

Ludacris

"Ludacris - Last of a Dying Breed"

Visit "[Ludacris - Last of a Dying Breed](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[amazing intro...]

[Ludacris:]

Luda!..

I hadn't killed so many niggas in the booth,
I sell rappers on e-bay,
Soldiers couldn't cause more disaster on D-Day,
Haters better cover up their jon like freeway
Cause every hit record's been instant like replays,
Hold the line I got yo moma on 3-way,
Tell her Luda's got more records than the DJ,
Tell her she should blow me like candles on yo B-Day,
Cause I signed more lines than she's passed on da
freeway,
Mo' checks than you ever could imagine,
Mo' wood up in ma whip and
Than a forest full of cabins,
And yes I stay high on that purple like Aladdin,
Them women say I talk more game than Jon Madden,
Howd it happen howd dey let me in the booth,
How dey let these rappers lie,
How dare I tell the truth!
I'm the truth, and these other boys phoney,
It's a movie so act like you know me...

[Chorus - Ludacris]

Im a lyricist till the death,
So I got whatchya need,
Ludacris, I'm the last of a dying breed,
And we almost extinct,
So I'm saying it loud,
Say it with me: 'MC please move the crowd'
Say it with me: 'MC please move the crowd'
Say it with me: 'MC please move the crowd'

.. [D]... ing]

[Lil Wayne]

I got it baby!
And I'm a MC,
I move the ground like Moses,

Like the Red Sea,
I wear red like roses,
Go against me and you be dead like roses,
Spittin' at yo head for the bread like toastas,
Never had a holster
I keep it on my lap,
And hip-hop aint dead it just had a heart attack,
But you see I keep it pumpin,
Yeah I got that hard back,
So just call me little carter,
Or little cardiac,
Precious like an artifact,
Valuble like a quarterback,
Edibale like they call me Jack,
F**k that pipe and start 'ack,
And now did he thought a that,
I mean now did he think a that
I mean now did I think a that
I'm like that little bring-you-back,
I mean now did i think of that,
I just buy my self some time,
Some one could throw me a suprise party for every
rhyme,
Everytime I do it,
I do it dity like swine,
For the dirty and fine,
Hip Hop I'm alive!

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

This is music muscle mania,
my verse is on steriods,
Probably planes,
I'm the Jet-son like Elroy,
Flyin' through the sky at amazin' speeds,
We on the super man cush and that amazin' weed,
The new bentley came out,
My team said: Luda, get it!
20 thou says I'm the only nigga with it!
New arrow on yo brain,
like a A-town fit it,
And I'm not E-40 but I'm so sick wit it!
That my flow got the flu,
Hoes I gotta few,
But I'm stingey with the doe,
I'm like no not the 'U'
What the f**k was you thinkin!
Off what I'm thinkin',
Me and Wayne on that lead,
What the f**k was you drinkin!

Stinkin like that dead body off in da wood,
So I snatched her like a weave coming off in da hood,
And if you down for no bad,
Then up to no good,
And it's important that you make it understood?...

[Chorus]

Visit [Ludacris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.