

# The Last Song

## Death By Stereo

1, 2, 1, 2  
Yeah, y'all can hear me  
Make the drumming sound, yeah  
Let's ride, yeah, yeah  
Be clear, we here lights out  
Eat here, sleep here, my house  
Rhyme wasting, time wasting  
Feds want me caged in  
Hope they got patience  
More you win they want you to lose  
I don't floss no more, I drop jewels  
They hope we might chill the heights real  
Still we got fire that will melt your ice grill  
Know the deal once we hit record  
Hit the floor, new era, this is war  
Lord, I'm the answer without a question  
No evidence, no possession  
Stop stressing, shit, I got moves to make  
Streets is dark but still I illuminate, nigga  
I could see the way  
Till I see the end to me and BIG meet again, yeah  
Curry going, hit again  
Dreams your living in  
This what you coulda been  
Every city foot scene gets scrilla with 'em  
Kid shortchange the dealer  
The game be gorilla  
Ain't nothing illa  
AKA 800 toll free aside  
I rose to be a Bad Boy til' I die  
The official bona fide  
Tested and tried  
Get in like Canson  
Work from the inside  
When I ride, eyes are wide  
Ain't that I limp when I walk  
My some pimping to my stride  
Some wit a emphasis on my side  
'Cause I understand niggas out to get I

Living the life is no lie  
Been a great thing to do  
Nuttin' I could think change the view  
Although it might seem strange to you  
It's plain to me, I'm here with you  
Let's give them what they came to see  
Yow, yow, aiiyo  
We exceptional congressional

It's best that you bester crew  
Wit your flesh going bruise  
Blood goin' ooze and  
However you choose your ass goin' lose  
This ain't the blues  
Don't things that cruise  
Go bring the news  
Wit flows meaning cruel  
From few options  
To cruise hopping  
Now fools plotting 'cause I chart topping  
From bounce checks to being in effect  
And it don't stop till they reinterbect  
Rhyme calisthetics  
Bad Boy anesthetics  
Will twist me like crippie  
Amanda Chevitts  
Back flips tactics  
Be on measure  
Hat tricks wit only dimes and better  
Nigga just for that cheddar  
O please, I switch cheese to leather  
Uh, yeh, uh, yeh, uh, check it out yo  
Y'all niggas say what y'all wanna say  
Feel how y'all wanna feel  
Who give a fuck, dog, kill who you wanna kill  
Just keep it real when it come to me  
'Cuz all my niggas in the slums kinda hungry  
On my right where my gun going be  
Bitches ain't getting a crumb from me  
Member when niggas used to run from me  
All of a sudden niggas names is buzzing  
Nigga in the game got a little chain becuz  
Heard the nigga signed a major budget  
But I'm the nigga made you love  
Now you wanna change the subject

I ain't sweating that animosity  
I'm deading that  
Instead of rap Imma smack you dead in your trap  
I don't give a fuck what I said on a track  
Niggas know me better than that  
Niggas I could neva be wack  
My money way to ahead of you cats  
So I'm going straight to the top where the cheddar be at  
Wassup wit that, yeah, bad boy nigga  
Fuck y'all, niggas wanna do

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