

# Da Last Outlaw

Young Bleed

"Come on out with your hands high!  
"Hahahaha, with your hands high!  
Hahhaha huh I better reason with him"

Why don't you ride to the rhythm of a nigga don't give a fuck about ya'  
Won't even talk about ya', ho  
You ain't know? I'm just a hustler, in spite of myself  
Ridin' all by myself, without no one else  
Looky here  
On my Doc Holidays, boy I piss upon your grave  
And wipe the smile away  
Nigga, don't even try  
Fistful of dollars, we gon' ride  
Ya hear me, nigga?  
See I ain't got that many friends, white tombstone  
[???] Me and Rudy go to war with - anybody

From the niggas, to the killas  
They callin' me a bad man ridin' 'cross the desert plains  
And Mama still can't explain without the 'caine  
It's raw, boy  
Cowboys hear the "Yippie-yi-yay!"  
Murder dancin' where the Indians play  
Watch what you say  
Durin' the spiritual ritual huntified ceremony  
Clickin' swines[?] that'll get you on a Shetland pony  
Memoirs of a madman - Killer Carl Cox and Bill Watts  
'Couldn't rassle nappy niggas with a lasso  
Heated like Tabasco, it's on  
Nigga quick on the draw  
And he get to bustin' on them bitches like the Last Outlaw  
Uh, nigga what!

"Hahha...  
Cowboy I'm gonna [???] you are a testly li'l cuss(whistling)"

Niggas and bitches call me Nino Corleone, I got a license to kill  
But ain't no playa hatin' in me, I got love for the real  
So if you see me with my [guv?], just move and step aside  
Hit me up and let a nigga just ride  
South Side  
Got your mouth wide, buckin' for nothin'  
Now if you're 'bout it, be 'bout it 'bout it, and without no discussion  
Now if you're talkin', keep talkin', and get a dick in yo' mouth  
Don't hide now, torchin' up the whole house  
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?  
Picture me coolin' on the 6th day of June  
Down in Cancun, Mexico  
But if you stress me, ho, I guess I gotta let it go  
And ain't no shootin' up at the moon  
I'm tryin' to knock yo' ass up out the saloon  
Cock, kaboom!  
In a raccoon hat like Davy Crockett  
Fuckin' wit' that opium, getting high as a rocket  
And, um, rocket gonna blast, for playin' with the trigger  
Nigga, rocket put a cap in a nigga(boo-ya!)  
Full a' that weed

Watchin' motherfuckers bleed  
But not takin' heed  
Steady proceeding with their devilish deeds  
Fatal with flaw, mad at the world with no regards for the Law  
Finna' get to bustin' on them bitches like the last outlaw  
Huh, nigga, what!

"I coulda killed ya Dick, I coulda killed ya.  
But I don't want to kill ya, I want to eat"

I fought the Law, and the Law won  
You see, I shot the sheriff but forgot his son  
Totin' on a shotgun with pistol full of hot ones  
"Ay yo, sheriff, he still wit' you?" I popped him and dropped him  
And took his potna's crown  
It's a brand new sheriff in town  
And I don't think you want to fuck around  
Double jeopardy for the deputy dog  
Fuckin' wit' a hog  
Say y'all, y'all motherfuckers tried to ball  
The rise and fall  
For y'all, nigga, I'll be a huckleberry  
Spittin' fire from the blood that me and Lucky Knuckles carry  
Legendary, hereditary for niggas that know  
I'm out the window with a stagecoach, fresh out the poke  
My homie Loc gave me an order that the blind could see  
Told me to blow him away, or make him ride with me  
Put on your boots, cowboy, and pass the pound  
I got the moonshine water makin' wine(nigga)  
One of a kind, genuine  
Know when to hold 'em and fold 'em  
y'all niggas gotta give me mine before I roll 'em, though  
Playin' is raw  
Quick on the draw  
Hollerin' 'bout "Fuck what you saw!"  
Chewin' on straw  
Steady bustin' like the Last Outlaw!  
Huh, nigga what!

"You gotta test yourself every day, gentlemen.  
One you stop testing yourself, you get slow.  
And when that happens, they kill you."

[Gunshots and screams]