

## French Montana "Last of the Real"

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I'm gangsta  
I'm gangsta  
Alright  
Aye

We the last of the real  
Pull count it must feel  
Last of the real  
My gun speaker out of that verse  
The last of the real  
Pull count it must feel  
Last of the real  
My gun speaker out of that verse

Stay strapped, got a big number one supersized Big  
Mac  
3-57 in the 57 Maybach  
Made you fucking niggas sloppy  
I be Rocky Asap, lay you down face flat  
Man the last of the real, stackin the mills  
I ain't talkin bout no lipstick when that Mac in your grill  
Last of a dying breed, when I fire these  
Hundred rounds, nigga stop speaking Guyanese  
Got a clip and a chopper full of flower seeds  
Niggas hanging all choppers where your momma sleep  
We the best coke boys, nigga you ain't heard

My gun speed you of that way  
We the last of the real  
Pull count it must feel  
Last of the real  
My gun speaker out of that verse  
We the last of the real  
Pull count it must feel  
Last of the real  
My gun speaker out of that verse

Okay now play like I'm pussy  
Killas fuck up your night  
20 goons in your kitchen  
Why you skyping your wife?

Like here the stash? In the safe  
It ain't no asking you twice  
My trigger finger be itching, that bitch be switching  
them why?  
I'm like the last of the real  
Well I own the half of a pill  
Jumping off that bucket for real  
30 niggas ain't crip with the steel  
You don't want them problems, you don't want that  
drama  
But I'd watch your mouth, you must be bonkers  
You don't know of your momma, then it's how with  
marbles  
Black on black, feeling like I knew Obama  
Can I do no commerce to your coupes  
Is why this miss Madonna  
Motherfuck the loyal to your honor  
Money and power, I talk that shit yet again

My gun speed you of that way  
We the last of the real  
Pull count it must feel  
Last of the real  
My gun speaker out of that verse  
We the last of the real  
Pull count it must feel  
Last of the real  
My gun speaker out of that verse

Last of the real, blue steel  
We the best, we the realest  
Me and Montana, never leave my home without the  
banner  
Stop with my real vest  
The last of the real  
The one with the money and the whores  
Boy fat pussy, finding beating on the floor  
Blood clot, real to the floor  
They don't make us no more

We the last of the real  
Pull count it must feel  
Last of the real  
My gun speed you of that way  
My gun speed you of that way  
Ra pa pa pam speed you out of that way

We the last of the real  
Pull count it must feel  
Last of the real  
My gun speaker out of that verse

We the last of the real  
Pull count it must feel  
Last of the real  
My gun speaker out of that verse

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