

Hey!

[vocal box]

Never understood, how we did it

How we made this music groove your very soul

[onasis]

Yo I lamp out in the rented e-7 v-12 screamer

The new benz, seen her?

290 thou, wow

Somethin your rap budget does not allow

Why you laughin, I don't see nothing funny

Pull back two mac-10's now it's a big mac-20

That is the basics

Quik and I we run the matrix

Hold your mouth don't say shit

Walk through any borough

That stretch from here past the tri ? ?

Better respect us dog we ? kernel?

Don't get it confused

We smashin crews, it's my rules

Don't come correct and get abused

I bring the ruck to any cats bringin drama

Make 'em feel it, like tupac's dear mama

It could be pitch black and I spot ya

Boom! kick in your door like big poppa

[vocal box]

Never

Xzibit

Dj motherfucking quik

Erick sermon

[dj quik]

Ay, tell me what you get when your nigga xzibit

And quik get down with the e double?

You get we trouble

E, make the beat bubble

Make the bass all on you shake they break out

To the ground and dig em out of e rubble

Partyin, happy that you shook the whole crib

And if you got a pound e dub I got dibs

'cause this is how we do it here

It's ironic that you done stepped into a room

Of purple hydroponic, fat booty bitches sparklin

Tryin to take you to a star

Tryin to get you to recognize they know who you are

Can't you see the red carpet, they lay it out

And if you got a fantasy erick they play it out

We big figga rap niggas

From the gate, we been waited on and hated on since '88

Now cross my dogs or cross my path and i'ma whet ya

Way down from the compton town, and I bet ya

[vocal box]

Ha, yeah, ladies and gentleman

Yeah, the bar is now open
C'mon, yeah, it's on me
C'mon, yeah
Presented to you, avirex to the z
Yeah, listen

[xzibit]
I'm the spin doctor, phantom of the opera
If this was '89 I would break you off proper
Cockblocker, dump a few g's in my lolo
Not dough hoe, my nigga b came in solo, dolo
Most niggas react like a homo
And when they wit a crowd now they wanna get loud
Wanna act wild and act like a criminal, foul
And stretchin a mile, but really got the heart of a child
? ? steal our tickets
Extra points like a field goal kicker
Like a fucked up d.a. wit a charge that ain't stickin
I'm walkin away, a free man
'cause y'all niggas softer than sand
'cause we fuckin a fan and locin out wit your pan
I fucked your mother, so now I'm the motherfucking man!
Break fool on a track like it's supposed to be
And break bread with the real niggas close to me
Epm�

[vocal box]

C'mon, yeah, dj quik in the motherfucking house
Yeah, this dick in your mouth
Ha, c'mon, yeah!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, c'mon
Yeah, you think it aint
The west coast brought cats alive in 1999
All the way bouncin through millenium
Ha, c'mon, yeah
Yo, millenium shit, yeah, c'mon, yo millenium shit
Yeah, c'mon yo, millenium shit
Yeah, yo, dj motherfucking quik
Yeah, yeah, ha, yo, yo
Yeah, green eyed bandit
Yeah, bitch niggas can't stand it
C'mon, yeah, keep it bouncin
Yeah, r.i.p. roger troutman
Yeah, yeah, c'mon, ha, yeah