

Queen Latifah F/ De La Soul "Last Day"

Visit "[Last Day](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro/Chorus: The Lox

Can I live til my last day
Hittin honies that be na-sty
Gettin money in the fast way
And I only care halfway
But I still can't let you pass me

[The Lox]

Yo what's beef to you, three niggaz with hoodies and
bats
That ain't shit compared to one small cat with gats
When we came here we cut off all kind circulation
Breathin, eatin, the whole situation
When we do our shit we do our shit for real
While you take your money for your deal and make
your own beats
Compose your own sheets, that's aight but chill
I'ma spend that mil and cop only hot shit
Rock top shit you know how The Lox get
Then you can see me flyin in the Bentley cockpit
Lox and B-I, hold our grica down for years
Gang not, but we been had our black tears
Niggaz under the stairs only understand what we got
Underground, all above must get shot
You couldn't book me Dano, see Luciano put the
burners
to all y'all, what nigga bring it I'm callin y'all

You already know what it's about when I run up in your
house
Put the gun up in your mouth and get the money out the
couch
Hearin you out is senseless, perhaps for instance
I give this faggot a french kiss
Black gloves, no prints, dark tints
Word on the street they ain't heard from him since
You know about life after kicked the kid in
Since me and my mi-dan can flip seven gri-dams
Scri-dam the flow is forbidd-en
Either you ridin or you dyin cause we swingin iron

Lox and Poppa, turning niggaz into Jim Hoffa
Who gon stop us, it's your last joint double copper
You gettin money or your runnin from the Feds
Ain't nothin over here but sixteen and one in the head
And I solemnly swear
That all y'all niggaz out there got a problem this year

Chorus: repeat 2X

[The Lox]

Before you think of keepin me down, heatin me down
The flow like water get deepe and you drown
with no soul, many niggaz roll with no dough
Even the small Dunn got a little black hole
Your destiny is somethin you can never figure out
Niggaz is never happy til there's blood up in your
mouth
There's a lot of killers, but who the hell are you to play
in this?
A lot are dead, how the hell you take the pain?
Live with it got money you better get with it
My man had the thug in him did his bid with it
Get married to the game but never have a kid with it
Advice from the wise, slice the pies
Too many schemes divides, when dreams collide
Teams provide, war for the street to absorb
Stashed in the ceiling and you slept on the floor
Only a blind dove'll fall in love with a whore

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Uhh, uhh, uhh
Who the fuck wanna squeeze?
My Desert Ease make MC's freeze
You wakin up in cold sweats, they just dreams
You still apoligizin, analyzin, my size and your size and
realizin, a fist fight would be asinine
You just pop wines I must pop nines
Genuine steel piece, nozzle in your grill piece
You're shook up, two bricks, every cook up
We can hook up, all I see is the future
Disrespect, I shoot ya
By the way, them bricks, get flipped weekly
Sold by soldiers that mix weed with the leak leak
Die for a dollar nigga, life ain't sweet
Play for keeps wet shirts with experts on the creep
I be the mob fiance, about to marry it
Illegal transactions in Farragut with Arabics
Why not, they fit twelve up in the bedroom
Imagine what they stash is like, make you a classic like
my first LP, beef with me is unhealthy
Fuck around and get an ul-cer, loose your pulse or

collapsed lung, look how many gats I brung
For them homos, still doin promos
Break both your legs you're movin slow-mo, got shined
to glow mo'
Nine hundred and ninety six grams, you need for mo'

Chorus: repeat til fade

Visit [Queen Latifah F/ De La Soul](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.