

Young Jeezy f/ Ill Will, Trick Daddy, Young Buck "Last of a Dying Breed"

Visit "[Last of a Dying Breed](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse 1 - 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)

[Chorus - Ill Will]

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

[Verse 2 - Young Buck]

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

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Trick Daddy]

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

[Chorus]

Visit [Young Jeezy f/ Ill Will, Trick Daddy, Young Buck](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.