

Breathin

The Slow Death

Who'll be tha last muthafucka breathin'
Tell me, who'll be the last muthafucka breathin?
Stress and busta free, enemies give me reason
To be the last muthafucka breathin'
Bust, my automatic rounds catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last muthafucka breathin'
Stress and busta free, enemies give me reason
To be the last muthafucka breathin'
Bust, my automatic rounds catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last muthafucka breathin'
Woke up with 50 enemies plotten my death
All 50 seeing visions of me shot in the chest
Couldn't rest, nah nigga I was stressed
Had me creepin' 'round corners, homie sleepin' in my vest
Shit, I'm like a hostage on this troubled block
Call the cops a thug nigga screamin' Westside bustin' double glocks
Hittin' corners in my Chevy Suburban
Liquor got me drivin' up on the curb handle the steerin' wheel, swirvin'
Bless me Father I'ma sinner, I'm living in hell
Just let me live on the streetz 'cause ain't no peace for me in jail
Getten world-wide exposure
With a bunch of niggaz that don't give a fuck ridin' as my souljaz
I just release 'em on a war path, not your average killer
Westside, Outlaw, Bad Boy Killa
Complete my mission my competition no longer beefin'
I murdered all them bustaz now I'm the last muthafucka breathin'
Stress and busta free, enemies give me reason
To be the last muthafucka breathin'
Bust, my automatic rounds catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last muthafucka breathin'
Make sure I hold my position and stand firm in the dirt
For all my souljas gone, we burnin' the earth
Outlawz worldwide, we pack the block
Shootin' rocks at the kid, I'll bust back for Pac
Ask Yak, he'll tell you that it's hell down here
Stale down here, to many jails down here
Why you act like you don't hear me?
Young Noble, Outlaw till these muthafuckas kill me, I'm still breathin'
Now we was raised "Fuck this life", I rose my right

Holdin' on a tight grip with death in my sight
And the dark is my light, I'm sentacle, sleep-walkin', isn't you?
Walkin' 'round town wit' a pound full of dinner food
Came a long way from a bored-day, dead away where there's war play
Fuck grands, I'll say, rather die for my A-K
Wit' these fag ass niggaz, see-through glass ass niggaz
Only ride my niggaz, ghetto is mash ass niggaz, breathin'
Stress and busta free, enemies give me reason
To be the last muthafucka breathin'
Bust, my automatic rounds catch 'em while they sleepin'
Now I'm the last muthafucka breathin'
I walk around with a knife in my back
Talkin' 'bout a bad day, I live a life like that
It's a fear, and I'm losin' my hair, bless the houlogans
Catch me, I'm fallin' out flat, yo, I'm ruinin'
Breathin' is suicant, no one give a fuck about me
I leaned to like it like that, when I was still wit' mommy
Besides a seed that the devil run from, in the belly of the beats
That's where the fuck we come from and still breathin'
And still I'm totally wasted, they want me to face this
Just lost 2 of my closes man one of y'all can take this
But, I'm Makaveli trained, simple and plain
We number 1 muthafucka, 'bout to do it again
Shit, Pac still doin' it, you hoes can't ruin it
2 million every time he drop, I know you fuckas losin' it
We movin' in for the kill, for a mill, we holdin' the steel, hold the wheel
I'm 'bout to give these niggaz somethin' they can feel
Fakin' real, but we the raw on the cut
Style-bitin' thug line niggaz give it up
We hit 'em up
And we still breathin'
And we still breathin'
And we still breathin'
We'll be the last muthafucka breathin'
Stress and busta free, enemies give me reason
To be the last muthafucka breathin'
Bust, my automatic rounds catch 'em while they sleepin'
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