

The Last Supper

A.L.Weber

They got they hands clappin [14x]

[Verse 1: Lil' Pete]The Last Supper, the last hustla's, the last bad muthafuckers

We killing you suckas undercover

Brothers, and other niggas that's gone run up

Run in the chamber muthafuckers getting burnt up

Cause you done fucked up

You shouldn't of fucked wit dis

Go out to kill yo kids, and now we splittin' wigs

It's DSGB, you know we psychopath

We killing everybody, a Georgia bloodbath

And if we fucking come, go get the timebomb

I'm like a thunderstorm, I'm screaming "Red Rum"

Until you fucking dead, because I'm pumping lead

Directly at yo head, nigga we gotta eat

Just make my meal complete, a leg or a feet

And I'm gone eat you up cause I don't give a fuck

The Last Supper

[Hook: Pastor Troy]The last niggas, the last supper

The last bad muthafuckers, the last hustla's

I asked the Lord to reveal the last niggas to me

And he told me its DSGB

The last, the last niggas, the last supper

The last bad muthafuckers, the last hustla's

I asked the Lord to reveal the last niggas to me

And he told me its DSGB

[Verse 2: Blackout]This is the last fucking supper not the daily bread

And so to any interruptions we choppin heads

We choppin' legs lettin 'em marinate

And I'ma hustla in this game I pull is penetrate

Eliminate, bitch niggas buy the 12 pack

I walk wit Outbacks and tilt my fucking fitted hat

I asked God to reveal the real me

My vision was kind of blurry but appeared an O.G., O.G.

And Lord have mercy on me on me

And Lord have mercy on DSGB

We riding on niggas until the day we fucking die

And when we die, we still gone fucking ride

So how bout piercing till these muthafuckers bleed

I'm choppin' 'em down to they muthafucking knees

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The last, the last niggas, the last supper
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They got they hands clappin' [4x]

[Verse 3: Pinhead]This is The Last Supper, break bread with real niggas

We choppin heads, ain't scared to kill niggas
For real nigga, slow it down and we'll be fine
You can have my blood, drank up cause it is wine
Your soul is mine, you pursuing my wicked thoughts
And the way you move and the slick shit that you talk
DSGB, come in and have a seat

See all this food, sit down and let's eat
And you will see better days they shall come
And if they don't get yo gun and drop bombs

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They got they hands clappin' (uh-huh) [4x]

[Verse 4: Pastor Troy]My body the bread, my blood the wine

Pastor Troy and "My niggas is the grind"
Ain't got no time for no fake muthafuckers
Bitch say ya grace, this the last fucking supper
We hustla's nigga, I'm the muthafucking boss
Fresh out the womb till they nail me to the cross
Done took a lost, so you know my mindframe
"What the fuck that muthafucker name?"

On everythang I ever loved reppin thugs
DSGB you may drink of the blood
Now haters, just admit my perfection
And keep yo Smith & Wesson

It is my resurrection

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