

## Best of Things

Xzibit

I was voted most likely to have a psychiatric evaluation  
Let's start the process of elimination  
This dedication is for niggaz with the green buddha  
The bandula, six-shooter to your suit coolers  
Now how this feel? Cold black steel up in your grill  
This hollow point lead gon' be your last meal  
Say your prayers, say your graces  
Pieces of your face is found in a hundred different places  
Huh, so what we lookin like? We tryin to see some hoes to fuck tonight  
and you just tryin to see the afterlife  
Make a decision before we have a head-on collision  
makin me spend the rest of my life in prison  
See I can only play the cards I was given  
Multiplication division whatever you got to break mines off  
like the U.S. government did to Microsoft  
Like Xzibit in some pussy with the lights turned off  
It's like

I'm just livin to fulfill my dreams  
I'm just tryin to have the best of things  
None of y'all can't take shit from me  
Life's a bitch she ain't fuckin for free  
So I'ma ride til the wheels fall off  
while all the rest get weak and go soft  
Your petite style, can get you beat down  
My heat's loud, have you huggin on the street now

Niggaz keep askin me how does it feel  
How does WHAT feel? Not havin to scrape for a meal?  
Not bein locked down to a fucked up deal?  
The biggest man in Los Angeles is not Shaquille  
We had to reinvent the wheel, draft new blueprints  
Made a whole album, spent HALF what you spent  
then sent the rest to my people to invest wit it  
Custom fitted, if you want it nigga, come and get it  
and I suggest you bring a million niggaz runnin wit it  
Split it, feel it, hit it it's hot, look  
I ain't gon' stop til everybody's shot  
Muammar Khadaf's the dot, X mark the spot  
with an infrared to your head, left for dead  
Fuck the feds, flee the country then grow some dreads (ya mon)  
I suggest you keep your distance, for instance, the same distance  
it takes to get to the next solar system, motherfucker

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Strike one, when a nigga talkin shit with his hands  
Strike two, gettin caught in the wrong place with your pants down  
Strike three, tryin to fuck with the D-O-double-G  
D-R-E, or any of my Alkaholik family

Huh, Xzibit turn your vital signs to a straight line  
Never seen a dog bite and bark at the same time  
Restless, rugged, never relaxed  
Permanently owe you motherfuckers backs like tax  
Baseball bats and breaks upside of your head  
Homey STILL gettin swoll off water and bread  
I got this, retaliation, for any situation I'm facin  
and leave the stage with a standin ovation, it's like

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