

Young Bleed

"The Last Outlaw"

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"Come on out with your hands high!
"Hahahaha, with your hands high!
Hahaha huh I better reason with him"

Why don't you ride to the rhythm of a nigga don't give
a fuck about ya'
Won't even talk about ya', ho
You ain't know? I'm just a hustler, in spite of myself
Ridin' all by myself, without no one else
Looky here
On my Doc Holidays, boy I piss upon your grave
And wipe the smile away
Nigga, don't even try
Fistful of dollars, we gon' ride
Ya hear me, nigga?
See I ain't got that many friends, white tombstone
[???] Me and Rudy go to war with - anybody

From the niggas, to the killas
They callin' me a bad man ridin' 'cross the desert
plains
And Mama still can't explain without the 'caine
It's raw, boy
Cowboys hear the "Yippie-yi-yay!"
Murder dancin' where the Indians play
Watch what you say
Durin' the spiritual ritual huntified ceremony
Clickin' swines[?] that'll get you on a Shetland pony
Memoirs of a madman - Killer Carl Cox and Bill Watts
'Couldn't rattle nappy niggas with a lasso
Heated like Tabasco, it's on
Nigga quick on the draw
And he get to bustin' on them bitches like the Last
Outlaw
Uh, nigga what!

"Hahha...
Cowboy I'm gonna [???] you are a testly li'l
cuss(whistling)"

Niggas and bitches call me Nino Corleone, I got a

license to kill
But ain't no playa hatin' in me, I got love for the real
So if you see me with my [guv?], just move and step
aside
Hit me up and let a nigga just ride
South Side
Got your mouth wide, buckin' for nothin'
Now if you're 'bout it, be 'bout it 'bout it, and without no
discussion
Now if you're talkin', keep talkin

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