

# Your Last Time Breathin'

DJ Clue

Uh, this for all my niggas  
What...all my niggas  
Uhh, my Nrooklyn niggas  
Uhh wha, my Uptown niggas  
Uhh wha, my Junior niggas  
Uhh, yo yo yo yo

Verse One: Lil' Cease

There's only noe Lil' Ceaser  
Who can touch ya who tease ya  
Cruise around the world, tease her with my Visa  
Now you're askin' me, the questions and lies  
I'll tell ya neither, but betta be a believer  
Ceaser Leo believe ya  
Iced out, me and Kim rockin' at the White House  
See if you can handle this pressure with the lights out  
I'm catchin' flights out, D-rockin' plus I'm trified out  
Brooklyn Mint hats and sweatas, with the nights out  
Did that, it's all about the break like the Kit Kat  
That kid got, players from Brooklyn that get chicks black  
I meant that, you like the way Ceaser Leo spit that  
It's a trip that, you niggas had to kill B.I.G. to get back  
But I sit back and hope that crack  
See I don't smoke that, it's too many black folks  
With street dreams wanna blow back  
Cease aloupe that, I rock a show and hope you know that  
And rock a party, and rock a body  
Just to help my dough stack

Chorus

You can put your army against my team and  
I guarantee it will be your very last time breathin'  
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Verse Two: Camron

Uhh, I dare you and the men tryers  
Mersadies Benz buyers, chromed rhime tires  
O-D like limp buyers, gun sticky handles  
Tricky bandels, shit we ran through  
And I'ma drink until I catch a plate of Mickey Mantle  
With the Land through, then I'm storm out with my coins out  
Crispy Sandels, don't like it, well damn you  
Ya know how Cam do, mess around and slam you  
All about respect now, check ya on black nail  
Then we bring the text down, head trek now  
Last year I closed the Rec down  
With me and the click, I bring the slicks Nicks  
Peepin' the chips, uhh get open off the factory dips  
And he sportin' on the back of the whip  
That cat Un, like the Acelney whip  
Stack chips, twin match on his tip  
And it's Undertainment, formely Undeas  
We all gon' squeezers, problem, come see us

Chorus

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Verse Three: Charli Baltimore

Yo, it's my family, keeps me runnin' like car fluid  
Call me bitch, put the "R" to it  
Take the "TC" from it, see we done it  
Birds hummin', we heard dem  
Comenses, stay Emmy, so I made it from it  
Fool never heard of them, I'm Charli, ya Harely  
Half of any chick that I ball wit', spoil wit'  
I rock brand new, as my whole click and quite well  
Ya sell stills Bell A-T-L, we might grow tell  
Have vicious on ya Miyell, but play these skills right  
Got to give me credit like Mase T's, and face-ti  
Last Dons, comense status, only trees we smoke B-Palms  
And S-Classes, burn rubber in a 420  
Abosrb money, the glamerous fam  
Rock Versace like my man and watch me  
CB rap Debouitont, any flow you want  
I'll arrange it, rocks style, change it  
Any time, keep in mind  
Charli Baltimore for Undertainment, we're the famous

Chorus

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