Xzibit, Fuck With Us

(Kurupt)
First line when up
Second line set forth
Third line of tactic
It's like that nigga
Gangsta shit, Frewrecktifying all the time
Tray Deee, Tray Deee such a way G call him Tray G
Now what chou gonna be about that?
Eastsidaz, West Coast, Dogg Pound Gangsta-ville Crippin

(Tray Deee)
You don't wanna see us when we kick up dust
Tray Deee, X-man, and Kingpin Kurupt
Stay givin it up, stray Crippin and Chucks
Straight sippin with blunts and not givin a fuck
DPG'd up, first niggas to dump
Soldiers slash cash in over for the bitches I bust
Dog em out and talk bout how I touched the guts
Never ate it just skated once I bust the nut
Cold feelin hold children for hostage profits
Mob shit, witness how hot the glocks spit
Drop bitch niggas trynna give us hassles
On they ass like the return of the jackals
Act on them folks, West Coast then lokes
Open quotes and homies know to go for broke
Frontline, full-time, do or die the code
Muthafuckas take cover when my .9 explode

(Chorus)
You don't wanna fuck with us
Cus if the war's on nigga step in the war zone
You don't wanna fuck with us
We blast till we outta here, come back with no chrome
You don't wanna fuck with us
Stuff you in the same bed and keep your whores on
You don't wanna fuck with us
With glocks, 45s, Tech 9s you aint ready nigga

(Kurupt)
Yeah Tray Deee, he away G
Smashin on these little bitch niggas daily
Talkin bout what it can or can't be
With his young homies Kurupt and X to the Z
Call the shot and I'm the first one loaded up first one
Dumpin out the truck, Kurupt don't give a fuck
It's how the West Coast riders ride
Livin life nothing nice on the dice I'm
Livin life homicidal, domicidal with the dome arrival
With Goldie's star way 380 and Tray's rifle
Snoop's berretta or the Mack 11 from Kevin
Holler at the Reverend and look up to heaven
The hours rushed, and the cannons bust
Don't fuck with Tray Deee, X and Kurupt
Turn the page to exodus
And read the first line in parenthesis about war with us, fool

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(Xzibit)
I bring a whole new meaning to hip hop
Come from the hip hop hot state to state from the state cops
Niggas fallin off like flip-flops
My shit knock, never gon' take my spot
Get the dick snot
Dead lock, red dot paid up dues
Ate up fools who really had nothin to prove
Never gon' lose, abuse booze, follow the rules
Getting locked in the gates of this L.A. zoo
You take this shit between two ?? like I do
How the fuck I'm supposed to be scared of you?
I aint never gon' spit what I'm prepared to do
Cus I'm the first one they arrestin when this shit come true
Later for that, niggas stab straight for your back
If you let 'em close, so I propose a toast
To all the bitch made paradin niggas on my dick
Y'all can look, listen and hate, but can't stop shit

(Chorus)
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Nigga yeah
You don't wanna fuck with us
You don't wanna fuck with us
You don't wanna fuck with us