

This MUSIC-BOOK, is actually a "Free" RAP Album!

I wrote this album on behalf of Young Money's  
"TYGA" for all hip hop fans.

HOTEL CALIFORNIA-2. is a look into a reality  
and a nightmare headed for the rap-industry...  
TYGA fans; this is for you! "Free Lyrics", for  
anyone to use ....

Sincerely,

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P.S "LAST KING\$", the Novel, coming in May 2015!

# HOTEL CALIFORNIA 2.

- Track 1. What Am I Livin' For?
- Track 2. Home Field Advantage.
- Track 3. My Lips on Your Lips. Ft: Chris Brown.
- Track 4. Bout Da Benjamins.
- Track 5. Aint A Movie.
- Track 6. Yo Lovez A Felony. Ft: Trey Songz & Meek Mill.
- Track 7. What You Think of Me.
- Track 8. Close to Me. Ft: Rick Ross.
- Track 9. Judas. Ft: Kidd Ink & Miguel.
- Track 10. Makaveli Returnz.
- Track 11. Victim. Ft: August Alsina.
- Track 12. Game Like Nascar. Ft: Nicki Minaj.
- Track 13. Don't Worry. Ft: Omarion.
- Track 14. T. Raww!!
- Track 15. We Help Da \$treetz!
- Track 16. Self Made Mentality. Ft: T.i.
- Track 17. Fuck Yo Record Sales.

YMCMB!



AUTHOR/WRITER: Richard Atkins Jr.

April/May 2015  
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Money's the visual/Homies is missin' slow/Niggas is snitchin  
 on the criminals whose flippin' coke/walkin' cross that  
 tight rope/That's automatic life support/I'm screamin' out  
 survival though crackers worse than the Bible wrote/  
 My niggas know I hustle/Got the family muscle/Put a  
 hit on you busta's/Bet my family rush ya/Testify on  
 me like 14-5-A-Key yo murder sweet/I don't glorify  
 connections/street lords ride connected/And I multiply  
 the game GOD/sometimes the game is GOD/Nigga you  
 trust become your killa 8-keys a block/I'ma take gee's  
 i'm hot/I see the feds fire back/Ex. homie turnt homie  
 trana work the wire tap/My Tommy gun gone crack and  
 put his life in the bag/Run a knife across my throat a  
 suicide like that/Picture me runnin' to escape to another  
 world/corrupted my mother earts/My game is old as niggas  
 in curls/A hunnid million i'm focus/know i'll be hated  
 vision more/Mu fucka's i'm war/so tell me what i'm livin'  
 for/

Hook! If I don't make money/Then I don't make sense/  
 I gotta bank account bigger than "Freeway Rick"/  
 These weak niggas want me dead/cuz i'm livin' for more/  
 than a poor nigga cause/so tell me what i'm livin' for/

verse one:

I got Beretta's and Mack-11's and 24-k's/Go to war with  
 the cops and yo block for four days/The money don't stop  
 so the weapons is bought/They crippin' & Bloodin' & thug-  
 gin' many lessons is taught/"Biggie" dissed "40'ty" did a  
 show in the Bay/Him and his driver was staven down the  
 barrel of an A-k/Then six months after "pac" died/over in  
 L-A/Biggie was shot-down in a drive-by by a gang/This  
 California lifestyle a take a nigga lifestyle/chest red  
 like blood-diamonds all ice'd out/Killa-fornia gorilla's they  
 red & blue/Niggas think the west coast is just L-A & snoop/  
 even stockton & the Bay in northern cali they shoot/  
 When we take a rapper's chain/Aint no callin' on snoop/  
 Ask The Game bout up north niggas/take yo ass to war  
 quicker than "George"/we march in Killa-cali wit triggas!

Hook! we got Home Field Advantage when you step on our soil/  
 to these weapons we loyal/  
 Man the water gone boil/  
 cook you up like crack/Have you locked in a casket/  
 When you come to the west/we got Home Field Advan-  
 tage/

street niggas tell me Tyga switch yo style up / keep the metaphors and go to war on these clowns bruh / I'm from a city where / killin's like a city fair / everybody tough as leather til them semi's air / now the boy clutchin' his sweater fallin' down scared / Bullet holes out the Beretta you run yo mouth here / kickin' poetry got me out the hood / now i'm ridin' shotgun.. wit a nigga like "Suge" / livin' to die for C-notes / comin' out the casino / Life take's a turn for the worse / NO Al. Pacino / Mama follow the back of the hearse / And she know / rappin' was first but she rather see me "Bobby valentino" / Last king reppin' / Young Money effective / Grippin' that Smith & Wesson like my dick when erected / and goin' down her throat like H<sub>2</sub>O's accepted / Got Home Field Advantage like Koreans and step kids /

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Hook!

