

Too Much On The Beat

"Last Song"

Visit "[Last Song](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This gon' be our last song
Yeah our last song together
Since 98 we been thru both good and bad weathers
And regardless of the 5 mics and radio hits
This whole lifestyle we living
Now is making me sick
Trust me now this ain't no interpersonal crisis
I'll break it down in points to show how miserable life is
You know my moms and pops
Joe they brought me up righteous
But temptations why my life's like this
Smile and reminiscing the lost numbers of skins
Free opportunities have made me dishonest to Tim
This whole fan phanatic b'nez
Got me kind of afraid
Remember that girl in Penang
Who carved my name wit' a blade ?
All over the body
If that's how Malique affect fans , I'm outtie
We can't be blamed
If they school grades turn out lousy
Cause they practise breakdancing
Doing flares all day
Just because they saw Malique
Doing it in his inlay
And not to mention all the crazy calls
From God knows who
Just to call and hang up after screaming
I love you
From getting notes on my car in my carpark to under
my apartment door
And nasty yo-o-oh's in the store
Feeling uneasy in public when witches
Beg me for kisses
And people staring at me on urinals
While taking pisses
A privacy intrusion argument number one
Laced with sin and guilt from fame is overweighing the
fun
My second line is blinkin' now you gotta hold on
Imma leave you with the chorus that I did

For this song,
Be right backâ€¦â€¦.

(Malique's Chorus)

This gon' be be our last song
I know you want this to last long
You prolly hear this song and ask me to act strong
But stress is buildin up Imma blow
It's time for you Joe to go solo

(Malique)

Yo sorry bro I'm back and guess what ?
Well that was Tim's mum
Claimin' Tim was in the city
Right before the city's bâ€¦â€¦
She mentioned bout a concert
Alicia Keys or something
And still she hasn't called
It's been like a week or something
That's my girl of 9 years and
Now I'm worried still
It sucks to deal with this
Long distance relationship
And plus the fact she gon' get a degree
Then come back and get a job
And make more money than me
The same for you Joe
You got something to fall on to
This group can only last for how long
How long foo' ?
While I can I better come up
With intelligent plans
Before I end up hiding my face
Like the elephant man
Those were points to digest
And most of them were rather personal
We made alotta dough though
Well that was worth the while
Regards to Bone , Cat and everybody in the crew
And tell the b-boys the air swipes
Will come in really soon
I better start packin' now since
I got a stronger reason to leave
Pray for me and Tim please
And if I never come back trust me things went
according to plans
Your partner made it in foreign lands, for real
The next flight to JFK is tomorrow at 2
So peace , one love and may the memories
Be with you, oneâ€¦â€¦

(Malique's Chorus)

This gon' be our last song
I know you want this to last long
You prolly hear this song and ask me to act strong
But stress is buildin' up Imma blow
It's time for you Joe to go solo
This gon' be our last song
I know you want this to last long
You prolly hear this song and ask me to act strong
But stress is buildin' up Imma blow
It's time for me to go

(Joe)

What you saying man ? Did I hear you right ?
Stick to the game plan man, it's gon' be aight
This can't be our last song now
Now I know you're confused
Too Phat breaking up be blowing up in the news
Ain't prepared to leave this rap game
Only roll with the best
Only gon' stop rapping when they lay me to rest
And no less I'm a handle this test
You talking crazy son
Ain't no problem we can't solve
And this 'ish ain't no reason
For you to be gone gots to look beyond and ahead
We've come a long way and spread this hip hop ish
Not from a negative aspect but in a positive way
Kids in small towns freestyling when they parlay
And the thousands of fans that rock
When we blaze stages
Line up for hours to get autographs later
And think of how we took the industry by storm
And got all kinds of people buying our album
You ain't gon' quit now
You gotta think this through
I got ya back for real son now stop acting a fool
Imma hit you back later ain't gonna take that long
Peep the new chorus that I did for the song

(Joe's chorus)

This can't be our last song trust me son
You got all wrong
Before you know it ya problems will be all gone
Keep it together don't mess up your mind
I know this stress ain't but a bless in disguise

(Joe)

Been doing a lotta thinking
Need to get this off my chest
Too Phat breaking up might be for the best

Getting sick of cameras under tight scrutiny
Dashing out of arena surrounded by security
And groupies roaming lobbies
Just ain't fun no more
They stalking as hobbies
And I ain't gon' run no more
Plus one more think that I need is a new challenge
A long vacation b'fore I pursue my education
Made a promise to my moms and go study abroad
Maybe some day we'll hit 'em back with an encore
You go show them yanks how us
Cats rock them crowds
Then you best blow up and make your potna proud
Takeover Bad Boy go buyont P.Diddy
And maybe Illion will become reality
I know you worried about you boo yo
I'm sure she'd fine
You go handle your's and Imma handle mine
I guess it's bout time we lead different paths
Listen to the chorus it's gonna be our last

(Joe's chorus)

This could be our last song I know
I wanted this to last long
But somehow yo we both gotta move on
Hell yeah we had fun while it lasted
But now Too Phat's a thing of the past

Visit [Too Much On The Beat](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.