

## Dj Bobo

### "The Last One"

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

Intro:

Pump up the track some for your partner

Chorus:

Lets see how many rappers can go the length  
Back in your system with extra strength  
We eat emcees, outdo and surpass em  
But what's gonna make ya different than the last one?

Verse One: Casual

Boy you touchable  
No need to get apologetic  
Get your bottom dollar, bet it  
Its your problem, I'm a let it  
Alone, the High Priest on the microphone  
Taking historical lyrical oracles to the dome  
My rap is blessed, miraculous  
In fact the impact is just, spectacular  
Intact with the knack to bust butts  
Need I discuss?  
My rhymes make your brain freeze like slush  
Or slurpees, with unpredictable bumps like herpes  
Lets see if you can serve these superb emcees  
All you thirty-third degrees  
I've figured out history's mysteries  
My kinetic energetic poetic motion  
Subsides your synthetic notion  
Of being the best, fully pressurized  
Back up off the microphones, I suggest, you guys

Chorus (2X)

Verse Two: Casual

I'm the epitome of shit we be trying to do  
When we go and write a rhyme or two  
You need some competition?  
Boy, you better find my crew  
We make clean cuts like a diamond do  
Inclined in the mind  
And the beat hit with perfect timing too  
When I come to your community

I'm flexing diplomatic immunity  
Protection connection  
Legalize MP5's just to tear up your section

Pep Love:

And this is what you must stay aware of  
Hieroglyphics faction  
Back in your system with extra strength  
The eternal energy interaction  
Got me developing quicker and  
You in a predicament  
Punk!  
Politicians still wishing we would take  
Their prescription for death  
Got my trigger finger itchin to grab the mic  
Dishing the truth and the magic  
Bust with magnum force  
And advance forth

Chorus (2X)

Verse Three: Pep-Love

We got to fertilize the soil  
Actualize the turmoil  
Then sift through the facts and the lies  
The world and the war is intense  
But I remain relaxed in my intents and actions  
My lyrics are bottomless pits  
Now they got the red dot on us  
Is it a hit?  
We escaped every plot on us  
Watch as we aviate on tape  
And make a statement with what we create  
Just wait til the tide break, or dust settle  
My ? vibrate, and if I must bust metal  
Adjust the level  
Release the clutch of the devil  
While I conduct this concerto  
Traveling the ruckus to bring justice  
Ring through abyss  
And bliss'll overwhelm you  
(Now that we at the helm)  
You don't quit  
We go into a realm you never been  
And seldom conceived  
Perfection achieved

Chorus (2X)