Baby mama deep throat/King of Diamonds peep shows/  
 Money over freak hoers/That south central Los Angeles kilo/  
 Take the bitch that wants you/Not the bitch that you want/  
 cuz a bitch on her knees/wont admit if you don't/  
 T-raww clean as Versace in Jeans and boots/  
 It all keeps the pussy wet like fish in the pool/  
 This is the truth/the pussy only quivers for goons/  
 Block niggas/cop killas/Nigga this is the proof/  
 Watch the pussy pop like balloons/Hop on the spoon/  
 Have you hotter than June/By July you on the moon/  
 Bitch, put it in my pocket/Then i'll give you the Rocket  
 You sucka's payin' for it/cuz you push a porshe stop  
 it/I aint payin' for nothin' free/pussy or H2O/Game  
 hotter than homies on parole/  
 I'm goin' down in yo deep sea/TO give you a kiss/  
 My lips gone be touchin' yo lips/Last King shit....

Hook: "CHRIS BROWN"

My lips/will be touchin' your lips/...  
 Your lips will be touchin' my lips/...  
 This a war/that you're never gonna win/...  
 My lips'll have you surrenderin' again/...

She said she like pole dancin' / I'm impressed now / I'm  
simply ro-mancin' / TO lay my sex down / she said ima  
thug, she was scared to fuck / cuz street niggas pull the  
trigger or the hair to nut / peep game, ima get you  
out those G-strangs / Get you hotter than Miami like  
a Heat game / Anybody who was lucky to experience  
that / Two fingers & a thumb, as I hit it from the  
back / Back & forward like "Aaliyah" on that rest in peace  
track / Rock the boat til we see her, as we both cli-  
max / Lie back / Let me show you how my 4-5 clap /  
You like that? / It's yours / 25 to Life that / Might dash  
like Stacey / But i'm comin' right back / NO money  
could ever change me / A million times that / But  
you fake a orgasm / Ima give it right back / If I  
don't / What kinda man is that? / Last King / ...

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I ball like spaldin' / Rap game "Biggie" like "smalls" / Tony  
 Montana & Noriega I ball / No flaws on the dime-dogs /  
 I don't rhyme dog / T-Raww leaves the club like "puff" /  
 Right after "shyne" draws / Bust on the mic / somethin'  
 sick like a illness / Money on my mind / Like two pounds  
 of that real shit / Mandatory millions / When I speak the  
 gospel / Fuck a hallalujah when I do ya wit the Roscoe /  
 Leave yo boy leekin' never speakin' again / I draw blood  
 over cash / It's the all time sin / Took a package to my  
 nigga told'em take it to jail / shit it out in the pen / Yo  
 vacation is mail / He paroled in 6 months / 40-grand in mon-  
 ey orders / My 35% gave me pleasure cross the boarder /  
 check mate / Brake a nigga face in 8-places / I'm all  
 about Da BenJamins / Goodness gracious /

Hook: The money / I get it / paper / I got it /  
 Yo bitch / I hit it / playa / I rocked it /  
 You tell me / I get it / playa / stop it /  
 All about Da BenJamins / the maybach / I cocked it /



### Verse Three!

Last night I had 50ty / told my nigga come get me / said  
he had a whole thang / He was talkin' bout "Whitney" /  
Later on at the club / sucka nigga tried to dis me /  
parkin' lot hata... heard shots from the Bentley / Got doe  
man ... doe man / sometimes they call me snowman / movin'  
wit the gangsta's / we don't bow dow to no man / tyga  
aint a pranksta / Ima gangsta til I go man / smokin'  
on that good / Got me feelin' like Conan / Lovin' success more  
then hoers and liquor / I'm on tour for a millionaire sala-  
ry nigga / club to club city to city I rock shows / Got  
soldiers on stage with they cyclops on / Treat money  
like breathin' / I excercise the wealth / Hunnid pull-  
ups and some dips yeah I did it myself / pockets swole  
and I lock and load / sort of rock & roll / If you aint  
about the Benjamins / you trickin' yo soul /

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Hook!

