

Monica F/ OutKast

"One of the Last"

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1st verse

(Brotha Lynch Hung)

I'm one of the last sicc niggas that you herd thus far
you can bump me at your crib but while you off that
nitro in your car
so I don't have to say that I'ma super star
but if you get high than you can feel me no matter who
you are
well I got medevil but I had to leave'em weak niggas
alone
situation dirty skweaky clean brotha lynch hung
That's right I gots to have my weed lord knows I'ma
feind
bitch nigga don't respect me 45 for the peicsh nigga
please
I been spendin "G's" hold up nigga freeze
come up off that weed cause you den fucked around
and went up on me
I want the whole zip lock full of shamrock
and if you ditch it in yo pocket I'ma heat the heat and
leave you in a
meat lock
now thats my knock heats to the side wit the mask on
I'ma give you 15 percent so if you need to get yo blast
on
and that's a fat zone thats's a good start
you can sac off in the sevice take it to the heart
I'ma lil nigga thinkin big
cut off yo nuts and leave you screamin like a starved
pig
hold you hostage in yo crib
plan the whole stuation out so I got first dibs
now bigga than life is how I comin out
rigorous and vigorous you niggas know what I'm talkin
bout
I want cheese and lettuce in my wallet so fetish
and I'ma gonna break through like Jerome Bettis pro
status
all this time I got ryme on my mind every dime
I spend it on some weed and some studio time
drink O-E out the mickeys big mouth

my point is I be in the cut trying to keep these snakes
out my house

(Brotha Lynch Hung talking)

You know I push I push play on brain one day
and it played back some shit some shit containing
(some shit
containing)
snakes (snakes)
I mean talk to me (serpants)

2nd verse

(Brotha Lynch Hung)

I'm one of the last sicc niggas that you herd thus far
you can bump me at your crib but while you off that
nitro in your car
so I don't have to say that I'ma super star
but if you get high than you can feel me no matter who
you are
nigga now I shit lyrics but I can't use'em
have yo son trippin Brotha Lynch Hungs loopin (loopin)
they be off that bottle talkin bout Brotha Lynch be talkin
bout
sicc shit I herd he ate his mama out
now how this motherfucker gone write some shit bout
the Brotha Lynch
Hung
cause he killin in his song
he say that nigga shit tight but he ain't shit
he say god is my witness I herd he fuck them bitches
which is suppose to be wrong criticizin my love song
you get the rope fuckin wit the Brotha Lynch Hung
wrong information make atemadation
catch you on yo weed high (catch you on yo weed high)
tow you up like a pitch been
feelin dick hard when you betta get yo bitched in it gets
thin
and I'm off this Black & Mild; shit
Tall Cannon told me its smooth and now I'm buyin
boxes of it
tryin to relax and deal wit these taxes
cause they be at my checks wit them axes twenty sac's
in the back seat I'm licenseless
hope motherfuckin baby mama ain't no shisty bitch
she wanna publish ah-ight thats cool
she want some other shit get that hydro tube
niggas always think I talk about'em because I talk shit
My worst nightmare was killin my bitch for tryin to get
my grits
I'm like Marc Spits I swim a channel for my shit
and watch your heart split I'm doing damage to yo

bitch (doing damage
to yo Bee-yotch)
and whlie your heart switch
you betta remember where you came from bitch

(another voice)
Know what I'm saying can't even get caught up-nitro hit
staring at the holic til they got'em on sicc
is ya'll niggas really even listening
for real doe is ya'll niggas even really listening
whatever the fuck whatever the fuck

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