

Lil' Flip & Young Noble

"Last Dayz"

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[Lil' Flip-Talking]

Gyeah, this what you wanna hear right
this what it's about
stop lyin in the streets man
you ain't doin what you puttin on them records nigga
I know yo past nigga, so you can miss me with that
bullshit
I'm a gangsta this, I'm a shoot that
I'm a pop this, I'm a stab him
you ain't gon do shit, you ain't gon do shit
cause you'se a bitch

[Verse 1-Lil' Flip]

Look many people wanna know what I been through
a whole bunch of bullshit but I continue
to make great music, I make that good music
you do commercial music, I do that hood music
remember 'Game Over'I hit the punchlines
remember 'Sunshine'three hundred thousand times
that's how many spins I got-and I got a plaque
I got a Bentley Coupe nigga on top of that
the Rolex still in my fuckin'safe nigga
you a kid to me so I put you in yo place nigga
I been around the rap game for like 12 years
I'm drinkin Cristal, you barely drinkin 12 beers
I'm smokin weed my nigga, I gotta grow mine
these niggas shoot slugs at me, I gotta throw mine
you can diss me nigga I'm a come and see ya
when them hollow tips hit ya, I wouldn't wanna be ya

(Chorus-Lil' Flip)

The streets don't lie, so quit thinkin the beef gon'die
I need atleast five blunts for me to get high
fuck the cops, I'm a ride
so tell my enemies them niggas better hide-I gotta
forty five
(Buhhh-Buhhh)I put you in the grave nigga
(Buhhh-Buhhh)you better behave nigga
(Buhhh-Buhhh)I put you in the grave

cause we livin our last dayz

[Verse 2-Young Noble]

I spitt that ol'thug spirtual nigga
like you live through this, they gon label you a miracle
nigga
this sort of like a Panther party
one nation of thugs comin together not to dance and
party
livin nations in the game-Outlawz a known threat
ain't never had a deal, and we still ain't broke yet
first things, first man-you fuckin with the worse
if you scared get a dog-or take yo ass to church
Uhh Wa-da-da-dang, wa-da-da-da-dang, we Outlaw
military, Makaveli trained
them little homies slang, and the big homies bang
I shine through my rhymes fuck a car and a chain
remain the thug's blue print
they'd rather cop some old Outlaw 'Pac shit, then most
of y'all new shit
remind you bastards-nothin but them timeless classics
learn about us in them college classes

(Chorus-Lil' Flip)

[Verse 3-Lil' Flip]

Ay my partnas in the hood I can't let e'm starve
I fuck with Keak The Sneak, I fuck with Messy Marv
I fuck with San Quin, I pack a Mac-10
these niggas never seen a black Maybach Benz
I was the first rapper to ever have one
I seen a diamond chain I had to grab one
then Nelly got one, then niggas followed soon
that's when I told Johnny make my piece all blue

[Verse 4-Young Noble]

Look mean what you say or don't say shit
I fuck with Scarface, I fuck with J-Prince
I fuck with my nigga Trae, the whole A-B-N
Big House and Sac, Real Talk Entertainment
the streets don't lie-niggas is gon'die
nigga I'm on fire, niggas is gon'ride
Yeah it's Outlaw for life
we ain't doin what y'all doin-we doin it right

(Chorus Till End)

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