I been all around the world / Like a nuclear weapon /  
 Weapons of mass destruction to evade yo section / I  
 could trouble you / Worse than "George-W" / After I shit  
 on you i'm throwin' up four W's / West coast X-4 ano-  
 ther king on the go / Aint a pimp coz I limp and hit  
 tricks on a hoel steak & shrimp / My Alligators steppin'  
 on toes / for the west coast / ima come weapon exposed /  
 sexin' yo baby mama in 6-4's / I used to have 16 Hoers  
 in Frisco / The pimps know / I was Bishop / And not Don  
 Juan / talkin' bout the one in juice / once he got that  
 gun / When he fell from that roof that was not my son /  
 Pappa said when you lose / Hope its not by one / try to  
 walk in my shoes you get back aches and sore feet /  
 Bring a nigga war like one dick on four freaks /

Hook! This Aint a movie / All action no cut /  
 laughin' at you groupies / Back that ass up /  
 stacks after stacks Gangsta'd down all pimp /  
 Homie this Aint a movie.. but I could give you a  
 script /

I'm transa dodge death/ Like 2pac in the flesh/  
Hot box wit a Tec wit a Glock on deck/ Got respec-  
t like the president/ cuz bullets is oxygen/ you  
know anybody get it/ T-RAWW... is toxic/ Like a water  
muccacin I shot enemies and friends/ In south cen-  
tral we gang bang like samolia man/ Bullets hotter than  
the sudan/ And death come twice on a nigga/ who be  
playin' wit his life on a trigger/ Bullet proof vests  
have a nigga sweatin like an African/ Better that/  
Then losin' yo face when that Beretta blast/ (GUCCI) swe-  
ater pocket full of cheddar my burner/ next to the  
platinum madillion/ Niggas Jackin' and smilin'/ I'm  
clappin' and rappin' can't imagine me broke/ Less i'm 21-  
years where "Tookie" sat on Tha-Row/ Its been years  
like tears.. & i'm spittin' like uzi's/ spittin' on enemies  
dissin' bitch this Aint a movie/

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Hook!

Ft: Trey songs &  
Meek Mill...

⑥ "YO LOVEZ A FELONY"

verse one:

I'll leave before I hit her / Ima gee I will quit her /  
Hit the weed and the pussy last time for I get up / was  
attracted to her physique / And after one driz-ink /  
Back to her crib six hours full of exstacy / probably  
be another freak I did but she in love wit me / The  
sweaty sheets was wetter than a diamond fresh out the  
sea / Nipples in my mouth / she could only open mouth  
to scream / Dick up in her stomach like a virus when  
i'm comin' / Then i'm runnin' to the whip escape be-  
cuz my dick was great / every minute that she had it in  
her mouth was a mistake / I relate to love / BUT baby  
no commitment Ima thug / though im feelin' what you  
feelin' baby thats whats up / Most niggas say they pimppin'  
but they really insecure / My religion got me pimppin'  
state to state and i'm sure / If I stay another night  
wit you / I might lose my heart / I aint ready so I  
fight wit you / the gun, bat and knife a two /

Hook:

Your lovez a felony / I hear the balifs keys /  
Money's my melody / Yo body's my melody /  
Runnin' on "E" / one night I'm hop- ing... /  
Body got me addicted / so much ecstacy...

"Trey songz"

verse one:

What you think of me / Keys like i'm D.M.V / I'm seein'  
 three every corner like a kilo be / "Nino Brown" ran the  
 Carter how i'm runnin' rap / I got dealers down in Tampa  
 like i'm "Warren Sap" / Young Money in a Maybach the roof mi-  
 ssin' / I'm in that Double-R leaning watchin' television /  
 Tell them bitches if they strippin' then we make it rain /  
 Tell them snitches that a hallow tip a meet they brain /  
 I came up where cocaine match the color blue / The  
 rap game my best friend we so compatible / Ima animal  
 for cheddar banana's beretta's / Assault weapons toss bless-  
 in's / Till the streets behead us / Those three letters we  
 scared of start wit the letter F / They come get us like  
 allergies / In a nigga's chest / I play chest like its safe  
 sex / Bet the Jeep / Give yo whip to my bitch / cuz what  
 you think of me /

Hook: Made a millien wit my brain everytime you blink /  
 Another millien out the game / everytime you think /  
 My niggas trana fly the plane / wit a couple freaks /  
 Mouth piece a million dollar bang / What you think of  
 me /

Verse Three!

