

## **Eve F/ The Lox**

### **"Last Drink"**

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[Intro: kung fu sample (Masta Killa)]

After this drink.. we-we-we..

Now become sworn enemies!

Huh-huh, after this drink, we

Now become sworn enemies!

Sworn enemies!

(Uh, yeah, come on, come on, come on, pick your gun  
up

Come on, come on, come on, salute nigga

Real cats)

[Chorus: kung fu sample (Masta Killa)]

After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!

(Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on,  
come on, come on)

After this drink..

(Come on, come on, come on, come on, yea

Yeah, real warriors style)

[Masta Killa]

Hear the crowd start holla

Stepped on stage in the wallabee clark

Mic check sound correct, so vivid

Like I'm stepping out the speaker, streets taught

Never leave an enemy behind, when he goes

He might strike again another time

I came home from the warhead, fucked up

From the things that I saw

Women that were kinning me, slept with the enemy

General strayed, the ghost seemed tempting

They were deceive, what they were promised, was  
never received

I cock aim, squeeze the gun at M.C.'s

Not for a dollar, not for the fame

Not for you to holler, or shout the god name

A risen one from the slums, speaks with authority

The dart well flourish, the wise pursuit wisdom

The fools soon parish..

[Chorus: kung fu sample (Masta Killa)]

After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!

(Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on,  
come on, come on  
Yeah, yeah, get your gun ready)  
After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!  
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on,  
come on, come on  
Yeah, what, come on, what, yeah, uh-huh)

[Masta Killa]

Ahh... this is born everlasting  
The style came blastin', through your component  
Makin' ya'll want it, but ya'll can't clone it  
Deliver to the booth, the truth is so raw  
Hard to the core, wild as a boar  
A lion like roar, forty day tour  
Through the Singapore, boat with the ore  
Struck a nerve when he heard the words so clear  
His heart was hardened, by the lies and deceit  
Then came a beat as rare as leap year  
Sparked something inside that made him wanna ride  
And go cop the tape, he searched for, for years  
Like an old beat break, Hypnotic on ice  
Chillin', he drinkin', Armored Truck tankin'  
Crowd charmer, it's the Iron Mic balmer  
Piercing through your armor, bad news that you can't  
diffuse  
Short fuse, you know we can't lose

[Chorus: kung fu sample (Masta Killa)]

After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!  
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on,  
come on, come on)  
After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!  
(Come on, come on, come on -- come on, come on,  
come on)

[Masta Killa]

Ahh, see the God light so bright, I hoodied up the sun  
to glow  
Few lines from the mindstate, create fat tapes to go  
From the present day, let's motivate  
The universe borns itself, I just insist in the action  
Testin' in the land of lust, stood firm, in the God I trust  
Met hate at the gate, grieve, no need  
Jealously took his head, and then fled  
Bangin' in your walkman, live from New York, in  
One instance, look, clone from existence  
Ride like a crocodile on the death row  
The Iron Mic poem..

[Chorus: Masta Killa]

Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come  
on, come on, uh  
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come  
on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come  
on, come on  
Come on, come on, come on, come on, yeah, ahh, yea..

[Outro: sample from "Cheers"]  
Making your way in the world today, takes everything  
you've got  
Taking a break from all your worries, sure would help a  
lot  
Wouldn't you like to get away, get away, get away..

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