

## Last Words

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 broker than a dope bitch  
Powerful mind we brave men  
I blow smoke and I'ma keep sayin

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I'ma blow smoke and keep sayin  
I wanna be more than that bullet that go through ya zone  
Wanna be the lead that tear through ya skin and crack bones  
Wanna be the heat you feel makin ya moan  
Wanna be the hospital bed that you lay on  
Wanna 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 frontin  
Fuck shootin 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

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I'ma prison cell six by nine  
Livin 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 fallin apart  
Call for the guards to let them out at night 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 whisperin)  
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 comming  
Maybe one day I'll open up my arms to release you  
You'll always be my property nigga stay legal

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