

# Stand Tall

Xzibit

Sometimes it all just come together, you know?

I put my city on my back, now,  
And push the haters in the background  
Together we walk, but divided to the struggle, we fall.  
Got my city on the map, now,  
That's why I could never back down  
Never back down, show 'em through it all,  
You gotta stand tall.

To all of my friends, enemies and affiliates,  
Burn the back wood, burn it down to your fingertips.  
Let the whole world recognize this accomplishment  
You couldn't have told me none of this back in '96.  
The ability to crawl upon the bottom, this bitch,  
This is our time I'm spending mine rockin this bitch.  
I still remember the very moment I was enlisted  
I studied under sadistic, gangsters is with the business.  
And when there's blood in the streets from my brothers and sisters  
They wanna debate on television about the victim.  
Right or wrong, if Trevon was my little man,  
I would take a chainsaw to Zimmerman.

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For all the moments I wasted on making others happy  
Attack me, I'm bulletproof, hack me, I'll seen a virus through.  
I never lied to you, still roll with a choosen few,  
Spit every word and I mean it, meaing I really body you.  
'Cause I would rather be in hell then a jail cell,  
I'm Hancock, superheroes lend me cocktails.  
I never fail, don't try to patronize me,  
Alert and painfully aware of everything in my surroundings.  
I am shaved, fully shining, never touched the silver lineing,  
The only cross that I bear is covered with some fucking diamonds.  
I hear my city calling, here come the juggernaut,  
With twelve hundred soldiers in the parking lot.

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So, figurin ain't option,  
How do you think I made it out that corner apartment?  
Turn my corner to my market, and now I target the same,  
Niggas, I thought, all of that dumb shit.  
'Cause when the gun click and that bullet leave you can't get that life back

,  
Karma is a bitch and believe me, she'll get it right back.  
They say that success is the best revenge,  
But who really wins if we all die in the end.  
If I had it all, then I probably wouldn't pray the same  
And the cloth that I'm cut from stich together with pain  
My name good on every corner in my city,  
You don't believe me, then come fuck with me, slim.

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