When you boss you play the game like you "Bobby Fisher"/  
I'm a genius - fly the game now I slide up in ya/ My  
agenda's 80M mill before I turn 30M/ The same age  
Jesus died/ Don't wanta die early/ Be divine like my  
Christ i'm talkin' state of mind/ Wrote a book movie  
director turnt a movie line/ So, we don't resort to  
violence/ we on Resorts & Islands/ Got shooters &  
tyrants/ Higher than pilots/ one hundred mill.. i'm run-  
nin' still like i'm missin' meals/ My gun is steel but i'm  
laughin still/ wit hoers in Brazil/ Told'em its real... non-  
believers now they know the deal/ Homies on the level-  
4 worth a couple mill/ Niggas whisper but they hard like  
they "Big Tookie"/ Mastermind niggas smarter than who  
killed "Tookie"/ You still pussy my African soul you'll  
never reach/ Buck the Devil send em back to hell to  
think of me!

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Hook!

9. "JUDAS"

Verse one:

I don't wanna clip up/or bitch up/or just ride/I was  
 sick bruh/Like nig-ga/wanted to cry/All my life I knew  
 this nigga whatin' no jealousy/This felonies/we was sellin'  
 keys like piano's melodies/Inhale the weed he want me to  
 bleed this caint be/Not the nigga that i'd lend my wife/or  
 the A-P/ Never thought a million years/or tears he ha-  
 ted me/I'm in shock like the Glock when shot/From A  
 to Z/He plottin' on the spots we rock/He say he king/  
 I'm hotter than a coffee pot/In Beijing/we floss we cop  
 we boss we got and made dreams/He shots to go wit  
 capo/we claim the last king/we dropped a hundred shots  
 and made guap to stay clean/That money over bitch men-  
 tally made cream/This is reality why would you challenge  
 the last king/That's like loanin' yayo to a snitch/or late  
 friend/

Hook:

Judas/...  
 we talked about/gettin' rich no doubt/to move out/  
 I'm singing.. Judas/  
 Two bosses/tradin' losses/Ballin' out/  
 Judas/  
 we run the streets/  
 Judas/  
 My gun's on me/  
 Judas/  
 we talked about/now the gun's is out/what now?  
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We scream Thug life/BUT ima King though/I got them  
 "Hunters" on point like in Frisco/DISS the west wear  
 a vest or get ripped clothes/cuz we killa's over here/  
 Never switch flows/You think its palm trees/Bad chic's  
 and b-4's/BUT we bag more than cooked crack and big-  
 coke/red or blue we come through and let Tec's fly/  
 Have a nigga "T.L.C" without "Lefteye"/I don't pop  
 pills nigga/BUT I pop steel/That nigga told on Murder  
 Inc./And still aint got killed/Makaveli returnz/with-  
 out "Suge Knight"/SO I aint dyin' in that block 7-45/  
 I know murder like a preacher know the Holy Bible/  
 My GoodBook is the reaper trana slow my rivals/purple  
 cush in the blunt/As the world turns/The president's  
 all crooks as my blunt burns/

Hook: Makaveli Returnz/I do damage like perms/  
 I speak spanish to learn/Get the cabbage  
 to burn/.....  
 Breed hustlers only/only fuck wit homies/  
 Me and Terrell.. havin' mail/NO kusta's homie/  
 X-2



Im on my Last King shit/Im trana reach global/  
Have bitches in the Kitchen on they knees local/  
South central L-A/Wasn't I to die/you heard homie got  
rich.. You heard homicide/ Now you got these rap niggas  
trana out cocky/ When they know I could send a gat  
to clap papi/ You got a ego/ But it aint a desert/  
Send you North in a box/ Betta take measures/ You a  
bird-brain/ Throwin' rocks at the thrown/ When that fat  
Lady sang/ You are now home/ I'm everywhere/. You aint  
never there, dial-tone/ Got yo stock geini' down.. like  
the Dow Jones/ This America/ Where rappers catch a  
full clip/ Out of line wit baby mama's eat a full dick/  
Ima gas.. like a King/ never sing a tune/ I just rap  
let a bitch sing to me and goons/ Arguments &  
disputes wit the Diddy star/ one punch/ man-down/ he's  
in the E-R/ But you want it with a south central/ Last  
king/ Duces is wild/ The boss betta talk to 'em/ Boys  
From the 50's come and talk on 'em/ Fat stacks, rat  
packed gettin' off on 'em/ I got shooters who don't mind  
doin' prison terms/ Listen yellow boy I tell you Makka-  
veli Returnz ...

