

# The Last Supper

## The Peter Nice Trio

They got they hands clappin [14x]  
[Verse 1: Lil' Pete]The Last Supper, the last hustla's, the last bad muthafuckers  
We killing you suckas undercover  
Brothers, and other niggas that's gone run up  
Run in the chamber muthafuckers getting burnt up  
Cause you done fucked up  
You shouldn't of fucked wit dis  
Go out to kill yo kids, and now we splittin' wigs  
It's DSGB, you know we psychopath  
We killing everybody, a Georgia bloodbath  
And if we fucking come, go get the timebomb  
I'm like a thunderstorm, I'm screaming "Red Rum"  
Until you fucking dead, because I'm pumping lead  
Directly at yo head, nigga we gotta eat  
Just make my meal complete, a leg or a feet  
And I'm gone eat you up cause I don't give a fuck  
The Last Supper  
[Hook: Pastor Troy]The last niggas, the last supper  
The last bad muthafuckers, the last hustla's  
I asked the Lord to reveal the last niggas to me  
And he told me its DSGB  
The last, the last niggas, the last supper  
The last bad muthafuckers, the last hustla's  
I asked the Lord to reveal the last niggas to me  
And he told me its DSGB  
[Verse 2: Blackout]This is the last fucking supper not the daily bread  
And so to any interruptions we choppin heads  
We choppin' legs lettin 'em marinate  
And I'ma hustla in this game I pull is penetrate  
Eliminate, bitch niggas buy the 12 pack  
I walk wit Outbacks and tilt my fucking fitted hat  
I asked God to reveal the real me  
My vision was kind of blurry but appeared an O.G., O.G.  
And Lord have mercy on me on me  
And Lord have mercy on DSGB  
We riding on niggas until the day we fucking die  
And when we die, we still gone fucking ride  
So how bout piercing till these muthafuckers bleed  
I'm choppin' 'em down to they muthafucking knees

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[Hook: Pastor Troy]The last niggas, the last supper

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They got they hands clappin' [4x]

[Verse 3: Pinhead]This is The Last Supper, break bread with real niggas

We choppin heads, ain't scared to kill niggas  
For real nigga, slow it down and we'll be fine  
You can have my blood, drank up cause it is wine  
Your soul is mine, you pursuing my wicked thoughts  
And the way you move and the slick shit that you talk  
DSGB, come in and have a seat

See all this food, sit down and let's eat  
And you will see better days they shall come  
And if they don't get yo gun and drop bombs

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They got they hands clappin' (uh-huh) [4x]

[Verse 4: Pastor Troy]My body the bread, my blood the wine

Pastor Troy and "My niggas is the grind"  
Ain't got no time for no fake muthafuckers  
Bitch say ya grace, this the last fucking supper  
We hustla's nigga, I'm the muthafucking boss  
Fresh out the womb till they nail me to the cross  
Done took a lost, so you know my mindframe  
"What the fuck that muthafucker name?"

On everythang I ever loved reppin thugs  
DSGB you may drink of the blood  
Now haters, just admit my perfection  
And keep yo Smith & Wesson

It is my resurrection

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