

Sixfeetdeep

"Last Real Nigga Alive"

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[Intro]

Uh, uh, uh, uh

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Lord have mercy, Jesus Christ

He's just nice, he just slice like a ginnsu

Look at the life that I been through

I'm the last real nigga alive, that's official

[Nas]

Y'all don't know about my Biggie wars

Who you thought 'Kick In The Door' was for?

But that's my heart, y'all still trippin of this Jigga shit

Real niggaz listen up and I'ma tell you how the whole
thing start

Off top I brung Queens up from hard times

Rockin at the Fever, streets was all mine

It was my version of the blues, droppin our schools

The crack epidemic had rap representin new rules

So I, got in 'em shoes, tried 'em wore them

Wasn't a perfect fit, so I couldn't sport em

Young murderers ride, I knew all them

Jungle got shot, Will died, we was warring

I wrote it in my album

I was 18 when Lake seen the Island

And Lord held me down and

My surroundings started changing

I had a baby, I was making my rounds with AZ

Niggaz started noticing my flow and was open when

The Golden Child closed 'em in with more style than
them older men

Puff tried to start a label, Prince Rakeem had formed
Wu-Tang

Snoop and Dre had a new thang

So Puff drove his new Range through Queensbridge
Projects

He let me drive it, before Ready to Die hit

BIG and I hit blunts performing at the Arc

Next thing you knew, BIG blew and all the balling starts

He had Kim and his crew, I found Fox

Only niggaz in New York with number one charts

B.I.G. was ahead of his time, him and Raekwon my
niggaz
But dig it, they couldn't get along
That's when Ghostface said it on the Purple tape
Bad Boy biting Nas album cover way(?)
BIG told me Rae was stealing my slang
And Rae told me out in Shaolin BIG would do the same
thing
But I borrowed from both them niggaz
Jigga started to flow like us, but hit with 'Ain't No
Niggaz'
Had much Versace swagger
B.I.G. admired the Brooklyn knight and it took him in as
Iceberg the rapper
Today don't know nothing, about this bullshit
There's more shit than wanting to be this King of New
York shit

[Chorus]

[Nas]

Rap became a version of Malcom and Martin
Rest In Peace Will, Queensbridge live on
There's some ghetto secrets I can't rhyme in this song
There's some missing pieces I had to leave out
I had lot trust for Steve Stoute
At some point till I got to know him
We old friends, but what's loyal?
Puff soaked Interscope offices
With champagne bottles on Steve, and Steve thought
the drama is on me
Cause previously it would have been, against whoever
Friends forever
However, I learn, with some niggaz it's all business
But I'm a street dude with morals
To diss niggaz with Jigga too much, he used to say Jay
wanted my spot
I laughed, stayed home, never hung a lot
A quiet man who used to be alone planning
Baby moms thought I was too quiet, couldn't stand it
She hit the streets, later on she hittin the sheets
With a rapper who wanted me on his songs, thinking he
strong
I taught her how to watch for cars that might follow
Tauht her street shit that I know
Her weakness was shine yo
But that's her, I ain't mad baby, it made me stronger
Now I get my paper longer
Illmatic I was boss
It Was Written I flossed
One of the most creative LPs ever to hit stores

In the Firm I learned I am Nastradamus
QB's Finest, Oochie Wally, faced more problems
I gave it all up so I can chill at home with mama
She was getting old and sick so I stayed beside her
We had the best times, she asked would I make more
songs
I told her not till I see her health get more strong
In the middle of that, Jay tried to sneak attack
Assasinate my character, degrade my hood
Cause in order for him to be the Don, Nas had to go
The Gam-B-I-N-O rules I understood
What you want, see, I already had
The Gift and The Curse? Fuck that shit, the first shall be
last
I'm the man's man, a rapper's rapper
G-O-D S-O-N, they'll be none after
I was Scarface, Jay was Manolo
It hurt me when I had to kill him and his whole squad
for dolo..

Uhh, uhh, uhh

[Chorus]

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