

Last Drink

Masta Killa

[Intro: kung fu sample (Masta Killa)]
After this drink.. we-we-we..
Now become sworn enemies!
Huh-huh, after this drink, we
Now become sworn enemies!
Sworn enemies!
(Uh, yeah, come on, come on, come on, pick your gun up
Come on, come on, come on, salute nigga
Real cats)

[Chorus: kung fu sample (Masta Killa)]
After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on)
After this drink..
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, yea
Yeah, real warriors style)

[Masta Killa]
Hear the crowd start holla
Stepped on stage in the wallabee clark
Mic check sound correct, so vivid
Like I'm stepping out the speaker, streets taught
Never leave an enemy behind, when he goes
He might strike again another time
I came home from the warhead, fucked up
From the things that I saw
Women that were kinning me, slept with the enemy
General strayed, the ghost seemed tempting
They were deceive, what they were promised, was never received
I cock aim, squeeze the gun at M.C.'s
Not for a dollar, not for the fame
Not for you to holler, or shout the god name
A risen one from the slums, speaks with authority
The dart well flourish, the wise pursuit wisdom
The fools soon parish..

[Chorus: kung fu sample (Masta Killa)]
After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on)
Yeah, yeah, get your gun ready)
After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on)
Yeah, what, come on, what, yeah, uh-huh)

[Masta Killa]
Ahh... this is born everlasting
The style came blastin', through your component
Makin' ya'll want it, but ya'll can't clone it
Deliver to the booth, the truth is so raw
Hard to the core, wild as a boar
A lion like roar, forty day tour
Through the Singapore, boat with the ore
Struck a nerve when he heard the words so clear
His heart was hardened, by the lies and deceit
Then came a beat as rare as leap year
Sparked something inside that made him wanna ride
And go cop the tape, he searched for, for years

Like an old beat break, Hypnotic on ice
Chillin', he drankin', Armored Truck tankin'
Crowd charmer, it's the Iron Mic balmer
Piercing through your armor, bad news that you can't diffuse
Short fuse, you know we can't lose

[Chorus: kung fu sample (Masta Killa)]
After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!
(Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on)
After this drink, we, we now become sworn enemies!
(Come on, come on, come on -- come on, come on, come on)

[Masta Killa]
Ahh, see the God light so bright, I hoodied up the sun to glow
Few lines from the mindstate, create fat tapes to go
From the present day, let's motivate
The universe borns itself, I just insist in the action
Testin' in the land of lust, stood firm, in the God I trust
Met hate at the gate, grieve, no need
Jealously took his head, and then fled
Bangin' in your walkman, live from New York, in
One instance, look, clone from existence
Ride like a crocodile on the death row
The Iron Mic poem..

[Chorus: Masta Killa]
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, uh
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, yeah, ahh, yea..

[Outro: sample from "Cheers"]
Making your way in the world today, takes everything you've got
Taking a break from all your worries, sure would help a lot
Wouldn't you like to get away, get away, get away..