

# Last Words (Ft. Nashawn, Mille

## Nas

[Nas]

These are last words of a hanging slave

How could I forget this

I rob you put you on my hit list

Under my nails are dirty look at the grime

My burnt lips from the roach clips

How can I shine

Being broke and bag a dope bitch

Powerful mind we brave men

I blow smoke and I'ma keep saying[Nashawn]

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I'ma blow smoke and keep saying

I want to be more than that bullet that go through ya zone

Want to be the lead that tear through ya skin and crack bones

Want to be the heat you feel making ya moan

Want to be the hospital bed that you lay on

Want to be the god you feel when you pray-on

It's Nashawn the type that get the hyper-con

I'm gonna kill something

Rap cats be real fronting

Fuck shooting legs

Cock back put his brains on the pave

Nigga how bout that

Close range with the gadge get payed

First rapper to shoot off stage

Turn the front page the next day my life is like a book

A twenty four hour song without no hook

Millennium Thug computer chips up in my slug

Turn quarters when you turn quarters know who to plug

Thugs around me outside its grimmy outside

Better slide before you get bodied outside[Chorus][Nas]

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I blow smoke and keep sayin[Nas]  
I'ma prison cell six by nine  
Living hell stone wall metal bars for the gods in jail  
My nickname the can, the slammer, the big house  
I'm the place many fear cause there's no way out  
I take the sun away put misery instead  
When you wit me most folks consider you dead  
I saw too many inmates falling apart  
Call for the gods and let them out when it's dark  
Convicts think they alone but if they listen close  
They can hear me groan touch the wall feel my pulse  
All the pictures you put up is stuck to my skin  
I hear ya prayers (even when ya whispering)  
I make it hotter in the summer colder in the winter  
If the court paroal ya then another con enters  
No remorse for your tears I seen em too often  
When you cry I make you feel alive inside a coffin  
Watch you when you eat play with you mind when you sleep  
Make you dream that you free then make you wake up to me  
Face to face with a cage no matter your age  
I can shatter you turn you into a savage in rage  
Change ya life that's if you get a chance to get out  
Cause only you and I know what sufferings about  
Yo it's stunning when bed sheets become your woman  
And I'm the one that gotcha weapons when the beef is coming  
Maybe one day I'll open up my arms to release you  
You'll always be my property nigga stay legal[Chorus]

BONNER, LEROY/BECK, WILLIE/WILLIAMS, JAMES L./PIERCE, MARVIN R./JONES,  
MARSHALL/MIDDLEBROOKS, RALPH/SATCHELL, CLARENCE/JONES, NASIR/JONES,

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