

## Year 2000

Xzibit

I wanna speak to you motherfuckers for a minute  
Yeah, what's happenin? Yeah thanks for the lighter  
Anybody smoke here? Yeah, aight  
That's uh that's more for me you punk motherfuckers  
Look, check it, look

Everybody here was born to hustle  
It's a very thin line between the boss and the muscle  
We foot soldiers, face first in the trenches  
Only time I'm on my back is fuckin these hoes and weight benches  
Yeah, Hell's Kitchen, raw tension  
Never cryin and bitchin or settlin for less, heh  
Metal in your chest, take a final breath  
Revolutionary, it's X-Man the mercenary, heh  
Carry a .44 Desert Eagle  
Feeding the people, even if it ain't legal  
Lowridin in the Regal or the Cadillac  
Money stacked probably give your ass a heart attack  
Purchased your last CD, I want my money back  
You see the battle I'ma see you in the street  
Survival of the first to draw the heaters and the cannons  
I'm guaranteed to be the last man standing

Crack a bottle for your hard time  
It's dedicated to my soldiers on the front line  
This one's for all of us  
Thinkin bout your casualties  
Learn from mistakes, protect your family  
cause it's the year two thousand  
(2x)

Everybody wannabe king, fuck everything  
All this shit is bout to me mine, I hear it all the time  
Live your life for the day  
Easier to burn than paper-mache  
Started with Dre, graduate to radio play  
I still ain't satisfied, bout to blast off worldwide  
Get in line check the politics  
Ever wonder why only certain motherfuckers get rich?  
Ain't this a bitch, barely can eat, barely can pee  
I dedicate my life to the street  
It's not for you if your stomach is weak  
Relax with dead bodies covered with sheets  
That's the only time I really find peace  
Havin violent stand-offs with the police  
North Hollywood beef, grindin my teeth  
Have you stuck and stunned in disbelief  
New breed I'm the bad seed  
Smokin weed 'til my motherfuckin eyes bleed  
Dedicated to the niggaz that despise us  
So ain't nobody 'sposed to be here besides us  
Catch a flatline

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Broadcastin live from Planet Los Angeles, right?  
Huh, it's X to the Z Xzibit  
What? New millenium

I was one that never begged for nothin  
Me and my homies build penitentiary huffin  
Runnin your mouth like a bitch cause you all on my dick  
What is he Dogg Pound now? Is he still with Tha Liks?  
Is he rich? Is Xzibit a Crip?  
This is business stay the fuck out of my family shit, heh  
A grown man, the back of my hand is what you receive  
The X-Files make you believe  
You check the Soundscan and do the math  
Me and my staff run a worldwide warpath  
A bloodbath make Xzibit have a good laugh  
It's goin down, hit the ground like a plane crash  
You lil' fags ain't prepared for the X-Man, scared and desperate  
Young and restless, there is no guest list  
Move to the back of the line, yo it's my time  
Prime time only where the beats and the rhyme shine

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