

Xzibit, What You Can't C

(Hook - repeat 2X)

Let me roll somethin' witcha
Let me smoke somethin' witcha
Let me light this up
Let me blow somethin' withca

(Verse 1)

Mr X to the Z dog, I had to do it
Locked the game down like Martha Stewart
Like a big bodied Mercedes, get into it
This ain't no luck of the draw, I'm supposed to do it
They say we're in the last days so I stay with the bottle
And stay swingin' for the fifths like its no tomorrow
Make a niggaz trade hard like I'm custom model
Each one, teach one, we gonna lead, so follow
Niggaz soft like avocado, trying to hold bravado
My tips be hollow, some real hard shit to swallow
It's the S.A.S express don't get caught on the tracks
We got no brakes we just break backs
We came in broke, now we got to leave with the whole stack
Get slapped get smoked like a dope sack
Cannabis and cheeba on the block with a heater
Like if I can't sell mine, y'all can't neither

(Chorus)

You can read me in the magazines
Or watch me on the TV screen
If you ever tryin' to take for me
That's gon' be the last day you breath
Nobody here rides for free
You fuckin' with a real O.G
I stick 'n move like a young Ali
You can't hit what you can't see.... (me, me)

(Hook)

Let me roll somethin' witcha
Let me smoke somethin' witcha
Let me light this up
Let me blow somethin' withca

(Verse 2)

To all my niggaz drinkin' Cool-O
Gettin' bent in prison
Watchin' the game, they can't stop us from livin'
I was givin' the direction but I never took it
The path was crooked and cracked so I learned to cook it
It's the black ?, the world on his back
Animal instinct, adjust to my habitat
Any situation, react
You get manhandled and slapped down, mean not fuckin' around
I think big like the heart that rests in my chest
Fuck punk motherfuckers that pray for my death
Niggaz want me to show love, but ain't none left
Won't speak no names, I won't waste my breath
Got too much stamina, too much energy
Strengthen capabilities to crush my enemies
And that feelin' brings me peace and tranquility
Real estate, power, sports cars in Italy

(Chorus)

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(Hook)

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(Verse 3)

Another nigga like Xzibit just can't be found
I eliminate dead weight slowin' me down
Don't know how to back down only hold my ground
Check the resume
They just cock it and spray
Ya'll niggaz just sloppy and gay, get hit with a K
Stand trial for murder and lock me away
Throwin' bows like Anthony Pillar
For my foes, bullet hoes through ya clothes and that fake Chinchilla
For all my niggaz in the hustle, celebrate ya life
Fucking Bush administration tryin' to take your life
X man exchange the data, hate the hater
Hit the earth so hard leaving cracks and craters
Niggaz wanna spend money on hats and gaters
Hoes in Vegas they gotta have chrome and dames
But don't wanna do a third of the work
I built an empire from dirt
I put you in a world of hurt...fucker!!!

(Chorus)

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