse critic  
It's like tryin to squeeze water from rocks  
I negotiate the neighborhood stops and clean your clock with a glock  
Sick of niggaz screamin they hot, but really they not  
Beatin you all to the ground like six L.A. cops  
Put your fist up in the air if you ever been shot  
and lived to tell about it, never leavin home without it, c'mon

[Chorus: Butch Cassidy]

There's no one out there, for us, to fear

I'll say it loud and clear..

Who can say they're close, to us

Speak now and you'll be brought, to tears

[King Tee]

They probably saw me on the 91 East, gettin off on Central  
with the rag back, lookin like life's so simple

Tela take a loss, still floss, all bets

If Trife can't cover the house, call X

Likwit crew brothers, Blues Brothers

Move somethin, make killers do somethin, f'real

The bitch-made often politic with the skill

Now shit's all twisted, unlisted

Guns fixed it, best not speak about the Likwit

We gifted, twenty-four hours and still lifted

(\*X\*: Bitch keep your vagina) We drunk and ain't interested

Bitches come a dime and a dove, we ain't trippin it

Standin at the bar, soft-styled in the cut

"Ooh, boo wait, I think you had too much!"

Bitch what? Act right and pour it in a cup

The West and Eastside keep smokin them blunts, niggaz

[Interlude: Butch Cassidy]

Let's get with it, I was born to trip

Stay on the lookout, ain't no time to slip

We ain't for games and shit

Change your spot, cause we're known to dip

No time for chasin hoes

I'm on a mission cause my cash is low

There's no need to speak on those

Doggy rags are the gangsta's clothes

[Defari]

There's two sides of my family, both sides from the ghetto

Pops Finnish choco-late, moms Mississippi yellow

Caramel, Cherokee black man, with a pedigree of excellence

Together we rise, no time for seperateness

My grandfather Snake was a Jake, or a jack

of a smack to a bird who don't know how to act

Straight hustler, Mississippi moonshine smuggler

Good ol' wrangler in his day with that attitude of "Fuck ya"

[Xzibit]

Built to run forever, X the infinite

First line of defense to smash through the immigrants

Can't straddle the fence, it's all or nothin

Close the curtain, shut down your whole production

Don't be scared, be prepared, niggaz do be bustin

without thinkin; I mastered the art of hard drinkin  
Yo, you wanna stop the X, try your best  
I'm still fuckin with your pockets like the IRS, so yo  
[Chorus]  
[Butch Cassidy]  
Gather all around, to see  
how we display our vicious skills  
I done seen and heard, enough  
Let's prove the West coast is for real  
.. speak now and you'll be brought to tears ..