

# The Last of a Dying Breed

Scarface

I don't remember much about bein born  
But I do remember this: I was conceived on February 10th  
Complications detected in my early months of ballin  
Around my sonargram you could see the evil was swarmin  
The hassle, was it what the world was seekin in a child?  
The doctors wanted me out, my mama's in denial  
Then I kicked her and gently rubbed my hands across her stomach  
Told her: "Keep em off me, mama, I'm comin, I'm comin"

Now I guess I musta been the reason mama couldn't sleep  
Interrupted her peace, but it was time for me to eat  
And since carryin me caused all that swimmin in your feet  
Just know that I'm thankful, I'll let you feel it with my heart  
beat  
All the doctor visits and physicians movin me around  
You could sense my discomfort in every other ultrasound  
And I'm runnin out of room in here, steady slidin down  
Then she opened up her legs and pushed me out (pushed me out)

(Nigger, nigger never die  
Blackface, shining eye)

When I awoke I recall them walkin out my nose  
Screamin at the top of my lungs, freezing cold  
Wrapped me up in blankets after dressing me in clothes  
Then I met the ?? that I owed  
At 3 o'clock, what-what, nine seven o  
Was the birth of a dying species, and this I know  
The truth was in my bloodline, planted in my seed  
The last of this muthafuckin breed

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