

Masta Killa

"Last Drink"

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[Intro: kung fu sample (Masta Killa)]

After this drink.. we-we-we..

Now become sworn enemies!

Huh-huh, after this drink, we

Now become sworn enemies!

Sworn enemies!

(Uh, yeah, come on, come on, come on, pick your gun
up

Come on, come on, come on, salute nigga

Real cats)

[Chorus: kung fu sample (Masta Killa)]

After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!

(Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on,
come on, come on)

After this drink..

(Come on, come on, come on, come on, yea

Yeah, real warriors style)

[Masta Killa]

Hear the crowd start holla

Stepped on stage in the wallabee clark

Mic check sound correct, so vivid

Like I'm stepping out the speaker, streets taught

Never leave an enemy behind, when he goes

He might strike again another time

I came home from the warhead, fucked up

From the things that I saw

Women that were kinning me, slept with the enemy

General strayed, the ghost seemed tempting

They were deceive, what they were promised, was
never received

I cock aim, squeeze the gun at M.C.'s

Not for a dollar, not for the fame

Not for you to holler, or shout the god name

A risen one from the slums, speaks with authority

The dart well flourish, the wise pursuit wisdom

The fools soon parish..

[Chorus: kung fu sample (Masta Killa)]

After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!

(Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on,
come on, come on
Yeah, yeah, get your gun ready)
After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on,
come on, come on
Yeah, what, come on, what, yeah, uh-huh)

[Masta Killa]

Ahh... this is born everlasting
The style came blastin', through your component
Makin' ya'll want it, but ya'll can't clone it
Deliver to the booth, the truth is so raw
Hard to the core, wild as a boar
A lion like roar, forty day tour
Through the Singapore, boat with the ore
Struck a nerve when he heard the words so clear
His heart was hardened, by the lies and deceit
Then came a beat as rare as leap year
Sparked something inside that made him wanna ride
And go cop the tape, he searched for, for years
Like an old beat break, Hypnotic on ice
Chillin', he drankin', Armored Truck tankin'
Crowd charmer, it's the Iron Mic balmer
Piercing through your armor, bad news that you can't
diffuse
Short fuse, you know we can't lose

[Chorus: kung fu sample (Masta Killa)]

After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on,
come on, come on)
After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!
(Come on, come on, come on -- come on, come on,
come on)

[Masta Killa]

Ahh, see the God light so bright, I hoodied up the sun
to glow
Few lines from the mindstate, create fat tapes to go
From the present day, let's motivate
The universe borns itself, I just insist in the action
Testin' in the land of lust, stood firm, in the God I trust
Met hate at the gate, grieve, no need
Jealously took his head, and then fled
Bangin' in your walkman, live from New York, in
One instance, look, clone from existence
Ride like a crocodile on the death row
The Iron Mic poem..

[Chorus: Masta Killa]

Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come
on, come on, uh
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come
on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come
on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on, yeah, ahh, yea..

[Outro: sample from "Cheers"]

Making your way in the world today, takes everything
you've got
Taking a break from all your worries, sure would help a
lot
Wouldn't you like to get away, get away, get away..

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