

Young Buck

"Last Of A Dying Breed"

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Last of a dying breed
Last of a dying breed

Welcome to da life of a young thug nigga
Only hang out wit dem criminals and dem drug dealers
I'm from even where da dead die
But try an do it big like da kid from bed stuy

I see death around da corna and I ain't scared
I got a [Incomprehensible] wit 15 and I'm fully
prepared, that's right
Lord a mercy 20 rounds in a clip
Outta line get 20 rounds in ya hip

Shoot first and ask question lata
Da answer is it was all about da paper
And everything da game is shit to lose
And a new forty-five that I'm dyin' to use

Say if ya real like me
Throw ya hoods in da air so da whole wide world can
see
Last of a dying breed, last of a dying breed
Last of a dying breed

If ya real like me
Keep that thang on ya hip that's just da way that it's
gotta be
Last of a dying breed, last of a dying breed
Last of a dying breed

I done seen niggaz come and go
Shit da whole world done seen wat I done before
We do anythang when da funds is low
I'm da reason outta town as don't come no mo

Let me show you niggaz how to break down da whole
thang
My nigga B.G. know Buck been a [Incomprehensible]
man
It's got to be in ya blood to be a thug

If I ain't makin' enough I ma jack my plug

We was born in it not sworn in it
You can go against it or you can join wit it
Make my mark so da streets gon' rememba me
Now come and git it nigga Cashville Tennekee holla
back

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And if ya real like me
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Some of da dudes we thought was real O.G's was O.D's
'Cause they talk pleas and includin' G's like you and me
The first step was going to set a trap
So in a short period they convince da grand jury to
allow a phone tap

And if they listen in
Not once did they hear us mentioning
Murder and a cocaine distributing
Through all that was dividends comin' in

I'm straightly gettin' betta yet we too smart for ya
bullshit
Callin' all cars, it's your brother-in-laws
And tell 'em hurry up and come dem niggaz got gunz
Man down shots fired only fuck niggaz and cops died

First stage of a ride and dem fuck couldn't sneak by
When you on a witnessin' and shit five bitch be quiet
Because they only got what you tell 'em
And then da witness that they had to
[Incomprehensible]
Was lyin' there dead

Shot in da street all red wit two shots to his head
'Cause he was workin' for da feds
And they last informant informed us they had it out for
us
For a bird but he got popped for it

So ride or die for 'em, betta yet you betta kill 'em

'Cause I think he gon get da bitch to tell 'em
And he probably done all ready told
But then again with out a witness dem bitches ain't got
shit, say

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