

Alan Jackson F/ Jimmy Buffett**"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', and get a dick in yo'
mouth
Don't hide now, torchin' up the whole house
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout?
Picture me coolin' on the 6th day of June
Down in Cancun, Mexico
But if you stress me, ho, I guess I gotta let it go
And ain't no shootin' up at the moon
I'm tryin' to knock yo' ass up out the saloon
Cock, kaboom!
In a raccoon hat like Davy Crockett
Fuckin' wit' that opium, getting high as a rocket
And, um, rocket gonna blast, for playin' with the trigger
Nigga, rocket put a cap in a nigga(boo-ya!)
Full a' that weed
Watchin' motherfuckers bleed
But not takin' heed
Steady proceeding with their devilish deeds
Fatal with flaw, mad at the world with no regards for
the Law
Finna get to bustin' on them bitches like the last outlaw
Huh, nigga, what!

"I coulda killed ya Dick, I coulda killed ya.
But I don't wanna kill ya, I wanna eat"

I fought the Law, and the Law won
You see, I shot the sheriff but forgot his son
Totin' on a shotgun with pistol full of hot ones
"Ay yo, sheriff, he still wit' you?" I popped him and
dropped him
And took his potna's crown
It's a brand new sheriff in town
And I don't think you wanna fuck around
Double jeopardy for the deputy dog
Fuckin' wit' a hog
Say y'all, y'all motherfuckers tried to ball
The rise and fall
For y'all, nigga, I'll be a huckleberry
Spittin' fire from the blood that me and Lucky Knuckles
carry
Legendary, hereditary for niggas that know

I'm out the window with a stagecoach, fresh out the
poke
My homie Loc gave me an order that the blind could
see
Told me to blow him away, or make him ride with me
Put on your boots, cowboy, and pass the pound
I got the moonshine water makin' wine(nigga)
One of a kind, genuine
Know when to hold 'em and fold 'em
Y'all niggas gotta give me mine before I roll 'em,
though
Playin' is raw
Quick on the draw
Hollerin' 'bout "Fuck what you saw!"
Chewin' on straw
Steady bustin' like the Last Outlaw!
Huh, nigga what!

"You gotta test yourself every day, gentlemen.
One you stop testing yourself, you get slow.
And when that happens, they kill you."

[Gunshots and screams]

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