

Last of a Dying Breed

Young Jeezy

Welcome to the life of a young thug nigga (yea)
Only hang out wit' them criminals and drug dealers (ayyy)
I'm from even where dead die (die)
But try an' do it big like the kid from Bedstuy
I see death around the corna and I ain't scared
I got a carbon 15 and I'm fully prepared (that's right)
Lord a mercy 20 rounds in a clip (yea)
Outta line get 20 rounds in ya hip (ayyy)
Shoot first and ask questions lata' (lata)
The answer is it was all about the paper (yea)
Everything the game is shit to lose
And a new forty-five that I'm dyin' to use (yeahhhh)

If ya real like me (like me)
Throw ya hoods in the air so the whole wide world can see (ay)
Last of a dying breed, last of a dying breed, last of a dying breed
And if ya real like me (like me)
Keep that thang on ya hip that's just the way that it's gotta be
Last of a dying breed, last of a dying breed, last of a dying breed

I done seen niggaz come and go
Shit the whole world done seen what I done before
We do anythang when the funds is low
I'm the reason outta towners don't come no mo'
Let me show you niggaz how to break down the whole thang
My nigga B.G. know Buck been a birdman
It's got to be in ya blood to be a thug
If I ain't makin' enough I'ma jack my plug
We was born in it
Not sworn in it
You can go against it or you can join wit' it
Made my mark so the streets gon' remember me
Now come and get it nigga Cashville Tennekee holla back

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Some of the dudes we thought was real O.G.'s was O.B's
Cause they talked pleas and included G's like you and me
The first step was going to set a trap
So in a short period, they convinced the grand jury to allow a phone tap
And if they listenin'
Not once did they hear us mentioning
Murder and a cocaine distributing
Through all that was dividends comin' in
I'm strict legit, and better yet we too smart for ya bullshit
Callin all cars (callin all cars)
Hit your brother along
And tell 'em hurry up and come them niggaz got gunz
Man down, shots fired, only fuck niggaz and cops died
First stage of a riot
And them fucks couldn't sneak by
Oh you want to witness some shit

Fine bitch, be quiet
Because they only got what you tell 'em
And only witness that they had, the bitch was layin' there dead
Shot in the street all red, with two shots to his head
Cause he was workin for the feds
And the last informant, informed us
They had it out for us
For a bird that he got popped for
So ride or die for him (ride or die for him)
Better yet, you better kill 'em
Cause I think he's gonna be the bitch to tell 'em
And he probably done all ready told 'em
But then again with out a witness them bitches ain't got shit

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