

Xzibit, Whole World

(Xzibit)

Big bad insane Strong Arm Steady gang
Way beyond the days of rockin them stupid rapper chains
Comin through clear the lane, send a bullet through your brain
Number one with a bullet - faster than the bullet train
Pop it if you pull it mayne, hang with orangutans
I live for my soldiers, ask them, they gon' say the same
My gauge rings your bells like the Hunchback of Notre Dame
Ain't even gotta say it, you motherf**kers know the name
Legendary classic, niggaz be punk pussy and plastic
Wastin the time and the minds of the masses (yeah!)
But look how strong we are, man I'm a motherf**kin star
Every week I cop a house and a car
The mini-mansion off in Vegas with the vanquish
That's where I mastermind my situations, determination and patience
We don't speak the same language (no) I got a translator
spittin 25 times, see your bitch ass later, C'MON!

(Chorus: Xzibit)

That nigga X to the Z, that boy is somethin to see, cause he a G
I got the whole world waitin on me!
I'm about that grind so motherf**ker don't waste my time
I got the whole world waitin on me!
If you ready to ride, c'mon, get in my ride and let's slide
I got the whole world waitin on me!
... Yeah! I got the whole world waitin on me!

(Xzibit)

Niggaz screamin they the shit but that shit ain't real
I don't need to be the shit cause shit roll downhill
I'm escalatin aggressively, millions built up in equity
Corporations invest in me, bangin shit 'til the death of me (YEAH!)
Cooked coke recipe, money come back so thick
My kid's kids couldn't spend this shit
Get a grip, pop a clip, chop down that brick

No amount of fame gon' change this gangsta spit
Quick to roll out the backwood (yeah) smoke out your buildin
We soldiers devoted dressed down like civilians
Niggaz wanna kill me because I make millions (that's weak!)
That's weak like gangstas that hide behind children (hahaha, yeah!)
Novocain the game, no shame
No feelings, no names, no numbers, naw bitch
You can't hang with us (no!)
Ashes to ashes and you cain't bust
You so popcorn and fake industrious, YEAH!

(Chorus)

(Xzibit)

Yeah... yeah, whattup Key?
I'm liftin plates you'll never find in the weight room
So stay tuned my platoon finna touch down soon
Cancun to St. Thomas, St. Thomas to the Bahamas
Most niggaz ain't really honest so I'm watchin my step
I'm the hardest cold-hearted artist, the coast is clear
Dubai, Australia to Africa, this is the year!
Let the alcohol you sippin saturate in yo' system
I be swimmin through these women, man, f**k 'em and flip 'em
I know you hopin I would fall to the side, or go to Way Side
It ain't a motherf**ker alive to come and take mine (no!)
Don't procrastinate, don't waste time
Never faced time, Houdini with crime, traffic over state lines

Military minded, stickin to the base lines
Intellectually brighter than California sunshine
Yeah, I got my bars up, go pull my cars up (yeah)
I love my struggle, never cover my scars up (c'mon)
Nigga

(Chorus)