

## **Last Emperor**

### **"Echoleader"**

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#### Verse 1:

It's like one for the microphone two for the camera  
Three for deadbeats vagabonds panhandlers  
Street scramblers alleyway managers  
Substance abusers born losers mic damagers  
Everybody screamin' representin' keep it real  
But I'm still a worthless bum tryin' to get a record deal  
Peep my lingo and every wise word the man speaks  
I've been living on the streets and haven't showered for  
weeks  
But time moves forward, there's no looking back  
I'm homeless in pursuit of a record contract  
I wish my whole crew was paid in full like Rakim's  
But instead we're malnourished with skeleton-like limbs  
Instead of a land cruiser with BBS rims  
I got a busted pair of boots, and they're not even Tims  
See most mc's claim their pockets stay knotted  
Puttin' money in the bank, but point blank, I ain't got it  
I used to pump chums, for money in lump sums  
But now I snatch crumbs with a thousand young bums  
I'm the everfresh, what I still possess remains  
measureless  
My brain contains jewels and gems like a treasure  
chest  
Raw deal, no lie, that's the real  
And I can't remember the last time I had a hot meal  
Society labels me a bum, and that's right  
My crew keeps it tight, bums of the world let's unite

#### Chorus:

This one's for all the neighborhood bums  
To all my brothers in the gutters, in the slums  
In every city, no matter where you're from  
To all my boys, make noise if your bum  
(Repeat)

#### Verse 2:

Allow me to explain the mission, the pain infliction  
I entertain so listen, my style rocks like Jane's Addiction  
Mc's don't impress me, they know not to test me  
We'll be at each other's throats like Mr. Belvedere and

Wesley  
Especially, when wack rappers open up their mouse  
traps  
They know not to tangle with these bums from the  
outback  
You see you can't miss what you've never had  
The life of a bum really isn't half bad  
We're never alone, cause bums travel in packs  
We combine fine lyrics with underground tracks  
We rock the best shows, placin' mc's on stress mode  
You can tell a fellow bum from his raggedy dress code  
We rock raggedy kicks, and wear raggedy pants  
We rock raggedy mics, and sing raggedy jams  
like,

(Group of bums)

The bums have the right to lay the down the law  
The bum train is leavin' from track number four

The bummy engineer is the Last Emperor  
Hard rock like The Thing from the Fantastic Four  
While most mc's rhyme about guns and shootin'  
I drop science on their domes just like Sir Isaac Newton  
Big up to Q in Brownsville, that never runs  
Lift up your fist and shout, long live the bums

Chorus

Verse 3:

Crack your brew, light your spliff, it doesn't make a dif  
Creamy light peanut butter, choosy mothers choose Jif  
Overlord of the poor, man not a myth  
It's the Last Emperor that you don't want to flex with  
I'll place mental lacerations and allessions  
On mc's and domestic and foreign legions  
I might be flambeau, but read a book of allessions  
The emperor switches up styles every season  
In the spring, I do my thing, relaxin' and that's it  
In the summer, just like a pirate, I attack ships  
But winter maybe, my favorite, one of all, but Jamal  
Is a Legend of the Fall, just like Brad Pitt  
I'm known to lyrically black shots on behalf of have nots  
Lock it down with the sound, equipped with chains and  
padlocks  
No gadgets, no gimmicks, no tricks up my sleeve  
And I won't play the Superman role like Christopher  
Reeve  
See you can learn a lot from a dummy  
Keep it real, better yet in '98, let's keep it bummy  
Bein' broke is no prob, you don't have to rob  
But if you're frustrated cause you can't find a job

Have no fear the emperor is here to help ya  
Respect to all my bums, I'll catch you back at the  
shelter

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