HOOK: He got no reason to be touchin' yo body/A grown man.. like that/know he wrong/And he naughty/...  
 Let me catch em on the streets/ Ima do the same to him/  
 He's the reason/ women cry/ that they're victims...

verse one: After he does the Hook —  
 August Alsina — 8. bars ...



verse one still:

I understand your pain/ yo step. Father touchin' on yo thang/  
 to yo mama you the blame/ cuz she in love wit his game/  
 late nights he in yo room/ Hands touchin' yo flesh/ tears ro-  
 llin' down yo eyes/ pray to God he meet death/ you're confu-  
 sed/ Hope one day to see him on the news/ wit his face  
 caved in/ this rapist/ He did the do/ she don't deserve to be  
 his fool and mama know he in yo room/ He's in & out/ feel-  
 in' like a man/ Homie think its cool/ Go to school bruised...  
 she beautiful/ the principal contacted/ Her bestfriend told  
 the teacher now the story drastic/ The cops came and took  
 her back home/ Mama denies it/ The Glock bang/ knockin' his  
 dome/ Mama caint hide this/ Doctor go to examine and see  
 she's being raped/ self defense she beat the case but

verse one:

Nascar I go hard / Like "Jeff Gordon" / In 24-bar's  
 I make career's like "Jordan" / Bullets through yo car / Now  
 You "2pac" & "Big" / You wanna be famous / Here's two shots  
 You live / on a respirator / Heart beat like an escalator /  
 Nigga came out that black-hole / Just like a Raider / Fly  
 like a Raven / You can call me Baltimore / Neighborhood  
 good-fella / sell - A-key to marble floor / First brick I let  
 the 4-4 burst quick / Two bodies in the freezer foot prints  
 said Adidas / Two seats wit a Cuban bitch / Jist like "Vida"  
 No vixen or strippin' / The game don't meet her / Most niggas  
 tell you / How they're ballin' ... status / When careers come  
 to an end / They're fallin' addicts / push starter after ballin'  
 like a draft pick / The coke is like magic / Turn yo "Vince-  
 carter" to "Brad Pitt" / Last flip of the yola saw 48-gees /  
 Last bitch called me soldier / like "Slim" in the streets /

Hook: My game's like Nascar / switch and huggin' lanes like a  
 black-card / Bitches lovin' lames that's a crash bar / My  
 vision was the caine / I go under par /

verse two:

NICKI MINAJ — 16. bars ...

verse one:

Don't worry i'll be home in a hurry soon as I finish pu-  
 mppin' / Hopefully I finish before niggas start dumppin' /  
 This hustle means nothin' / If I caint share it wit a  
 queen / Feed my family / hit my knees to pray for the streets /  
 The day I became king / saw you leavin' the court / I just  
 beat a murder one / You just won yo child support / and yo  
 smile of course / Had me thinkin' sweaty sex for hours /  
 And those thighs / I could picture wrapped around me in  
 the shower / yo advice to me is leave the streets before the  
 feds come / my nightmares / you hold me tight / I know I'm  
 still alive / 35-gee's a night / movin' keys of the white /  
 But that's life / buyin' us diamonds so we both shine /  
 "9" in the mornin' to "2" in the mornin' I sold coke /  
 picked you up from work / made it jerk / put it in slow / every-  
 body knows / I'll make it home clap if necessary / Fuck my  
 adversaries / Gettin' cash past February don't worry /

Hook! Don't worry / Don't worry / ..  
 Ima be home / Before the sun comes up /  
 Baby my hustle's / for the both of us /  
 Don't worry / Don't worry /  
 I don't care / If i'm out all night /  
 You better be there /  
 The money's gone be right /

