

Last Words (feat. Nashawn & Millenium Thug)

Nas

[Nas]

These are last words of a hanging slave
How could I forget this
I rob you put you on my hit list
Under my nails are dirty look at the grime
My burnt lips from the roach clips
How can I shine
Being broke and bag a dope bitch
Powerful mind we brave men
I blow smoke and I'ma keep saying[Nashawn]
These are last words of a hanging slave
How can I forget this
I rob you put you on my hit list
Under my nails is dirty look at the grime
My burnt lips from the roach clips
How can I shine
Being broke and bag a dope bitch
Powerful minds we brave men
I'ma blow smoke and keep saying
I want to be more than that bullet that go through ya zone
Want to be the lead that tear through ya skin and crack bones
Want to be the heat you feel making ya moan
Want to be the hospital bed that you lay on
Want to be the god you feel when you pray-on
It's Nashawn the type that get the hyper-con
I'm gonna kill something
Rap cats be real fronting
Fuck shooting legs
Cock back put his brains on the pave
Nigga how bout that
Close range with the gadge get payed
First rapper to shoot off stage
Turn the front page the next day my life is like a book
A twenty four hour song without no hook
Millennium Thug computer chips up in my slug
Turn quarters when you turn quarters know who to plug
Thugs around me outside its grimmy outside
Better slide before you get bodied outside[Chorus][Nas]
These are last words of a hanging slave

How could I forget this
I rob you put you on my hit list
Under my nails are dirty look at the grime
My burnt lips from the roach clips
How can I shine
Being broke and bag a dope bitch
Powerful mind we brave men
I blow smoke and I'ma keep sayin[Nashawn]
These are last words of a hanging slave
How could I forget this
I rob you put you on my hit list
Under my nails is dirty look at the grime
My burnt lips from the roach clips
How can I shine
Being broke and bag a dope bitch
Powerful minds we brave men
I blow smoke and keep sayin[Nas]
I'ma prison cell six by nine
Living hell stone wall metal bars for the gods in jail
My nickname the can, the slammer, the big house
I'm the place many fear cause there's no way out
I take the sun away put misery instead
When you wit me most folks consider you dead
I saw too many inmates falling apart
Call for the gods and let them out when it's dark
Convicts think they alone but if they listen close
They can hear me groan touch the wall feel my pulse
All the pictures you put up is stuck to my skin
I hear ya prayers (even when ya whispering)
I make it hotter in the summer colder in the winter
If the court paroal ya then another con enters
No remorse for your tears I seen em too often
When you cry I make you feel alive inside a coffin
Watch you when you eat play with you mind when you sleep
Make you dream that you free then make you wake up to me
Face to face with a cage no matter your age
I can shatter you turn you into a savage in rage
Change ya life that's if you get a chance to get out
Cause only you and I know what sufferings about
Yo it's stunning when bed sheets become your woman
And I'm the one that gotcha weapons when the beef is coming
Maybe one day I'll open up my arms to release you
You'll always be my property nigga stay legal[Chorus]

Songwriters

BONNER, LEROY/BECK, WILLIE/WILLIAMS, JAMES L./PIERCE, MARVIN R./JONES,
MARSHALL/MIDDLEBROOKS, RALPH/SATCHELL, CLARENCE/JONES, NASIR/JONES,
NASHAWN/LEWIS, LESHANPublished by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>