

Spread it Out

Xzibit

I'm heavy hearted, heavy headed, misunderstand it
Try the permanent repercussions, I empty the cannon
I'm addicted to ganja, roll it up in a wood
Drink a gallon of henny, throw it up with the hood
I'm a rhyme for my people, give my people a voice
Never follow the leader, use the weapon of choice
This is not an illusion, this is not a mirage
Conversation with God, spilling my soul out
I own assault weapons that fold out like Megatron
The iron lung, try better bombs, I'm better alone
So tag along like a dog with a bag of bones
Smoke to the sack of gold, nigga on a grind
Put my motherfucker records on
So they can relate to the hate and the pain
To the struggle and strain
Never take it in vain, bring the one and the same
Press and push your forehead at the back of your brain
Let's spread it out, nigga
Spread it out, spread it out, spread it out
And you can't get none, you don't want none
Spread the fuck out, gets these hot ones
I try not to get involved with the nonsense
I'm from the time where you couldn't post comments
Couldn't hide behind a computer
Catch a fatal get shot by a shooter
A barracuda for Buddha
I maneuver to the manure, ignore the allure, the illusion
My bad, sorry for all the confusion
If you thought I was finished, if you thought I was done
The saga continue, bring it back on the one
I'm coming back with a gun, cause I saw that I know
Meditated intentions, my shit ready to go
Never taking it slow, in my profession you need aggression
A weapon, you can brand the shit to your own discretion
And I hear, just a sandwich, nigga, what's your preference?
I chose bad and now I'm headed in a right direction
They're sick of the decisions, now my family is good
Make you well understood, put you back where you should be
This go for all my people, people who see we're equal
I feel they come, it is dark, I protect us from evil
We misheard an illusion, car can make a confusion
People constantly losing, we suffer everywhere

Enough with all this swagger, party's a body bagger
We hear a session is starting, let me show you what's heading at
Money's so fucking tight, the root to all them fights
She make you wanna not ever, not ever come home at night
But she know that you go off with that stripping ho
While your woman is wondering where does all your money go
You try to make it rain, maybe lock you a chain
Maybe inducing brain from bitches everywhere
Pussy nigga, you lame, get on top of your game
Feed your family, man, this is simple and plain
Children retain, remember living without the pain
That's when they curse your name, they will see you do the same
Yeah, so spread it out, nigga

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