

Blueprint

"The Last Song"

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[Verse One] I was top ten before I ever made a solo records Huh, yeah yeah, now check the method As I proceed to steal your rims and Pelle Pelle The whip looks complete when it's sittin' on 20s Funk monkey My fam is full of alkie and junkies There's 8 Million Stories in the city it's a pity Never hear me on a track if the drums sound shitty Shout out to the Minor League and my dawg Plead (The 5th) He disappeared to get his lifestyle in order Went back to school and sacrificed for his daughter I ain't mad at you Life grabbed you, fuck rap And if you wanna talk dawg you know where I'm at Same phone number For the last three years Same address, playboy, I'm right here And if you choose to walk away and stay Unseen Never stop writing, never forget your dreams [Verse Two] What up Ill? I hope your family is strong Down in the Natti the same shit is goin' on Loud mouths rattle Scribble Jam battles Cats wanna collabo Tryin' to catch up with you Those cats that we served last year tried to appear Like they hurtin' somethin' Word to mother, heard them frontin' And they be bitin' on deliveries Wantin' me to give them beats I front like I'm with it But they ain't gettin' shit from me I heart you did a show with the Last Poets I'm so proud of you dawg I want you to know it There's very few here that inspire me to rip it (who?) Plead The 5th, SP, CJ The Cynic Loved by fans and hated by critics They can't take nothing from us bro, we did it Send everybody in Columbus my love You was my nigga when push came to shove

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