

Joe Budden**"Last Real Nigga Left"**

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Look-

Everybody wanna talk about who's the nicest
A bunch of grown ass men in a midlife crisis (ughhh!)
I don't really see what all the hype is
You got some 'G-Money' ridin' around in them
Chryslers?
Guess they still sleeping, bad case of the itis
Be Siegfried then Roy fuck around with them tigers
Listen...

[Chorus]

I don't think its no real niggas left (ah huh)
I feeling like its no real niggas left (ohhhh; nahhh)
Or maybe all the real niggas just left- or
Or maybe I'm the last real nigga left

See I don't understand why nigga's act this hard
Some niggas is "BALLLLIN" with the practice squad
They don't holla at'cha mans
Cause nigga hit and run like Carmelo, I'm assumin'
they in La-La Land
I'm talking BLOCKA, man! 10 deep in that DollaVan
And won't leave until you Aqua, man
I done seen it all, done it all- what they gon' tell dude?
Once you try to marry the game, they Sean Bell you
Rather you in Bellview, cops wanna derail dude
Like Jenny Aniston up in that hotel room (ohhh)
One man chain gang, bitchhes wanna know what's his
AIM name
Niggas wanna see about his aim game (talk to 'em)
All this yappin' about holdin' M's
Get ya weight up, you lookin' like the Olsen twins
A bunch of vague ass niggas, I'm WAY past niggas
Treat me like a Prince, Morris Day ass niggas
Hundred miles and runnin', duckin' a court summons
Albums? Just one in!; Livin' like Mr. Drummond
Nigga's gon' learn about puttin' me in they speech
When every dead president they own'll be impeached
(Even) J.C. murder rate'll be increased
Throw a nice suit on 'em, and let 'em be in peace,
geez!

[Chorus]

I don't it's no real nigga's left (nahhh)
I'm feeling like it's no real nigga left (ah huh)
Or maybe all the real nigga's just left- (ok)
Or maybe I'm the last real nigga left

He wanna pop shit, about how he cock it- its gossip;
stop it!

Ain't nothing about you that says "Brolik" (nahhh)
I hear ya lil freestyles talkin' about you buy tools
(dawg!)

You just a lil nigga, known you since high school
I made niggas, aside from that I'm a made nigga
Sent you to the store for me, you was like my maid
nigga

You outta ya league, you fuckin' wit a Don
These Urkel ass nigga's is turnin' into Stephon
How hungry, B? You scrub money to me
You livin' wit' moms, you more like Bud Bundy to me
Might clap 'em up, revolve 'em
You like my Lil Scrappy, and you don't want No Problem
He broke, you can't rob it

It's Joe, you can't stop him! (nope)

Not unless the feds grab me-

You want 60 Minutes? Treat 'em like Ed Bradley
And his squad know, I'm ridin' on horses
Yours is like Barbaro, how you want a part of Joe?

Can't get in this game, maybe at half-time

You not a livewire more like a flat line

You livin' in a mean world

Bitch niggas sit around hopin' for a deal, I'm callin' 'em
all "DreamGirls"

Clap Joe? Never the day

And before you put my name in your mouth, have
something better to say!!

I mean...

[Chorus]

I don't it's no real nigga's left (nahhh)
I'm feeling like it's no real nigga left (ok)
Or maybe all the real nigga's just left- or
Or maybe I'm the last real nigga left

You ma'fuckaz makin' me laugh, at least chuckle
Weight of the world on 'em, knees won't even buckle
And dudes think they causin' an uproar- fuck Y'ALL!
And this impotent disses, ain't even gotta get up for
If I wanted you dead, I'd hire a nigga
Ain't gettin' my hands dirty, tryna fire at niggas (and-
sooooo)

Fuck dustin' off the Mack again
When you meet your Final Destination, its gon' look like
a accident
Niggas ain't making it hot, they might sizzle
And don't confuse Making It Rain, with like drizzle
Care less about what chart he on, I'm so far beyond
Wit' a heart like Omarion, for you maricons
Underground legend, ahead by eons-
Fitted white tee on, Couple hundred G's on
Pee on peons, skate off in your Scion
I'm coughin' up acid, you spittin' up Freon
Send slugs flying-
Have ya brains leakin' on ya chain
since niggas wanna rock these Blood Diamonds (talk to
'em)
And anybody thought I fucked wit' dudes
Just lettin' me know- they took the short bus to school
Put some mills on that-
They say "Hip Hop Is Dead", but the real is back
Now how real is that?!
... I mean, uh

[Chorus]

I don't it's no real nigga's left (nahhh)
I'm feeling like it's no real nigga left (ah huh)
Or maybe all the real nigga's just left- or
Or maybe I'm the last real nigga left

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