

Last of a Dying Breed (With Lil Wayne)

Ludacris

Oww, Luda!

I done killed so many niggaz in the booth I sell rappers on eBay

Cause every one of my verses been instant like replays

Speakers get blown like candles on yo' B-day

Cause Luda's catalog got mo' records than the DJ The bank yells "mayday" cause every day's a payday

I put it on tape and then I'll sell it like Ray J

But not out the sto', nope, straight to the buyer

Cause I slung 'em out my trunk like the D.C. sniper And six albums later you'll deposit every word

'Til your memory bank gives me the credit I deserve

Top 5, damn right! But really it just hit me

That three of yo' top 5's too scared to fuck with me So how can I advance if you don't give me no opponents?

How can you see the future if you livin' for the moment?

Hip-Hop couldn't die, I never offer my condolence

But I'll offer y'all a day of atonement, cause I'm a lyricist to the death, so I got what you need

Ludacris, I'm the last of a dyin' breed

And we almost extinct, so I'm sayin' it loud

Say it with me, MC means move the crowd

Say it with me, MC means move the crowd

Say it with me, MC means move the crowd

M-MC means move, means move, means, m-m-move the crowd I got it baby, and I'm an MC, I move the crowd
like Moses

Like the Red Sea I wear red like roses

Go against me and you'll be dead like roses

Spittin' at your head full of bread like toasters Never had a holster, I keep it on my lap

And hip-hop ain't dead, it just had a heart attack

But you see I keep it pumpin', yeah I got that heart back

So just call me Little Carter, or Little Cardiac Precious like an artifact, valuable like a quarterback

Hannibal like they call me Jack, throwback like a Starter hat

Now how did he thought of that? I mean how did he think of that?

I mean how did I think of that? Now like a rental, bring it back I mean how did I think of that? I sit by myself
sometimes

Someone should throw me a surprise party for every rhyme

Every time I do it, I do it dirty like swine

For the dirty and fine, hip-hop, I'm alive! I'm a lyricist to the death and I got what you need

Weezy F, the last of a dyin' breed

And we almost extinct, so I'm sayin' it loud

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M-MC means move, means move, means, m-m-move the crowd
Oww, they say O'Reilly don't like him, nope
Oprah won't invite him, nope
The president denounced him no one will announce him, no!
Controversial lyrics like I'm cryin' for help
I'm very talented, but I should be ashamed of myself
But this is my art, art, this is my music
I'm speakin' from the heart, hit record and I'll lose it!
Bite my tongue for no one, I'll put you on blast
So all the news channels, y'all could kiss my ass!
And if I dish it I could take it, fix it if you break it
Could hit rock bottom and I'm still gon' make it, why?
Cause I'm a born hustler, natural survivor
Seed of a gangsta, I put that on my father
YouTube or Google me, turn it up and play it
Cause many people think it, I just had the balls to say it, what?
And risk losin' everything, I stand for the weak
Plus I live for my freedom of speech, cause I'm a lyricist to the death, so I got what you need
Ludacris, I'm the last of a dyin' breed
And we almost extinct, so I'm sayin' it loud
Say it with me, MC means move the crowd
Say it with me, MC means move the crowd
Say it with me, MC means move the crowd
M-MC means move, means move, means, m-m-move the crowd

Songwriters

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