

# Xzibit, Three Emcees

Xzibit intro:

Yes yes. Ahh ahh. Bring it live

Yo it's the X to the Z from the Likwit Squad

Hook:

&quot;One MC&quot; &quot;After&quot; (x3)

&quot;On the mic&quot;;- Souls Of Mischief

(Xzibit)

All that get money take money sound funny

So I stick to my own I can feel it in my bones

These clones and clowns ain't really down

Play the background westbound

Huntin' down pussy like a bloodhound

Plus I feel that no style is darker than mine

You can stick that into places where the sun don't shine

All you one hit wonders only in it for the spotlight

Spend half a million dollars still don't sound tight

Bring truth to the light

I write rhymes for the under

Blunt smokin' bottle crackin' all day slumber

Who wouldn't give a fuck if the world fell down

As long as I can twist a fat one and pass it around

Mr. X to the Z from the Likwit Crew

LA to Elviaire with my man EQ

Coming live and direct with your neck like this

Come home and smoke a spliff in the Benz with Swift

I stay fucked up

Hook

(Del)

Lyrically ingenious my flows are intravenous

Kids are squeamish

When they attempt to reflex

I'm the Apex

Shows get rocked half the words ?

Hold your glock your whole goal is props

You'll never get 'em

My rhythm just fluctuates

You can't O.D. no matter how much you take

I rush your plates

Crack your lenses clean like Benzene

Cool like Menthol

My shits the end all

Majorly gain your speed slow your role

You lie and like Pinochio your nose will grow

Let's go

Underground compress co

Bust these jewels these diamonds out

But still some of these niggas don't know what we rhymin' bout

Mine in doubt

Traversing' the Earth like zombies

And rocks your dirty laundry

Presented to the world as comedy

Del rips it honestly that's why the girls are found of me

And don't be squandering your little flow

You ain't got many

You're fly spinning

We constitution

You seek contribution from Del for usage

Over these acoustics

I take time out for use of

Harkus representing proof in you walkman

Lockin' competition out of studios  
Everyday I live is like a musical  
Create my own score  
More funkier than Shaft on my musical path

Hook

(Casual)

They like "ooh. Don't say that."  
When it's lay doe A dat Competition where they at?  
I diss 'em  
Steady at the rhythm  
Like a pilot I keep you silent  
Through the turbulence words will get violent  
Mega doses exposes is flagellant composes  
All you get is roses on your grave you misbehave  
It's the brave courageous lyrically contagious  
Spiritually engage with the psychedelic waves of  
An Egyptian  
We rips then  
Cover the mic like the sun we eclipsin'  
Cause no light shine through a flow like mine  
Casual might ignite the mic for pastime  
With one style older than the sundial  
My elaborate connection of words is fun how  
I display, dismay this way gettin' bissy  
Crackers show off the top while I'm hittin' a J  
My immaculate style attackin' with nouns and verbs  
for the wack it gets foul  
Got a Full Metal Jacket off rhymes to press  
To manifest under pressure  
Past style a lyrical treasure  
Never the less I get fresher  
It's involital my biological make up composes of flesh and blows  
Will dispose of all  
When they appear in my crystal ball  
I know you wish I fall  
&quot;Yes y'all&quot;

Hook