

Thank You

Xzibit

Yo, listen, huh

I just wanna thank you, for bein around
And patiently waitin and holdin me down
It's easy to see, for Mr. X to the Z
That without no you, there could be no me
I just wanna thank you, for bein a fan
And watchin me grow from a boy to a man
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You 'bout to hear some words, that you ain't probably heard
With all of these rappers pullin triggers and flippin birds
I know it sound absurd, cause they don't tell the truth
They prostitutes, fuckin contaminate the youth
But yet I'm guilty of, the things I said above
No matter my faults still continue to show me love
Naw I ain't perfect mayne, but yet I stay the same
I play chess not checkers but this is not a game
And this is not a song, and this is not a verse
It's not conceived, or simulated or been rehearsed
Spent the first half of my life, thinkin that I was cursed
Could have been hit with a hollow, follow behind my hearse
That wasn't meant for me, I spent a decade
makin it what it's 'sposed to be, hopefully brought you close to me
All these people approachin me, don't even know the half
I could be facin life but X is signin autographs, damn

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My son's 11 now, I got to see him grow
Makin his free throws, the way he laughin at the show
Yo he remind me of me, when I was ridin bikes
He gon' be taller than me, he got my mother's height
But yo you know the difference, between me and them others
They say you buggin when I call you my sisters and brothers
I coulda missed it all, I coulda dropped the ball
Mind of Metallica, motherfuck 'em and "Kill 'Em All"
I used to hustle raw, I used to run the streets
I used to hustle heats, I grinded all my beef
Most of my homies is gone, restin in peace
Some'll never see release from custody of police, but me
But nah my little dude get to go to private school
And I can do the things my father couldn't afford to do
That's what it's 'sposed to do, this is from me to you
Support from you and yours, thank you for gettin me through, true

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We buried Proof today, it really broke me up
to see my brother in that casket, maaan what the fuck?
Media made me angry, I had to soak it up
The future is fragile never promised to none of us
Hittin so close to home, but what I focused on
is how he lived, the lives he touched, the cornerstone
We never walk alone, although sometime it seems
that nightmares go hand in hand with livin out dreams
So let me take this time, from my struggle my grind
to let you know that I appreciate you by my side
It's been a long ride, a lot of long nights
A lot of long flights, worth every sacrifice
A soldier of fortune fearless fightin the good fight
I never had a plan B, I never lost sight
That's why I hit the stage, that's why I kill the mic
It's for my fans that's ridin with Xzibit for life, RIGHT!

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Thank you, for lettin me breathe
For lettin me be who I am, huh, yeah, huh
Two little words, y'all never get to hear enough
Knahmsayin? Yeah that, hehe..
Yes.. the return
Uh-huh.. breathe!