

# Last of a Dying Breed

Young Jeezy

Welcome to the life of a young thug nigga (yea)  
Only hang out wit' them criminals and drug dealers (ayyy)  
I'm from even where dead die (die)  
But try an' do it big like the kid from Bedstuy  
I see death around the corna and I ain't scared  
I got a carbon 15 and I'm fully prepared (that's right)  
Lord a mercy 20 rounds in a clip (yea)  
Outta line get 20 rounds in ya hip (ayyy)  
Shoot first and ask questions lata' (lata)  
The answer is it was all about the paper (yea)  
Everything the game is shit to lose  
And a new forty-five that I'm dyin' to use (yeahhhh)

If ya real like me (like me)  
Throw ya hoods in the air so the whole wide world can see (ay)  
Last of a dying breed, last of a dying breed, last of a dying breed  
And if ya real like me (like me)  
Keep that thang on ya hip that's just the way that it's gotta be  
Last of a dying breed, last of a dying breed, last of a dying breed

I done seen niggaz come and go  
Shit the whole world done seen what I done before  
We do anythang when the funds is low  
I'm the reason outta towners don't come no mo'  
Let me show you niggaz how to break down the whole thang  
My nigga B.G. know Buck been a birdman  
It's got to be in ya blood to be a thug  
If I ain't makin' enough I'ma jack my plug  
We was born in it  
Not sworn in it  
You can go against it or you can join wit' it  
Made my mark so the streets gon' remember me  
Now come and get it nigga Cashville Tennekee holla back

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Some of the dudes we thought was real O.G.'s was O.B's  
Cause they talked pleas and included G's like you and me  
The first step was going to set a trap  
So in a short period, they convinced the grand jury to allow a phone tap  
And if they listenin'  
Not once did they hear us mentioning  
Murder and a cocaine distributing  
Through all that was dividends comin' in  
I'm strict legit, and better yet we too smart for ya bullshit  
Callin all cars (callin all cars)  
Hit your brother along  
And tell 'em hurry up and come them niggaz got gunz  
Man down, shots fired, only fuck niggaz and cops died  
First stage of a riot  
And them fucks couldn't sneak by  
Oh you want to witness some shit

Fine bitch, be quiet  
Because they only got what you tell 'em  
And only witness that they had, the bitch was layin' there dead  
Shot in the street all red, with two shots to his head  
Cause he was workin for the feds  
And the last informant, informed us  
They had it out for us  
For a bird that he got popped for  
So ride or die for him (ride or die for him)  
Better yet, you better kill 'em  
Cause I think he's gonna be the bitch to tell 'em  
And he probably done all ready told 'em  
But then again with out a witness them bitches ain't got shit

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