

## Lil' Kim

### "Last Man Standing"

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Chorus (4x): You don't know me  
My weapon's here to tell ya

[Lord Infamous]

Torture til they gone, never stay alone, killas, laser  
chrome

Hunting in the zone, where the enemies roam,  
Massacre the town, fire all yo rounds, make em all fall  
down,

Please don't make a sound, hear the Devil growl

Please don't go to sleep, never go to sleep

You may not awake cause I'm goin to take you deep  
down beneath

The Scarecrow's in the woods, creeping through the  
woods

Creeping through yo hood, please don't be so scared

Go and take a look

I got behind the steel, may I be forgiven, I didn't mean  
to kill

Now I wipe your bone and blood off my windshield

I'm sitting in the park, fire on the lost, watching body  
parts

Burning into sparks, bloodied on my saw

Lord Infamous is me, psychpathically, driven in the  
mind

Seek and you shall find my evil is blind

Cause I give a fuck less, color of your flesh, I just want  
to mess

Up your fuckin chest with my jet black tech

Chorus 4x

[Gangsta Boo]

Playa what you know about the south side?

Not a damn thing, but yo ass do not realize

South is takin over, nigga, squashin all this bullshit

North, east, west, it's all good, gotta represent

Comin with the quickness, oh my goodness, it's this  
gangsta bitch

Never solo only roll with niggaz down with Triple 6

What you gettin jealous fo?

Nigga you don't know me so  
Bustin so Mafia World, Mafia makin money ho

[Juicy J]

Yeah, this Triple 6 Mafia click it's real  
Fool it ain't nothin fake  
We tote them glocks and keep them cocked and never  
hesitate  
You wanna run up to this click and talk that ?flodge?  
and shit  
And have yo ass tied up and thrown away off in a ditch  
Or see me bitch, drop to yo feet while you flow 20 deep  
Deep in the Mississippi River wrapped up in a sheet  
And then ya know the Last Man Standin can't be you or  
me  
How could fuck with this and my fuckin N-i-n-e?  
BEEYATCH!

Chorus 4x

[D.J. Paul]

The Last Man Standin'll never be part of the B.O.N.E  
Comin from that ? 4-0, searchin for my enem-eny  
Niggaz tryin to come quick, shut it up you fixin to die  
trick  
40 caliber, gonna rowdy ya to the brains, you fixin to  
die, bitch  
Huh, in the Mid-south we cannot see ya, may never  
wanna be ya  
When you come up out that Chevy with yo draws off  
Sawed-offs we be aimin, never with yo games-es  
Automatic my brains is, shootin yo fuckin brains in  
Three 6 mutha fuckin Mafia, fools we gon rocket ya  
Wanna after party ain't no stoppin us  
Comin from the M, ain't no love for her or him  
Here's a blast from that blast  
Man I doubt ya even last in the past  
You thought you had some characters, fuckin the  
wrong click  
6 niggaz gonna carry ya, I bury ya  
Bitches alive after the rest of demands  
The Three 6 Mafia, the last to stand  
After the war is over

Chorus 4x

[Gangsta Blac]

Deuce, deuce down, drinkin crown with the Texas thugs  
Scrugs, ain't no love, catch me slummed of them  
fuckin drugs  
Boys Club bound, lost and found, biggest man around

Never try to break me down, ?tre 8? though, gon fuckin  
clown  
You don't know this nigga  
What, malt liquor got you thinkin strange?  
Rico with that fo-fo through the d-z-oor, you don't know  
this man  
G-a-n-g-s-t-a, bitch, glorified shit, trick  
Ain't no need for this cause a man will kill you quick  
Nigga!

[M-Child]

It's almost nightfall, let me slip on my murderer mugs  
A smile to a frown make a nigga think that I'm on drugs  
Orange Mound where I be, Mackin Child is who I be  
A young to arrested got you stressin to my mystery  
Psycho kids split yo wig, all over the mighty dollar  
Fuckin with my Devil this ho let this beam up out yo  
collar  
Comin deep, Mafia deep, puttin you niggaz to fuckin  
sleep  
A bomb in yo pager, now watch it blow when the Child  
beep  
BITCH!

Chorus

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