

Da Last Don

Master P

I'ma kill you all like O.J.
Diss Maganoo, for real you must pay
Listen to the way my rap flow delay
His mama named him Clay, I'ma call him Clay
Back of the bus with Rosa Parks
Too much to say, watch my remarks
South to VA, upside to Philly
Y'all be killin' me for real on the really
Recognize the P, when you see he
Sport the Kangol with N I K E
Break me off a piece of that Kit-Kat
You do the horse and make your Gucci wet
Came through the crowd, heard the brother booin'
Said real low, "Hey, whatcha doin'?"
Don't you know I've been rappin' on tracks
Since back in the days when tapes was eight track
Relax and jump to it like Duran Duran
Black as Buckwheat, still get a tan
Over to your girl, hey, what's yo' number
You and your crew must be 'Dumb & Dumber'
Timbaland, understand
Kickin' the fly beats for all my fly fans
Not Peter Piper but Peter Pan
Beat, guaran-guaran-teed to make you dance
People wanna know where I, where I get my rhythm
Rhythm, come from the thing called wisdom
Wisdom is the thing that comes from the dome-dome
When the clock strikes twelve and it's on
People already, already feelin' my groove
Now's the time for me to show and prove
Now, it's time to get back to my basic method
Record and play, play, play each segment
Sardines, hey and Pork and Beans
Do you know what that means?
It's twelve o'clock and the party just don't stop
Sardines, hey and Pork and Beans
Do you know what that means?
It's twelve o'clock and the party just don't stop, aight?
When it come to flows, you best to re-up
Diss me to my face, get the taste slapped out
Rapped out a hit on the plane out to Spain
My mind go to space when I'm kissin' on Jane
Can't Stand the Rain but love Missy
I rock with mad funk so my middle finger pissy
Look for me, I'm Chico undercover at the Nico
Mag and two O got gas from Burrito
Lay you like Frito if you're white then amigo
In my plaid tuxedo, the rap Al Pacino
Star in Casino to a vetturino
Not Italia-no but still gambino
Most of y'all rappers can't do your part

I'ma finish up what you all can't start
Got no heart, I thought on your LP
I'm on your radio and on your TV Sardines, hey and Pork and Beans
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