Last Breath

T.Y.T.

[Intro - Rick Ross]Nigga, long as you livin' how you wanna live
Niggas gon' talk about you
And that's completely fine with me (Believe that, nigga)
Niggas only salute niggas that's dead, and niggas in prison (Living legends)
I wanna ball though
[Hook - Rick Ross]I'm ballin' til my very last breath
I'm ballin' til my very last breath
Just bought me a yacht, Waikiki or not
Still sippin' that syrup, might front you a block
I'm ballin' til my very last breath
I'm ballin' til my very last breath
Just bought me a Benz, just bought me a Rolls
I pay for that pussy, I go shopping for hoes
[Verse 1 - Rick Ross]I got a house on my neck, my Panamera my pet
We bought ringside seats, and got a brick I can pet
Money, power respect, I took your bitch with finesse
Chickens jumping like checkers, but this game is chess
What's at stake is your freedom, niggas paying the price
When the judge drop the mallet, all he said was life
Nigga damn near fainted, barely stare at your wife
Brother took all your clothes, whip, sneakers, and ice
Got me holding my nuts, while I'm rolling the dice
760 new Beamer, got me rolling in white
Very few that you trust, better keep in your sight
Thinking I'm doing wrong, when these niggas ain't right
[Hook][Verse 2 - Meek Mill]????? then bought me a Rolls
When I pulled up on niggas, I swear they thought I was old
All my mixtapes platinum, niggas thought I was gold
I heard them suckas was hatin', I'm fucking all that they own

So I don't blame 'em, no I don't knock 'em
But if they play my dogs, we slay 'em, I'm talkin' pop 'em
Once I'm ????, they talkin' bout us
Acting like bitches 'til we spray 'em, ?????
I'm ballin' till my very last breath
I hustle like I'm on my last check
And I ain't even in my bed yet
I wake up in the morning, where the cash at
[Hook][Verse 3 - Rick Ross]All I see is this money, never hate with your niggas

Better pray to your maker, before you war with the sinner
Ask forgiveness for mine, so I know that I'm good
All them niggas we robbed, trips T man took
Talkin' ???? pimpin, niggas Chevy was lemon
Nigga dressing in linen, bases loaded first inning
Taking over the checks, relocating the tenants
Pulling open your vest, motivation is spinach
I gotta handle my business, I pay my mortgages first
When you cross a super-soaker I bet your water get burst
Ain't no love on this side, just jealous niggas who ride
Until the day that you die, just hold your head to the sky
[Verse 4 - Birdman]Ballin' till my last breath
Uptown, flashy life with my Smith & Wess
Hallways, choppa boys everyday
Spend your bank full of hundred B's in your face
My lil nephew was a born killa
Real nigga on the field, killa kill nigga
'Til I showed him how to cook a bird
Killa nigga nigga only if I finna work
Matches up in every town
Puttin' it down, hold it down for my fuckin' rounds
All day gunplay, everyday rocked out nigga in every way
[Hook]

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