# Last Of The Real

## French Montana

I'm gangsta
I'm gangsta
Alright
Aye
We the last of the real
Pull count it must feel
Last of the real
My gun speaker out of that verse
The last of the real
Pull count it must feel
Last of the real
My gun speaker out of that verse
Stay strapped, got a big number one supersized Big Mac
3-57 in the 57 Maybach
Made you fucking niggas sloppy
I be Rocky Asap, lay you down face flat
Man the last of the real, stackin the mills
I ain't talkin bout no lipstick when that Mac in your grill
Last of a dying breed, when I fire these
Hundred rounds, nigga stop speaking Guyanese
Got a clip and a chopper full of flower seeds
Niggas hanging all choppers where your momma sleep
We the best coke boys, nigga you ain't heard
My gun speed you of that way
We the last of the real
Pull count it must feel
Last of the real
My gun speaker out of that verse
We the last of the real
Pull count it must feel
Last of the real
My gun speaker out of that verse
Okay now play like I'm pussy
Killas fuck up your night
20 goons in your kitchen
Why you skyping your wife?
Like here the stash? In the safe
It ain't no asking you twice
My trigger finger be itching, that bitch be switching them why?

I'm like the last of the real
Well I own the half of a pill

Jumping off that bucket for real
30 niggas ain't crip with the steel
You don't want them problems, you don't want that drama
But I'd watch your mouth, you must be bonkers
You don't know of your momma, then it's how with marbles
Black on black, feeling like I knew Obama
Can I do no commerce to your coupes
Is why this miss Madonna
Motherfuck the loyal to your honor
Money and power, I talk that shit yet again
My gun speed you of that way
We the last of the real
Pull count it must feel
Last of the real
My gun speaker out of that verse
We the last of the real
Pull count it must feel
Last of the real
My gun speaker out of that verse
Last of the real, blue steel
We the best, we the realest
Me and Montana, never leave my home without the banner
Stop with my real vest
The last of the real
The one with the money and the whores
Boy fat pussy, finding beating on the floor
Blood clot, real to the floor
They don't make us no more
We the last of the real
Pull count it must feel
Last of the real
My gun speed you of that way
My gun speed you of that way
Ra pa pa pam speed you out of that way
We the last of the real
Pull count it must feel
Last of the real
My gun speaker out of that verse
We the last of the real
Pull count it must feel
Last of the real
My gun speaker out of that verse

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