

## Recycled Assassins

Xzibit

There's no escape from the ones who harassin'  
The reason for the illin' is the reason for askin'  
Now I try to school 'em on the killin' and blastin'  
But season after season they recycle assassins now

He's too advanced for his own good  
He didn't get a second chance to see the glock pointed at his hood  
Makin' his way through the rain he's caught in the game  
He felt the pain of a slug to the back of the brain  
Nothin's changed in a city flask  
Where niggas lurk in black shirts pants and low hats, forever  
Until the job is done and no one's left  
My man Jeff told me with his very last breath  
To watch moms  
But they got her with the car bomb  
Pop tried to save her second blast got his arm  
Niggas play for keeps like casino  
Baby's has got fathers just got back from doin' Chino  
With nothin' to lose loose screws in the attic  
The only skill a nigga knows is how to strip an automatic  
And stash the barrel stab a nigga something terrible  
Death resume 20 kill in incredible time  
No guilt and shame  
On the mind stuck a nigga for lookin' didn't know he was blind  
So I find  
Mankind is a serious threat  
To another others kind when there's something to get  
In a vet gonna fast jet to the spot to see what they got  
Nobody saw shit cause it's not  
Cool to brake the rule of the code of the streets  
Niggas frightened by the visions of the blood on the sheets  
And it's deep how blood dries as a mother crys  
Open eyes gettin' landed on by flys  
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I came from a family of one girl and three boys  
Fuck playin' with toys our fun was on the block  
Watchin' all the cats negotate the neighborhood stock  
My job was to come runnin' whenever cops was comin'  
My older brother I figure was the ring leader  
Whenever these cats move they all bring heaters  
All black and nickel plated (c'mon)  
Soon became fasinated bitches cars and kicks  
And look at how fast they made it  
My younger brother gave less than a fuck he was content  
With G.I. Joe and Tonka trucks  
But I want butts, livin' first class delux  
15 years old soldier ready to serve these clucks  
My older brother was touched  
It's a game where you don't play gotta have cane  
Crack house for my birthday

The next day my brother shot in cold blood by the police  
In a rage he lived but he payed the price  
Caught with keys 25 to life  
Takin' in by the crew time to stand on my own two (c'mon nigga)  
But as I marinated thinkin' about the hood  
I really can't remember my body doin' good  
For long big decisions somebody got to make 'em  
Undercover recognize the face now can't shake a  
Phone tap (what) and now I'm in the belly of the beast  
Use to sittin' in leather sheets now I'm sittin' awaitin' release  
Visitors day, my younger brother came down  
Put the toys down excited about the first round  
He bust I was crushed to finally see  
The solution to the problem could of started with me  
It's on now

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