

## Ludacris

# "Last Of A Dying Breed"

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Oww, Luda!

I done killed so many niggaz in the booth I sell rappers  
on eBay

Cause every one of my verses been instant like replays  
Speakers get blown like candles on yo' B-day  
Cause Luda's catalog got mo' records than the DJ

The bank yells "mayday" cause every day's a payday  
I put it on tape and then I'll sell it like Ray J  
But not out the sto', nope, straight to the buyer  
Cause I slung 'em out my trunk like the D.C. sniper

And six albums later you'll deposit every word  
'Til your memory bank gives me the credit I deserve  
Top 5, damn right! But really it just hit me  
That three of yo' top 5's too scared to fuck with me

So how can I advance if you don't give me no  
opponents?

How can you see the future if you livin' for the  
moment?

Hip-Hop couldn't die, I never offer my condolence  
But I'll offer y'all a day of atonement, cause

I'm a lyricist to the death, so I got what you need  
Ludacris, I'm the last of a dyin' breed  
And we almost extinct, so I'm sayin' it loud  
Say it with me, MC means move the crowd  
Say it with me, MC means move the crowd  
Say it with me, MC means move the crowd  
M-MC means move, means move, means, m-m-move  
the crowd

I got it baby, and I'm an MC, I move the crowd like  
Moses

Like the Red Sea I wear red like roses  
Go against me and you'll be dead like roses  
Spittin' at your head full of bread like toasters

Never had a holster, I keep it on my lap  
And hip-hop ain't dead, it just had a heart attack  
But you see I keep it pumpin', yeah I got that heart back

So just call me Little Carter, or Little Cardiac

Precious like an artifact, valuable like a quarterback  
Hannibal like they call me Jack, throwback like a Starter  
hat

Now how did he thought of that? I mean how did he  
think of that?

I mean how did I think of that? Now like a rental, bring it  
back

I mean how did I think of that? I sit by myself  
sometimes  
Someone should throw me a surprise party for every  
rhyme  
Every time I do it, I do it dirty like swine  
For the dirty and fine, hip-hop, I'm alive!

I'm a lyricist to the death and I got what you need  
Weezy F, the last of a dyin' breed  
And we almost extinct, so I'm sayin' it loud  
Say it with me, MC means move the crowd  
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the crowd

Oww, they say O'Reilly don't like him, nope  
Oprah won't invite him, nope  
The president denounced him no one will announce  
him, no!  
Controversial lyrics like I'm cryin' for help  
I'm very talented, but I should be ashamed of myself

But this is my art, art, this is my music  
I'm speakin' from the heart, hit record and I'll lose it!  
Bite my tongue for no one, I'll put you on blast  
So all the news channels, y'all could kiss my ass!

And if I dish it I could take it, fix it if you break it  
Could hit rock bottom and I'm still gon' make it, why?  
Cause I'm a born hustler, natural survivor  
Seed of a gangsta, I put that on my father

YouTube or Google me, turn it up and play it  
Cause many people think it, I just had the balls to say it,  
what?  
And risk losin' everything, I stand for the weak  
Plus I live for my freedom of speech, cause

I'm a lyricist to the death, so I got what you need

Ludacris, I'm the last of a dyin' breed  
And we almost extinct, so I'm sayin' it loud  
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