

# Xzibit, Eyes May Shine (Remix)

Eyes May Shine (Remix)

f/ Mobb Deep

[Xzibit] (\*Havoc in the background: "No doubt" - repeat 8x\*)

Yea like this, rest in times, +Infamous+ Crew

yea +Infamous+ Mobb Deep, bring it down

Once again bring it live, yeah, like this

I'm on a path not thinkin bout a average man

Black Sedan my way through pitfalls and scams

Let the whole world know about this Likwit camp

Programmed to ignite on site

So now I'm standin in a whole new light (whole new light)

In a area where niggaz ain't tryin to fight (tryin to fight)

I feel my jaw get tight (get tight)

It's like, these niggaz get pumped up, and lick shots

at you, and yours, plus the motherfuckin cops

We got, blocks and blocks of non-stop hustle

21 backdrop, it's my turn to shuffle

Stay alert little pussy on the side can't hurt

Wear protection from the heats, so I don't get burnt

I got no time to be a star (\*echoes star, star, star\*)

I go straight from the car to the bar, and then get busy

Whenever provoked, I react like Bill Bixby

Incredible heat, X-to the-Z

and +The Infamous+ Mobb Deep, take it to the street

Don't waste my time (waste my time)

Tryin to disrepect me in your half-assed rhyme

(half-assed rhyme) that ass is mine

Been goin down like this since the beginnin of time

Eyes may shine

[Hook 2X: Xzibit + (Havoc)]

[X] Eyes May Shine, teeth may grit, AND ALL OF THAT SHIT

[X] And you still won't step so what's next (What's next?)

[X] All of a sudden, you ain't sayin nuttin

[H] You better off fuckin yourself, you need to stop frontin

[Havoc]

Aiyyo

I love my niggaz for that, it strike back, handle buisness

Test the realest, stay focused and keep the, enemy nearest

Niggaz is careless, slippin up, switchin up

Teams crossin over, they gettin stuck for they +C.R.E.A.M+

Frontin like the skills, is superb and got the nerve

to get knocked the fuck out and kicked to the curb

That's for you and your whole click

You rollin thick, more the better;

so like a dick bitch you gettin whipped, shitted on

Scuffed off a Mobb Deep song

Take your thug off, he had it on a bit too long

Tuck your chain in, you gettin yapped

for your faulty karat slum gold Cubic Zirconian ass havin

Talk about it, be about it, you ain't been doin this

So don't start, matter fact, keep it movin

When it's on, accumulate like cancer cells

wit advanced sells, leave a snitch dead son he can't tell

[Hook 2X: Xzibit + (Mobb Deep)]

[X] Eyes May Shine, teeth may grit, AND ALL OF THAT SHIT

[X] And you still won't step so what's next (What's next?)

[X] All of a sudden, you ain't sayin nuttin

[M] You better all, fuck yourself

[Prodigy]

(ye, ye, yo)

Yo, I send shots to any man that come too close

Niggaz get fold like a letter to ship across coast

Who Go? To go against my Militant Crime Militia

Like these street niggaz sendin' mis-sals to hit 'cha

Up from the ground up son, you get the picture  
If not, write it down, take a picture  
Pretend a poor exotic shit, keep me lifted, sum'in retarded  
You fuckin up my high beefin; don't get me started  
Too late - I'm already on your ass  
Beat the fuck out of anybody witcha, and anybody that grab me  
Move back, we attack, like pits locked in basements  
Hungry for blood, derangedest, crayziest  
type of shit you ever seen in your life  
Nigga bled to death, standin up, holdin his life  
Applyin pressure to his wounds tryin to stop the blood loss  
Found layin in a pool of the shit, his own fault  
It's P the Exaulted from NYC, you get extremely  
cut the fuck up by scar thieves (\*Hissin' Noises\*)  
Who can't recognize, do I have to prove all the time  
Then get up close and personal in front of your eyes  
See me dipped and down-low, ready for ac-tion, crept slow  
Moved on ya enterprise and crash ya stock  
Put a hold on your assets and dug up your pock'  
We National Geographic niggas is known for flippin  
This animal wildlife, surround me I live in  
And float through the jungle at night on expedition  
I got a jones for that live shit  
Survivors of block wars and crime niggaz know what I talk  
In a black Tahoe, throwin' a foat-load and blow the scene dancin  
Doing bout a hundred all the way to Queens...

[Hook 2X: Xzibit + (Prodigy)]

[X] Eyes May Shine, teeth may grit, AND ALL OF THAT SHIT

[X] And you still won't step so what's next (What's next?)

[X] All of a sudden, you ain't sayin nuttin

[P] You better off fuckin yourself, you need to stop frontin

[Xzibit]

Mr.X-to the-Z

yea, wit the +Infamous Mobb+

+Infamous+ Crew

From alive to direct, to you and yours

In the 9-6, 9-7

Xzibit Lyrics Index