

# Xzibit, Rimz & Tirez

(feat. Defari, Goldie Loc, Kokane)

[Defari]

Take a chance, come dance with a cowboy  
Playin stopped playin long time ago with childish toys  
It's only men in here; deuce deuce inch Pirelli  
and Goodyear niggaz, sip malt liquor beer  
They gave me sixth man of the year, came off the bench for Tha Liks  
Shot the lights out at the championship  
Big chips, big trips, new fits, my money clip's  
full of green cheese, my other pocket got green weed  
Rap niggaz, we different individuals  
Elevate the level of the music and the visuals  
It's do or die, I need a +Priest+, call +Superfly+  
Whatever we discuss when we meet's between you and I  
I'm truly high, red-eyed for the red-eye flight  
Five hours, eight drinks, I rode all night, shit  
Everyday, every night's a saloon  
Crime blitty, good bottle, million dollar tunes

[Chorus: Goldie Loc]

Love when when you're out there on the ave  
When you're down 24/7, niggaz don't know the half  
My Romeo's step down on the pedal  
my back keeps on scrapin the metal  
I be coastin and be coastin, hittin three wheel motion  
with my rimz and tirez

[Xzibit]

I ain't never seen Kevlar flesh (hell naw)  
Y'all bitch niggaz is flirtin and fuckin with death  
I was taught to stick with the right and work with the left  
Never love nothin, never turn snitch and confess  
Got catch me in the heat of the act, and run the risk  
of catchin three to the back, and try walkin with that (yeah!)  
I ain't goin to the pen for shit, except to snatch up  
my loved ones to get loose and hop the fence  
It ain't hard to look hard, snatch up a catalogue  
Mad dog to niggaz that walk up your boulevard (yeah!)  
But one day, you gon' feel it (what?)  
I'm a firm believer in the theory if it bleeds, I can kill it  
A hit man for hire (yeah!) caught up in the crossfire  
The live wire, leak a nigga like a vampire  
My empire roll rimz and tirez  
Either get with us, forget us and get behind us, muh'fuckers

[Chorus]

[Interlude]

Ride along, with my rimz and tirez  
Side along

[Kokane]

Mr. Recycler (what?) I'm lookin for a sixty-two Chevy  
and she kinda bad, threw him six and I was read'  
(Whatchu want me to do?) To get spic and span  
Man I'm glad you came and got me from that old white man (good lookin)  
He took me to a spot in Long Beach, hooked me up with four pumps  
(bzzt) but everybody in the hood can't jump (bzzt)  
And I change colors when the sun hit me  
Fix me up, now my owner wanna slang me for 50?  
Bling bling, now I belong to a Japanese  
And they was quick to throw me in the magazines  
I make money (huh?) I never broke down, fools trippin

(Check it out) How many cars you see in Seoul on streets dippin?  
(None) Afraid to get that ass caught slippin (why?)  
For me it was an easy task  
I kept an engine on my ass with heat under the dash  
Fool (peep game) I was born to lowride on rimz and tirez, yeah

[Chorus] - 2X

[ad libs to end]