

Last Rap I'll Ever Write

Andre Nickatina

On the night of the last rap that I write
MC's all over will bless the mic
Point two double glocks in the air
Some cats gon' die in they barber's chair
Real rap take to be made of gold
Hot little ho's y'all keep em cold
Everywhere, check it out, it'll be cool
All dope deals will even go smooth

On the night of the last rap that I write
The Devil and God gon' have a fight
Check it, head to head
Tiga, toe to toe
Try'na figure out where I'ma go
All non-smokers gon' blaze the weed
Butterflies will turn back to centipedes
From pennies, yeah tiga
To a gang of g's
And all my homies go from oz's to ki's

On the night of the last rap that I write
Mike Tyson gon' have his greatest fight
Knock the little trick out with a left and a right
Stevie Wonder even gon' regain his sight

On the night of my last rap
Africa's gon' be run by blacks
And no where 'round will there be crack
Jamaica's gon' get Bob Marley's back
And all my tigas gon' bust they guns
And no where 'round where the police come

And check this out
I'ma kick it with Khan
Muhammad Ali will be pronounced as god
Won't be one killin' in the projects
Muslim's will all cry from Malcom-X
You will finally get respect
Dis I know, I never guessed

On the night of the last rap that I write
I'll be married with a wife
She'll be the special love of my life
But check this out muthafucka, not tonight
Life, of a desperado
Kick it like soccer, that's my motto
Like a bullet in your gun
My heart stay hollow
Somethin' to like but not to follow
Yo

Lyrics submitted by Tyler.

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