

# Bad Guys Always Die

Dr. Dre

The Wild.. Gotham  
The Wild.. West  
Ha ha, riiiiide..

All you see is the sun, reflectin off of the gun  
I'm ready for the showdown, that go down at one  
Sweat on my brow, let's settle it now  
I'ma show you how real cowboys get down  
I'm polishin gold, waitin for this drama to unfold  
I got a rolled  
Feelin bold, gangsters blood runs cold  
It's time to reload this old .45 colt  
The wind's gusty, it's hot, muggy and dusty  
Bust a couple shots, make sure I'm not rusty  
It's passed noon, he should be here soon  
Sip a little moonshine inside a saloon  
All of a sudden I can hear the sound of hoofs  
Sounds like a thousand wolves  
I cock back, put the toast in the holster and froze  
I pose like a poster, he's closer than close  
I hold the heat sturdy, I heard he fight's dirty  
but I'ma put thirty inside him and leave early  
And just when I went to fill him with hot lead  
I put the gun to his head, and this is what he said

You never met me, and you'll probably never see me again  
but I know you - the name's Slim - you want revenge?  
Then don't shoot, I'm in the same boots as you  
I'm tellin the truth, I got a price on my head too, cause when you..

You ride like a cowboy toward the sun  
And life ain't fun, when you're on the run  
Got your gold and you got your gun  
But life as an outlaw just begun  
Got your shotgun by your side  
Got your horse and you got your pride  
You ride til there ain't no place to hide  
It's sad cause the bad guys always die

He was "Shady," I seen by the look on his face  
He said take ten paces I took eight  
Spun around and I aimed straight for the brain  
My went bang but it only fired a blank, he said  
(You need bullets, hurry up run!)

I put a clip in the gun, and pointed at his lungs  
We both drew at the same time and stood stunned  
(Go ahead, shoot me, but I'm not the one you want)

I figured he was tellin the truth, that's why I didn't shoot  
So what we gon' do, it's on you  
(Do you recall when you and Snoop was a group?)

The Chronic!  
(Well all we gotta do is find a map to part two)  
(And plus I know who's got it)

Who?  
(Some old dude, he's got 26 plaques and he already sold two)  
Loaded up my saddle, got ready for battle  
Hid two pieces of gold inside of my saddle

We rolled two miles until we hit the spot  
An old ghost town that everybody forgot  
A place where they used to smoke chronic a lot  
Slim grabbed the shotgun (Dre here's the plot)

This is the spot, they call him Doc Loveless  
He's goin around sayin he took the game from us  
But he ain't got no legs, they cut 'em off at the stomach  
He's got mechanical legs, he spins webs  
Plus he's well respected by the hip-hop heads  
Our mission - is to get him to stop layin eggs  
And we can put him on his back down a flight of steps

I drew two guns, spun them on my fingers  
Kicked the swingin doors in, started gun slinging  
I could hear somebody singin - it sounded like a "G Thang,"  
and a verse from "Keep Their Heads Ringin"  
I said "It's Dre's Day," and started to spray  
Against 1800, he pulls a AK  
Hollow tips started flyin every which way

That's when I seen Dre in trouble and came with the gauge  
I fired the first shot, spun his body around  
He hit the ground and landed upside down  
Dre grabbed the map, the plaques and the gold  
I grabbed two girllies and a that's rolled

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(2x)

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