Hurt Locker (Main)

Xzibit

Welcome*
All foreign passports to the left
All resident passports to the right
Ya dig?Welcome to my world of hurt, where I put in work
I got guns that knock you off of this earth
Stand up let yourself be heard, I ain't hear one word
I'm just bringing through what the crowd deserves
Cause what you want that's what we got
Once things begin, my nigga it won't stop
Lock down your blocks let's flood the streets
Now welcome to the world of Mr. X to the Z
Motherfucker I'm
Back with a vengeance, back with the business
I'm a vet with a pension, a man with a vision
I'm a man on a mission, so crowd around listen
This that hardcore heavy head bang, you've been missing
Go to Defcon one, if you don't comply
I might explode like a meth lab, there is no rehab
Bitches need knee-pads, a pound of some Zig Zags
That last like Etta James, I'm back let the cage rap
Charles Bronson, visionary marksman
Heartless, leave your intellect on your carpet
I don't really start shit, I just like to finish it
Dismember with a hacksaw, getting rid of it
I'm so militant, you so Gilligan, killing it
Heard you want the coast on your back
Yo, be careful what you wish for, good luck with that
You could be found in your trunk, with your chest collapsed, relax
Welcome to my world of hurt, where I put in work
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Motherfucker I'mMade for the masses, chromed out classics
Block after block, when I park so Jurassic
Cameras start flashing, everybody asking
Harassing, suck my dick with six aspirins
That'll keep your head tight, back from the afterlife
Locked in my hurt locker, built up my appetite

You need your name in lights, when I just need a mic
And I can level any playing field, like a sheet of ice
It's going down like when you cuffed, and they read your rights
I'm going higher, better bail, if you're scared of heights
I'm ritual killing prepare for a sacrifice
Roll her like a pair a' dice, lounging in paradise
Jealous niggas want to feed, like a parasite
Burn leeches off with cigarettes, I just need a light
I been around, seen the press get it shut down
I'm stadium status, the crowd got to move NOW!Welcome to my world of hurt, where I put in work
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Now welcome to the world of Mr. X to the Z
Motherfucker I'mA man dies once, a coward dies a thousand times
Your bitch asses on nine hundred and ninety nine
You only got one more, you better make it last
Before a lay this hurt locker to your fucking ass
Lock chop choppers, chop shop droppers
Fresh state to state until the feds came knocking
Call us in the clutch when your shows ain't popping
When your hoes ain't dropping, when your flows ain't rockingWelcome to my world of hurt, where I put in work
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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