

3 Card Molly

Xzibit

What, yeah, yeah
Black John McClane, Harold the Menace, and the Waterproof
with my nigga Bud'da, on the track
Golden State Warriors..
Eatin every rapper on the plate
Huh, feel me

I got three-oh-fo's in three-one-oh
on section eight, with multiple one-eighty-sevens
Sport a Marilyn Manson t-shirt when I die and go to heaven
Smoke a beady, scrape my lungs, smoke the resin
Remember the name Ras Kass-ciano
Get to clownin y'all punk bitches, cause I'm a Mac, like Ronald
I make Mac make money, and mack murder wack rappers
My Makaveli verse Bomb First, the Mac-11'll gat cha
When I get at cha, the situation tenses
Fatality before you ever reach your senses
Got so-called writers, crashing into brick fences
like my name was Al Fayed so you die, like that white princess
If you lookin for sympathy, you better look
between R and T, in the fucking dictionary
See the object of the game is to win, stack some ends, sippin Henn'
Whip a Benz and leave it to your next of kin

Pick a card any card, I bet you can't pull it
Golden State, number one with a bullet
It's three card molly
Will they ever stop?
Probably not
Pull your spine through your mouth and watch your body drop
(2x)

The un-edited medic, on the cut, with a degree in metaphysics
A doctor, with a lot of patients/patience
And perseverance -- flows like an ocean liner
that sails/sales like a clearance, I'm bilingual
Fly like a flamingo, I'm a pitcha, everything I freak
I eat like Al Pacino, you don't like me baby
You ain't happy, you need some Ecstasy
Now you in my properties, but you have to pay my equity
For the lowest point in my character
I'll reach the highest place in the house when I rock
like the Qu'ran, fuse hot, fluid with flavor like buillion cube
Been this way since I was fourteen
And like this I been runnin shit without the use of Sportscreme
Rippin up tracks like immigrant Chinese, peep the game I lay
I'm grim, I brim over my brow when I rip
Never write rhymes with slim fingertips
Each syllable you choose to use is light as a flower
Keep tryin to go gold
but all you're gettin is a golden shower

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Look, now if it wasn't for the West
These rap niggaz wouldn't need a vest around they chest
Keep bustin about where you rest, and what you own, and what you drive
So the day some niggaz come for you I'm really not surprised
Mr. Black Bruce Willis, please don't kill us
I show mercy like Kevorkian, like a scorpion
We sting you from behind and put it in you, so meet me at the venue
Put you on the spot to put you on the menu
Fricaseed emcee, we be the ones that keep the pussy hot
Xzibit livin life, like a bull inside a china shop
Strippin everything, see you ain't even got a dime to drop
Go ahead and call the cops, you ain't said nathin
Jerry Spring-you out the studio, then Suge Knight you
to the parkin lot, niggaz ain't ready for all this heat we got
Picture yourself crushin Xzibit with your tough talk
That's like Christopher Reeves doing the crip walk

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