

Last Of A Dying Breed (move The Crowd)

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
Say it with me, MC means move the crowd
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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
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Lyrics provided by

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