

Xzibit, Killin' It

(Tash)

Ahh, ahh

I be killin it (why Tash?) cause I be feelin it
I get money so no need for stealin it
I work diligent beneath the Earth's soil
where I write rhymes so fresh it's like I wrapped my styles in foil
But I sit at home and boil spicy rum when it's freezing
Cause I from the Likwid crew where we got drinks for every season
Maybe that's the reason why I live high all July
And the place I buy my beer is callin in for more supply
Maybe not, maybe so, maybe yes, maybe no
Maybe niggaz got some friends that wanna battle for some dough
If you know somebody holla, cause I take those extra dollars
Split that shit with J and Swift, buy a ninety-six Impala
and lace it with the deez out my own stack of cheese
Get a extra flossy floss and toss King Tee the keys
and say, 'Nigga that's yours, cause you opened up doors
Before Tha Liks had a deal, you had a nigga on tour
So God bless ya, never let this rap pressure test ya
You know who got your back when them other niggaz sweat ya'
So check uno dos while I roast this coast a toast
When it comes to beats and rhymes, you know who got the most
I be killin it (killin it) killin it (killin it)
Tha Liks rock that shit that have all ya niggaz feelin it
Killin it (killin it) killin it (killin it)
J-Ro is up next to flow

(J-Ro)

Dat's me

I be killin it (killin it) when I be feelin it
Got rum in my cup, best believe I won't be spillin it
Yo Xzibit (whattup Ro) I got to know
Do I got that Likwid flow (oh fo' sho') well here I go
Mida, mida, down the barrel of my heater
I torch ya, then skeet out in my Porsche two-seater
I'm from the home of rattlesnakes and golden bears
And Astro-vans with swivel chairs hoes come in pairs
Plus, makin mon