

Black Rob F/ Beanie Sigel, Da Brat, G-Dep, Joe Hoo

"The Last Song"

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experience, so you know it's gonna be some mega shit,
so who is that

(KM.G)

KM.G will never be a trick
Step up to the mic like a baller then I pimp this gift
That only I possess
I illustrated that way to get the shit off my chest
I'm ghetto raise to amaze the crowd, it's quite simple
Km.G has degrees from Unity of South Central
I'm a graduate and it's all legit
From the pimping, the ballin' and all that good shit
I have the mega balls in which I speak in a slang
While I'm peeking it wit the G's from the Ruthless gang
Ain't nuttin change but the weather like I said before
'Cause I'm living like hustlers and I'm checking galore
Yo, I have to give it up to the D.O.C.
A Ruthless brother who's down wit the KM.G
So all hail to the niggas that's turning it out
And maybe then, I'll take the gun barrel out of your
mouth

Knowledge from one generation to another, perserve
and then transmitted, get it, done the Ruthless way,
You know what I'm saying, so what's up Dre

(Dr. Dre)

Now I'm a swinger, I'm not a muthafuking singer
But I bring a melody that always seems to ring a
Bell as well, let's make it so you can tell
Yo, it's coming from Compton where the ballers dwell
'Cause I'm Dre, the muthafuking doctor causing
propaganda
When I'm on the mic, I demand a
Little bit of time to express myself
From ?(cedian)? wax, kicking the facts and it's like that
A nigga wit a muthafuking attitude
You know the deal, kicking some real shit
And if a sucker ever thinks he can get some
Yo, step off, I'm kicking lyrics for the deaf and the
dumb

But any occasion, getting the bitches wit the mega
persuasion
Then my dick starts to make an invasion
But, yo, I can't go on
Because this is the end of my part on the last song

Real G from the streets, villainous when he speaks
For all you busters who can't deal, give it up for real

(MC Ren)

Now when you see me, you're ducking and slipping, yo,
then you fell
down
You fucked up and finally figured who was the cell
down
Pulling the pulls, crotching the bull
The weak muthafuker was smelling like shit so I guess
that they're full
Of it, and I love it when I dress like a crook
Wit a "I don't give a fuck" look
The villain was something nuff like a hero
Jacking all the niggas wit beef, off of relief, I mean the
zeros
The rest of the 100% was sent to do what I say
NWA and ATL and we don't play
The DOC is doing it, oh, so correctly
See, I broke it down for the ones who try to check me
But I can't be check 'cause I'm the checker
When you see a nigga wreck believe that I'm the
wrecker
The right and for the fight and the left will attend
We're doing wrong, MC Ren is on the last song

From a genius to temporary insanity, the ganster's
dream
The bitches fanasty, Ruthless, so now we've come to
the payoff

(Eazy-E)

One muthafuking two muthafuking three
It's the hip-hop thugster Eazy-E
So I grab the mic and then I clear my throat
First nigga kicking lyrics in a straightcoat
It's Eazy for me to come off like this
So you can kiss my ass where the sun rays miss
Or just give me the pussy and I'll be straight
And if you don't, fuck it, I'll masturbate
(We wanta fuck you Eazy) yea, you bitches scream
Now bow down and praise the lord for the wing ding
I got skill to deal and run game on bitches
You can tell that I'm sick by the triple sixes

I hear voices in my head for what reason
But when the talking stops (pow) it's drive by season
So back the fuck off and give me respect
Now they're shipping me off 'cause Eazy played wit a
half deck

Criminal in his thoughts, murderous in his lyrics
The notorious Cold

(Cold 187um)
187um, you know I gotta have it
Now being above the law is an everyday habit
If you think I drop some pimp shit, I ain't
Perhaps I'll say a couple rhymes to make the bitches
faint
Now everybody wants to chill, ill
And bill, now what the fuck is the deal
You need a nigga like me to get the shit going
187um has got the ultimate flowing
Now it's time for me to go off like a maniac
Run up for cover 'cause I'm on the ?(adidnac)?
An untouchable player rolled up into one mind
87 reasons why fools staying in line
'Cause I ain't the average nigga behind the trigger
I lay and spray anything in my way
'Cause I'm a balls player for the streets of South
Central
Beleive what you want but soon you'll eventually see
That ATL is straight to mega
Don't be surprise 'cause we played ya like Sega
And these bodies keep dropping, you see me keep
moving on
Peace, I'm outta here 'cause this is the last song

Shout outs

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