

Handle Your Business

Xzibit

Yeah, uh, what, worldwide

Yeah, Im forever, ever lastin, spread the wealth
Procrastination like masturbation, your fuckin yourself
So we gonna move on em quickly (what)
No chance to think about coming back
Chain smoke em, turn they lungs black
See I was raised to love black, but sometimes
Black folks wanna sweat you harder than the one-time
Never participate in dumb, def and blind shit
Plus I got my little man, so daily I'm reminded
The ride only gets rougher (right)
But I'll be damned if me and my niggas suffer
Smuggle this motherucker with the raw shit, I'm blessed wit
Lookin at the world, burned for the young and the desperate
Showed heart, but got cardiac arrested
More than a nigga with an image and a press kit
The wreck hits, creates desert land, desolate
The whole intent to rock the shit, keep the herb lit

Handle your business before your business handles you
Mister X to the Z (and Defari Herut), one two
(Remain true, regardless what we go through)
Yeah, handle your business so you can stand on your on two
(2x)

Everyday I puts in down in LA, hustle in this
Assassin lyricist, serious, muscle in this
I call the bets, I know we got coordinates on more games to wreck
We blaze shows, never no Half Step
Tactics, B-Boys, no games no antics
No false images, no bullshit semantics
We planned this, for hundred of thousands
Reignin/Rainin on they brains with lyrics, from the mountains
Don't contemplate what you can't even demonstrate
Defari lottery draftpick, never the second rate
Nigga who wanna hate but front like its all great
I gots no time for these emotional niggas, I gots to motivate
Moves to make, best rhyme straight
That's for the old school, this here's our year, it's time to elevate
Handle this, don't hesitate got money to make
Push maximum levels from the Golden State

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This combination's high calibre
Hatians stay amazed and confused like this was algebra
I'm scoutin the, best land for property
Never sloppily, picture someone stoppin me
From gettin mine, line after line
And you wonder why I call these fake niggas Miller
they think they Genuine; I'm startin to shine, imported Italian
With a custom made Herut charm as my medallion

Seem like, I recite the same prayer every night
Watch my folks, make sure my dogs stay tight
And fully prepared to gunfight in broad daylight
Till then, lick it to the chin, let it begin
We could break bread or break skin; and watch me send it
Try not to break the law, sometimes I gotta bend it
And my directions, suggest for your own protection
You motherfuckers keep it movin like an intersection

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Serious business

Fuck you, like that Mr. X to the Z, Defari Herut. Yeah, yeah right? (3x)
What, keep it movin like this y'all