

Da Last Don

Master p

Ughhhhh...

Good Day America this is Mr. No Limit
So you want to get rid of gansta rap
but what if gansta rap gets rid of you
how'd you like them apples
you want your kids to grow up listenin' to good american music
but they don't want that they want that bout it bout it shit
you always point the finger at the bad guy
but what if the bad guy points the finger at you
fuck the politcians the media and the government
the fucking world was built on production
if it wasn't for people like me and my reality music
you couldn't pay for a meal
I'm tired of you fucking hustlers following me around
tapping my phone and over taxing my money
you know what a hustler is
its a pig that don't fly straight
but its ok (its ok)
when you finish listening to this tape
it'll be the last time you hear a bad guy like me
so fuck you cockaroaches sincerely yours the last don
Master P The Last Don
[Master P]I made millions from raps I couldn't die in scraps
No Limit niggas we strapped thug niggas bust caps
I live the life of a rider lost at heart
I played the pieces to the puzzle but they tore me apart
I went to jail for shit I didn't do
niggas banged at my motherfuckin' crew
we retaliated now we killers (Ughhhhhh)
niggas slang ghetto dope tapes but we drug dealers
ain't that a bitch a nigga tryin' make it
change by society but these fools tryin' take me
they want you dead or locked up smokin' or rocked up
walkin' the blocked up down or cocked up
In the bayou haters six feet deep it could be you or me
your girl or your homey
cause life has no time but keep your eyes on your enemies
that's one that's grown from the Last Don
he took the kiss of death so I could be The Last Don (4X)
2Pac, Biggie Smalls, My little Brother Kevin Miller
they all took the kiss of death so I could be the last don
real niggas and bitches out there feel my pain

feel my pain its real out here
ain't no such thing as uh. you can't change your life
you can't do what you wanna do
a coward dies a million deaths but a solider only dies once
so all ya niggas out there in the hood tryin' feed your families
get what you gotta get and get out nigga get your shit together
and if you hustlin' hustle for a cause nigga
don't believe in nobody but your motherfuckin' self
cause money's the root of all evil
we done lost alot of soldiers behind them dollars
that's one to grow on nigga from the last Dizon you heard me?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>