### verse Three'

put yo glasses in the air / Let the champagne twirl / Thug-  
passion in the air / How I bang this girl / Right or wrong  
this aint a R & B song / This penitentiary steel clutchin'  
she lovin' / Maybach's on chrome / Ima killa unknown / That's  
a part of my mystique / Now she curious to see if i'm the  
gee back home / smokin' weed - drinkin' liquor.. baby see  
me she shy / wana thug but she's scared to approach /  
This mul-ti / Hoes like / A nigga speakin' from the heart  
they fuck / My game keep's her panties wet / Like a heartless  
slut / she remind's me of "stacey dash" & "vivaka fox" /  
I hit'em up like "pac" in poetic justice i'm hot / Treat  
the pussy like the hands on the clock / I don't stop / Til  
she drop out the race / wit her hand on my cock / Before  
they bury me / I'm legendary / tell my adversaries / That i'll  
see you at the cemetery / Baby Don't worry /

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### Hook'

Verse one:

Ima walkin' revolver / From the first shot a / yo face / walked  
 and got up and walked to the coffin / For a couple dolla's /  
 I speak nada / to police coppa's / I love the streets like  
 my mama once was married to a mobsta / you gone need  
 a doctor but probably wont make the time back / cuz my  
 murder game's a last king / leavin' the line flat / I rhyme  
 that / murder - music keeps my mind black / sit and rewind  
 tracks / and then I take a shit to find gas / memories fade  
 but my enemies wicked I misbehave / Terrell got the gua-  
 ge / my dick's all in yo face / Ima pimp so i'm callin' out  
 tricks / callin' out names / my delivery's like Hennessey and  
 ballin' cocaine / literally / me and chemistry's like history /  
 coz snitches believe / Bullets is homies til they hit you in  
 waves / snitch and you bleed / just another rat in the cage /  
 He turn the corner to a cage ..smokin' / blow out his brains /

Hook: I get money / say no to drugs / Havin' big cash.. get  
 you noticed like fallin' thugs / Havin' big cash get's  
 exposure like police calls / Brotha's blast back /  
 Remember that came from T-RAWW!

X-2

### Verse three:

We sick / cuz we squeeze clips / strategic / And  
squeeze tit's / TA freak bitches believin' in mean  
dick / on the scene lit up / guns between car seats  
get up / Rappin' a rap star in charge my bullet scars  
hit up / He was hard kinda bitter / Like cheap wine /  
"Drake" saw the street sign kept drivin' now he's  
dyin' / NO po-lice / To keep me from tryin' ghetto  
science / Like pullin' his tongue between his teeth  
so niggas keep lyin' / I keep iron like the "Ironman"  
Bullets flyin' like pelicans / Funerals shot up on  
some ghetto shit / My dog is not "scooby-doo" / cuz  
scooby aint squeezin' that chrome uzi at yo breathin'  
at elementary schools / He mention me cool / Not thi-  
nkin' I would reach for the fool / Catch you niggas  
always sleepin' / And deepen yo drool / In yo bedroom  
creepin' this is liberty fool / Instead of alcohol / I'm  
feelin' up yo shit in the pool / so mention me fool /  
you hard-core / Benchin' me cool / Ima bury you and  
yo ego like serial killas do / Lotta niggas aint feelin'  
you / T. RAWW connected like interviews / knock the  
air out your inner tube / I been the dude / Last  
kings ...

Hook!



Ima inch off yo ass aint no rappin'/My murder-game  
 nice/Either hands or the clappin'/close caskets/ A  
 league of my own/you sleep you gone/Ima hot niggga so  
 I keep the heat in my chrome/I then shot niggas  
 talkin' like they king on the throne/first comes first  
 served/Have some meat on yo bones/We go to war  
 over streets/not beats you dummy/only publicity you  
 get is after I squeeze a clip/Heat you down like  
 a NBA basketball game/you want charity i'll bury you  
 for free in this game/In the hood you a target if  
 yo gat aint cocked/come to jail and everybody say  
 they runnin' they block/you can see a rap-God when  
 they one of a kind/I got that Attitude like "Ice cube"  
 back in '95/that's cool if I smash you/NO maybe  
 beef/The real niggas only help Da streetz/

Hook! "Yall need beats for help/We help the beats/  
 Yall need beats for help/We help the beats/  
 Yall need beats for help/we help the beats/  
 But only real niggas help Da streetz

