

Xzibit, Chamber Music

[Verse One:]

The official representative, LAC
This is phrophecy manifested by X to the Z
Victory, strike a B-Boy stance in khaki pants
Never get along like red and black ants, advance
When your staring and this concrete that move like liquid
Like a nigga without legs, I ain't tryin to kick it
To much to finish, a menace, without enough time
My mind only give punchline, you probably thinkin of the wrong kind
Cause if it jokes, nigga know
The kind that drop on your eyes, your ears, your nose, and your throat
I promote self-defense not dollars and sense
Kick it with scholars and pimps, you just the last part over the fence
Assed out in the open, while you was hopin that Xzibit was second rate
But I refuse to make; just another record in the crate
I think not, got bee-bops
I bring it to your house like pizza

"Today we are on the streets of South Central Los Angelos, a fight for survival"

"We have people that are conditioned not to expect to live past age thirty. They no longer. Once they no longer care they're extremely dangerous."

[Verse Two:]

Stand at attention, make sure you keep your piece clean
When I release steam, police crime scenes to guillotines
Hit and decapitate the bird case, featherweight
Critical thinking, while you at water that concentrate
Xzibit crash the gate, heavyweight, box em in
Seal off the exits, then cut off your Oxygen
Xzibit run with a regiment of veterans
I only like to come out Late Night, like Dave Letterman
Time for some medicine, cause niggas bout to get sick
Callin me a hater cause I don't ride dicks
Read my lips, we got problems like Bloods and Crips
Love the sound of clips when I know my shit
Chamber Music, this is for the ones with stone-face
That catch you at the right time in the wrong place
We unsafe, One-fifty-one with no chase and no ice
Take away your life like three strikes

Yeah, come on, Chamber Music

[Verse Three:]

So now Xzibit got a little money, I think its funny
How motherfuckers think I'm supposed to Cher/share like Sonny
Clarify, you don't work you don't eat, I repeat
You don't eat you get weak, catch a fragile physique
Accomplish more in one day, than you can do in a week
The X-Man, Wolverine, one swing to make the cut clean
And the wrong things manifested in flesh
Fuck the game, I take the test, graduate, pass to the S-Class
Catch a roadrash, all you smell is hash
Chronic mix, bumpin the Liks
And dick you like a Hebron fix
Bear-arm from here to a hundred-twenty meters
Get black-walled, modern day Lee Harvey Oswald
The assassin, brother who came blastin
Take it without askin, rappers is all fashion
Xzibit keep mashing through

Got any lost words? I got two
Drive up, on you like that!

Once again Chamber Music, what what, yeah, what the deal? It's Xzibit.

Get on the ground, get on the ground!
Hands on the back of your head, Don'
Move Don't Move!
Get on the ground!
[*beat to fade*]