

Symphony In X Major (feat. Dr. Dre)

Xzibit

-Xzibit-

time to snap out of it welcome to the real
world life like a hithcock flick, stick to the script,
if she cant stick t0 the script stick to this dick,
how she acting up for the fith, digging this shit
we dont need conversation, just crowd participation,
if ya here on vacation we got rules and regulations
separate myself from ya'll, segregation is it
turn it upagation trying to stop xzibit n dre
Humiliation, pure elevation got me
some inspiration, to bitches and bubble baths. a beautiful
invitation, got a live occupation
live for the moment im faced with an altercation
man-handle'n my opponents, i got eyes in the back
of my head, I never sleep so they blood shot red,
yo we so far ahead of our time if we could stop life
and press rewind u still wouldnt catch up till 2 K and

dime so turn it up

(chorus)

turn it up (turn it up)

this is it (this is it)

we da shit (we da shit)

step with it (step with it)

give a fuck (give a fuck)

who u wit (who u wit)

turn it up (turn it up)

-DRE-

truthfully speaking its lonely up here all by myself
so i had to come down and had to pass around some
help from NWA to whatever's next make sure it says andre
young in bold leters on big checks. ya shit aint selling
fuck it get doctor dre on it . u gotta budget ill get
down give me half of it one session one song, im gone
first week u hit the streets a star is born to add to my
universe let me show u who can invade who Nigga
and who can do the worse warning from the Surgeon General,
Watch out for fake hits and bullshit that sounds
identical pick it up read tha credits who u thought it was
Twenty years in the game with and constant buzz
pick a year any year see how hot i was same shit today
still dont give a fuck!

(CHORUS)stay in your place you cant face what we bringing to

the game bounce like this (bounce like this) blaze your
shit and get high for me!-Xzibit-let me here ya'll niggas something a whole
this product not to be sold no u cant cook it over a stove
u can flip and come back wit a mit dont make me reach to
limo tit. i just want my twenty percent, this is dedicated to
the people that spoke too soon i think i stop shooting those
Niggas and shoot for the moon, mother fuckers turn respect
on and off like a light switch im never be seen like fericon
fucking the white bitch jump i wont flinch, dump i dont miss,
its hopeless im never losing faith my focus so say what ya
gotta say, everyday a holiday we dont blow the roof we
blow the whole fucking spot away, organize religion,
like organize crime organize mind, organize the
nickles n dimes, organize vocaby organizing my rhymes
organizing my bizz, and organizing my times.(CHORUS)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>