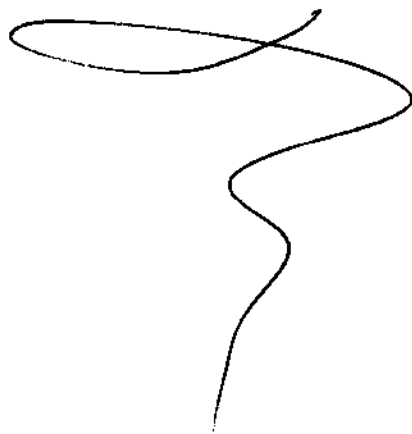
- say twice -



Verse Three:

I don't talk that King shit/ But i'm the last King  
bitch/ Baddest chick in the game/ It's a Young  
Money thang/ Ask Wayne/ how I bang/ Whoever  
aint Gee/ the nigga you love to hate/ just never  
could see/ But against me/ and hope you walk away  
with yo shoes/ this aint a movie when that uzi  
come up out of that booth/ Every rapper act gangster/  
Like you caint bleed/ First class flight to Canada/  
It's New Years eve/ or the 4th of July/ All that  
fuck everybody but me/ south central streets/ you  
just askin' to die/ It's all good when you doin' the  
bussin'/ Till you that rapper on the other end of  
the barrell wit a major concussion/ Bunch of  
know-it-alls/ rappin' bout the life they livin'/ When  
you jealous and you fake off my lifestyle pimppin'/  
That's rude/ When I smash you/ No maybe beef/  
Real mutha fuckas help da streetz/

Hook:



I wana bubble like / so I hustle white / But the  
 trouble right next to me / coke white Lex sex to  
 me / Respectin' me / Is not puttin' yo life in jeopardy /  
 Especially when I got a King next to me / Niggas  
 callin' me / coz i'm ballin' wit platinum chains glowin' /  
 Nitro / on the MIC slow / when i'm flowin' / Bitch  
 niggas get hit quicker / than sweet swishers / playas  
 in gators / mackin' out the Navigator wit ya / Blue  
 con-verse / Now watch the Don ... do a verse / I'm  
 three times worse / than yo moms in a hearse /  
 Blow the spot wit Glock 12's / Notice how I got  
 mail / five rappers shot / from the top / How I got  
 bail / Mutha Fuckas say i'm hot / Like a cell block /  
 Born black so i'm strapped nigga / out of jail "pac" /  
 cock-a-strap / put 'em on his back / Befo he tells  
 cops / snitches like crack / It's everywhere / so pre-  
 pare Ahk /

Hook! I'm the last King / I'm self made indeed / ...  
 Got myself Rich / A Grand Hustle like the King /  
 T. Raww and T. i /  
 We draw / and he die /  
 When you self made / you caint fall back to knee  
 high /

Every new encounter is shaped by different forces/ My  
homicide was like if mama had an abortion/ The drama-  
static was gorgeous/ General on some war shit/ My army  
fatigues on/ I bleed strong/ my 44 spit/ Like when black  
hawk was down/ That was that dog/ I'm now/ Yo brains  
over yo 49er fit/ That's a touch down/ My "9" to spit  
to fuck clown/ That designer shit is up-town/ I out-  
line a bitch like a pimp/ Like she my crown/ Feds  
keep investigatin'/ Needed by you snitches/ Last kings  
mean gorilla/ I'm heated in the trenches/ War aint -  
completed/ Till you bleedin out yo senses/ My niggas is  
starters/ Y'all niggas off the benches/ NO willie Lynch  
shit/ Niggas be silly and defenseless/ My team after milks  
like "Meek"/ No new friendships/ This rapper think he  
built like me/ Ridin new Benzes/ I'm "Ice cube"/ He  
"Kool Moe D"/ boy i'm gettin it/ If I aint gettin it/  
We hog tyin' rappers when they visit/ send 'em home in  
boxes/ Like "Makaveli" and "poppa"/ Barettas bussin on  
suckas who fuckin wit this monsta/ out the roof of  
the coupe, that Tommy Gun becomes a problem/  
T-Raww come and draw/ Get it bloody like a Russian flag/  
study you suckas who claimin colors won't buss a mae/  
Bangin you bustas the fame is nothin what's up wit that/  
claimin you bussin/ you came from nothin/ I hustle that/