

# Last of a Dying Breed

Ludacris

I done killed so many niggaz in the booth I sell rappers on ebay,  
Soldiers couldn't cause more disaster on D-Day,  
Haters better cover up they jaw like freeway,  
Cause every hit records spit instant like replay,  
Hold the line I got ya momma on 3-way,  
Tell her Ludas got more records than the DJ,  
Tell her she should blow me like candles on ya B-Day,  
Cause I've signed more lines then she's passed on the freeway,  
More checks then you ever could imagine more wood up in my whip then in a fo  
rest full of cabins,  
And yes I stay high on that purple like Aladdin,  
And Women say I talk more game than John Madden,  
How'd it happen how the let me in the booth,  
How they let these rappers lie how dare I tell the truth!  
I'm the truth and these other boys phony, it's a movie so act like ya know m  
e.

I'm A lyricist to the death so I got what ya need, Ludacris,  
I'm the last of a dying breed,  
And we almost extinct so I'm saying it loud,  
Say it with me, (MCs move the crowd) (3x)

I got it baby,  
And I'm a 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 ya head full of bread like toaster,  
Never had a holster, I keep it on my lap,  
And Hip Hop aint dead it just had a heart attack,  
What you see I keep it pumpin yeah I got that hard back,  
So just call me Little Carter or Little Cardiac,  
Precious like a artifact, Valuable like a quarterback,  
Hannible like they call me jack, Fall back like a starter hat,  
Nah 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 surprise myself sometimes,  
Someone should throw me a surprise party for every line,  
Every time I do what I do I do it dirty like swine for the dirty and fine hi  
p hop I'm alive!

I'm a lyricist to the death and I got what ya need, Weezy F,  
The last of a dying breed, and we almost extinct so I'm saying it loud,  
Say it with me (Mcs move the crowd) (3x)

This is music muscle mania, my verses on steroids,  
Private planes I'm on the jet son like Elroy,  
Flying through the sky at amazing speed,  
We on that superman kush or that amazing weed,  
The new Bentley came out my team said LUDA GET IT,  
Twenty thou says that I'm the only nigga WIT IT,  
New Era on ya brain like a A-Town Fitted,  
And I'm not E-40 but I'm so sick wit it,  
Now my flow got the flu,  
Hoes I gotta view, but I'm stingy with the dough I'm like no not for you,  
What the fuck was you thinking?  
Off what I'm banking, Me and Wayne on that lean what the fuck was you dranki

n?

Stinkin' like a dead body up in the woods,  
So I stashed it like a weave coming up in the hood,  
And if you down for no bad then we up to no good,  
And it's important that you make it understood

I'm a lyricist to the death so I got what ya need, Ludacris,  
The last of a dying breed, and we almost extinct so I'm saying it loud,  
Say it with me (MCs move the crowd) (3x)