

# Legends Never Die

Xzibit

Ever since the day I got on  
They told me I would never make it this long  
Now years after the day that I'm gone  
They'll be playing my songs  
And my name will live on  
When everybody thought that I was insane  
I stood tall after all of the pain  
So let the good Lord call on my name  
Cause I done let my mark on the game

We never die (yeahh, never die!)  
We just live on (live on, live on)  
We never die (yeahh, never die!)  
We just live on

Yeah I'm a cowboy steppin clear  
With a pistol pointblank behind your right ear  
Yeah because fear is not a option  
Say my name three times, I appear with a shotgun  
Now what you motherfuckers want from me?  
I'm from the gutter, I'm medicated by drug money  
Take everything, there ain't nothing else  
You can take from me  
Never break from you niggas  
Swinging until my hands bloody  
Time flies dreams die people lose faith  
Tryna hide behind a lie with a straight face  
Buzz kill, boots on the ground cause I'm straight lace  
Fuck love, never needed love in the first place

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So many doubted so little time  
So many haters coming to mind  
Later for waste cause moments to bind  
Because I would never look back  
And regretted this fuckin life  
Around I do it for the ones who supported the dream  
And making every second of their life as a part of my team  
It take the heart of a lion  
The crown of a king  
Bring up a throne and you keep the frame in mind  
But you still singing my songs  
Still serial kill the bullshit, spit up the thrills  
And if you will, you're not the killer  
For real I be dealin  
The run of the mill, with no skill, top Billy the dun  
That's why I reply legends never die

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Yeah I was born to live forever  
I am legend gather my thoughts  
And line'em up together  
Feel like pullin' my own Beretta put it to my head  
Better days ahead  
Left for dead with my daily bread  
Yeah I'll cause a slaughter in your tabernacle  
I stole your castle and guillotined your queen  
Los Angeles to the rotten apple  
I'm playing tackle  
Get it, the crush's cold like  
Going to war with the Russians  
Starving like my ribs and my stomach is touching  
I'm filthy as a pig  
Always drinkin' and fuckin  
It's just my destiny till the death of me  
To be stand and deliver  
Confessions of an unapologetic serial killer

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