

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 sweatats, 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'
You can put your army against my team and
I guarantee it will be your very last time breathin'

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, formerly 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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