

Fat Pat**"Tha Last Man Standin'"**

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Bottom all the way to the top
And it seems like a struggle but I had to get out, no
doubt
Bout my paper so I had to mash, 150 on my dash
So you know I'm rollin fast, all about my cash
Ain't no time to play, put it in perspective
Time for ho-checkin, bitchmade nigga wreckin
What, uh, with that talkin down shit
But don't know shit, but all up on my dick?
Miss me with that sideways shit, I'm on a mission
Pay attention, watch the news, got my shoes, pay ya
own dues
And pick ya own fools to ride wit, get high wit
That do or die shit, that no lie shit
We multiply chips and gain fat grips, but I tell you
If yo eyes ain't open, they'll get ya, if I catch em I
smoke em
Uh, if I catch em I smoke em, uh, if I catch em I smoke
em

[Chorus]

I kept my mind on my paper - yeah, I stayed on my
grind
While the haters and the hoes - yeah, they all talked
down
All the way to the top is the way it gotta be
It's the Mister in the place, so what do you see? (2x)

Pullin up on the corner, jumpin out my Benz
Holla at that boy Tony and a couple more friends
Conversatin about Benjamins and niggas who owed us
ends
Pulled Tony to the side, asked him if he wanted to
make quick wins
A couple of chickens, Tony was game
And I ain't seen that boy to this very day
I'm rollin with my nine, on sight it's going down
Blastin for my green, puttin it all on the line
I couldn't believe it, good guy gone bad
But when I catch that cat, he wish he never had
The streets be bumpin bout sitations, bout takin care of

my business
Hell naw cuz, I ain't bullshittin, that nigga's gonna get it

[Chorus]

Playas get gangsta too (that's right)
Jumpin out my gators into my stomping boots
To make a nigga feel it if it's like that
Cuz knucklin up ain't a nothing for Mr. Fat Pat
But ain't about no bullshit, all about my mail
Stack my ends, floss my Benz, aid my clientele
That he say she say - a bunch of bullshit
Just mad cuz a nigga fuckin his bitch and tryna get rich
And what about the snitch, that boy ain't say nothin
Put his body in a bodybag and burnt off on my buttons
Came struttin through the lobby, I seen that boy Tony
The Lord only know that I had my pistol on me
Do or die situations, hesitation will get me killed
And I knew that Tony had his pistol up in here
Gunshots rang out and I'm tha last man standin
Mr. Fat Pat standin strong bustin him with his goddamn
cannon

[Chorus]

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