

# 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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