

Last of the Mohicans (feat. Black Child)

Ja Rule

[Intro]

Heh ha ha...

Yeah...

Yeah...

'Last Of The Mohicans' man...

Let's go!

Heh...

You'll never take me alive...

(It's time- DJ!)

Heh...

(Wake 'em up!)

I'd like to introduce you all to somebody...

Somebody very dear...

[Verse 1: Ja Rule]

I'm here to put you all through the pressure like nobody ever, 'cause everytime I shoot nothing

But fo' n beta,

An' them slugs get heada' your way any day fella, 'cause when murder reigns you gona' need
Umbrellas, Kevlar an' a whole lot of gun runners, you hotdog niggas hide your relish, ain't shit to

Tell us, I keep the army, an' they stay armed- best stay the fuck from 'round me, unless your
Desire leads you to touch the dream, I be in back of the back, A.G. on the jeans, hit the button to

The left an' you can see how it leans, this thang is like an' airplane you park in the street,

Mean, it's so vicious call me young, all the wishes 'cause I wished for it all, beg the lord for
Forgiveness, 'cause I sin- I'ma sinner, but I win- I'ma winner, I'm runnin' the marathon an' why'all
Niggas are sprinters, I exercise more mental an' massage my fingers, I'm lookin' forward to bangin'

Out start to finish, give me a minute let me explain why most niggas is timid, they runnin' round
With good bodies an' no hearts in 'em, makin' it easy fo' a nigga to get 'em- expose em', witness

Rule the chosen man who spit it the coldest, load up this ten shot, till why'all niggas the hole-est,

I'ma God send- niggas better act like they know this muthafucka...

[Chorus: Black Child]

Your game ain't nuthin' but smoke an' mirrors (let 'em know), why'all clowns can't be serious

(uh-huh), many has tried but why'all can't kill us, we still livin' this real vivid- we real

Niggas...(nigga), Your game ain't nuthin' but smoke an' mirrors (uh-huh), we ain't neva scared I

Hope all why'all hear us, many has tried but why'all can't kill us, we still livin' this real vivid- we

Kill killers...

[Verse 2: Ja Rule]

The world is blind so now I gotta spit it in braille, that raw coked up flow you can put in the

Scales, so when niggas start dyin' can't nobody tell, it's jus' an' overdose injection of that

Braille, Rule, when I come through' can't nobody move me, I'm exclusive cop some new shit every

Tuesday, excuse me- bitch, I'm one of a kind, when I die study my mind an' dupe' the design, now

I'm inclined people say tha' I'm ahead of my time, whoever said that they must'a had they nose on Tha' line, I'm not even in my prime yet, a veteran in this muthafuckin' rap shit, what religion you

Practice, a pristical baptist or catholic, I can't really say I'm religious- an' to that I'ma Witness, but I'm spiritual that's why I keep the Lord in the picture, 40. Cal in the 7-40 I laugh At niggas that want to' get buried in cemeteries next to they bitches, an' get thrown wit' bricks Tied to they Lebron's, the game we play is chess- them niggas is pawns, you the first pieces we Take off the board because, I'ma king that's from Queens, an' then it's the whole regime, beta' Known as the team, big shout to my nigga Preme, it ain't nothin' illegal about keepin' ya' cash Clean, when you sellin' millions of records, an' send me some jeans muthafucka...

[Chorus: Black Child]

Your game ain't nuthin' but smoke an' mirrors (let 'em know), why'all clowns can't be serious (uh-huh), many has tried but why'all can't kill us, we still livin' this real vivid- we real Niggas... (nigga), Your game ain't nuthin' but smoke an' mirrors (uh-huh), we ain't neva scared I Hope all why'all hear us, many has tried but why'all can't kill us, we still livin' this real vivid- we Kill killers...

[Outro: Ja Rule]

[Backing ad-libs unscripted]

Yeah...

You know...

Uh...

Wha'cha'll don't know??

There's nothin' real about these niggas in this game...

This is it...

Murder Inc. nigga...

You lookin' at 'em...

The realest muthafuckin' niggas in the game...

You starin' at 'em...

Ain't no need to look nowhere else...

It's murder niggas...

Holla...

We ridin'...

You know...

See'mon niggas...

It's danger...

It's danger...

What up to my nigga Merc...

Big Caddy...

My nigga Black Child...

Rest in peace...

To our muthafuckin' soldier up in Heaven- my nigga D.O. Cannons...

Do Cannons...

We see you nigga, we love you nigga...

(Shadow I see you nigga...

We gon' pour out a lil' liquor...

We gon' have some fun...

We gon' ride this muthafucka' out...

It's murda'...

Real talk nigga...

We in the building...)

Songwriters

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