

# 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 nigga 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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Or watch me on the TV screen  
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That's gon' be the last day you breath

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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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Or watch me on the TV screen  
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You can't hit what you can't see...(me, me)