

Little River Band

"Last Alternative"

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Hook:

Ain't no use in throwin' blows
I just wanna smoke you hoe
Ain't no use in throwin' blows
I just wanna smoke you hoe
Ain't no use in throwin' blows
I just wanna smoke you hoes
I just wanna smoke you hoe
Ain't no use in throwin' blows
(2x)

[Verse 1: Tommy Wright III]

Hollow points spray, everyday, all day, till the day that I
fuckin' die
Street sweep through the hood wid my nigga Kiki in the
wood
wid the ooze, hangin' out the sunroof doin' drive-by,
You survive, that's a lie, fifty niggas standin' on the
corna
watchin' every muthafuckn' move you make,
Some perpetrate, shootin' ball on crate,
Got rocks in they socks, NARCs come nigga break
Bullet penetrate, in a nigga face not payin'
Tryna fuck wid Tommy Wright don't fight just blast,
Last nigga died, when he tried, pimpin' big,
got killed, blood spilled, dump they body in a field
B-I-G woulda probably gave you "One More Chance"
But not me, on my tone, get the phone
Dial 911 and reserve you a ambulance
Bustas braggin', eye cappin' lyin' bout who they done
put to rest
Prove it to me, do a street sweep,
Put a hole in a nigga chest that forgot to wear a bullet
proof vest,
Bloody mess and bloody sink, bloody hands, bloody
pants
Wasn't shit different when I moved in South Memphis
for the nigga millimetre for they broad got pimpin'
Lampin' on the track wid ah handful ah rocks
and ah Ziploc glock on safe, gotta watch UFO,
undercover 5-0,

Still on parole can't catch another case,
Creepin' night Tommy Wright, no street lights in the
hood
go to war with the world if I gotta,
Roll up ya sleeves, put ya dukes up and bleed,
Tommy Wright don't fight, wrong move, ratter-tatter

Hook (1x)

[Verse 2: La Chat]

Hoppin' on these bitches, leavin' 'em wid stitches
Reason why I do these funky hoes,
If you bitches got some anna bring the shit on
cause La Chat still won't go,
Cappin' all these suckas, fillin' these bustas
Shoot 'em to the ground wid my nine that I tote
Bitches wanna test my motherfuckin' pimpin'
Best believe that's a motherfuckin' lesson hoe
Beatin' these bitches to the ground,
That's my hobby I like to do,
Busta ass hoe got a glock at her side
Betta pull it cause she got no other choice but to shoot,
Threaten my fuckin' life hoe that's a no no you lil silly
hoe,
You one hoe, that I know that done know,
that your stupid ass gotta vamp gotta go,
Evil signs I do not see, it's just the hatred in my blood
It's just me when I feel the need I'm poppin' them
motherfuckin' slugs
Bitch I am the scandalous I do not play them silly
games
Never plan to fall will we put none ah these bustas
lemon lames
Know this anna's on my mind, it keep me doin' a fuckin'
crime
Never like caught, slippin' bitch, I bet I keep my fuckin'
nine
Got some anamosity, here's my fuckin' do' key
Get that shit up off your chest
My 20 guage track will handle the rest

Hook (1x)

[Project Pimp]

I gotta be makin' that cash, the bigga my stash
I put on my halloween mask,
Time to go trick or treat, fold up them swisher sweets
Makin' them lemons lay down in the grass
My weapon I'm grippin' ain't no time for slippin'
The Pimp and I'm all about makin' that cheese,
Robber who robbin' them bitches for riches and

dumpin'
ain't no stoppin till I get some kis,
Full ah that weed, so I can proceed wid my plans
and take care my family through problems,
Hit up my nigga that wanted Li-zo and Terrel
Some playas who down to go robbin',
Think that I'm flodgin' don't slip and get killed by them
bullets
that fly from the .45 clip, that cocaine is in my brain
Got me straight doin' thangs, to them hoe niggas when
I catch 'em slip
No mercy for suckas and bustas when I'm on my hustle
I take care ah my business off top,
Regardless whoever that nigga might be
when I take all his cheese, I bet he get shot, be clippin'
that glock,
It full wid black talon for static I might have to aim on
ah low,
I kick it wid killers, dog dealers, graveniggas
who squeeze on the triggas, we dumped on 'em low

[Tommy Wright III]

Tommy Wright, creep at night, ready to take your
fuckin' life,
Roll them dice, get a side bet
Tommy best shot betta aim that I get,
Murder one expert, drinkin' red rum
Hoe my mouth don't move cause I talk wid ah ooze
Slip on my gloves, Tommy gots no love
Two glocks Tommy shot two cops on a rooftop
Pistol grippers, leavin' y'all bodies in plastic bags wid
zippers
Where I'm from niggas come wid pistols
Tommy got a tech in the middle ah the street yellin'
who's next
I'm gon' buck 'em, and I'm gon' stuff 'em
Tommy don't love 'em it was only fuck phonies
Six feet to me ain't deep
Can't be seen wid ah dead dope fiend in the passenger
seat,
Really don't give a fuck, nail it to your nuts
Everyday parlay sun down, sun up
Niggas don't want no peace so they pack a piece wait,
Murder show at twelve can't be late,
Fuck scrappin', Tommy Wright cappin' and dappin'
when the damage is done, do away wid the gun
On the run, real billy sippin' O-Z,
Ten wanted men feelin' deep, trick or treat, fuck tha
police

Hook (1x)

[Tommy Wright III]
Dig that, Memphis niggas ain't scrappin' no more
Especially ten wanted men, fuck scrappin' we cappin'
It's on like cap, BIOTCH!

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