

## Last Mcs

Billy Woods

Stories of how we gone through it since way  
Back, talking problems and hard paths  
Starving on blocks, we fed, mad  
At niggas that forgot we broke bread  
Grow with strength, learning everyday lessons  
Gotta get up and press issues, stressed from  
Being misused. Fuck those mad 'cause  
We spit truth, get dro in bags and  
For you, it's easy-more so said than done  
Chased by police, we run, get  
Tired, pause in streets with peace  
Wired, come down hard from being highed up  
Stuck on clouds, but no time to fuck  
Around. Make tracks and rush your town  
Off corners, lungs burnt-out, still  
Got stoges, bust 'em down. Outside  
Wild, got the grown folks  
Cussing now like, "Yo (Yo)  
What the f...? (Shit crazy) "

And it's  
Nothing but problems. Who gonna come  
Around and solve 'em? Who gonna be  
The one to save us? Gotta save you  
And make special moves. You know it's like...

Carving blocks of granite, Stonehenge flows  
Sisyphean stones? We move those  
Kudos to the kids for stage shows, Wizard of Oz  
Curtain-pullers on cats who b-boy-pose  
Corporate toads, the nose knows you're softer than  
Ho Hoes. Breaking mixing boards in dojos  
Turn studio to à la modes for semi-pros  
Career-ender, adiós, retire  
To the Poconos. You could have been a contender  
Tell your grandkids while pulling quarters from behind  
Their ears, nursing a beard, thinking back over  
The years. Under belts, Spitamatic  
They was something else. Which Yung Havok?  
The last emcees I ever felt  
(Ever felt)

Alright, alright, alright, settle down, settle down, settle down. E  
everybody grab your seats, you nah'mean? Coming for you live and direct from  
the Woodz, it's me, the one and only Priviledge, you heard? Holler at me. Bu  
t coming to the stage, right now, the very illustrious (This might be all ni  
ght!), my man William Bodega

I'm an outer comp like an E.T  
Who holds weight like snitches at the bottom of lakes  
Who can bend when beats break? Always drop different  
Like snowflakes, throw the mic down, have it  
Turn to a snake. Holy Moses upstate  
That'll have you tied to his stake half-baked  
Down here, no great shakes. The average  
Resident on a milk crate'll outshine your mixtape  
Hard to kill Gates without eight bars

Of free-base to stay away. We're lane-switching  
Out freeways when we snatch your plates. Get out  
The kitchen, where I dwell, raw, well intuition  
Linguistic double-stitching, word connect, forward  
Connect, raw creep with beef for sleepy peepers  
Max out the meter, clap out the heaters  
Thought-cheater. Vengeance sweeter served  
Cold, first [?] abasement. Composition  
Flesh, plasma, reefer creature search speakers  
Mic kryptonite-getting weak, I step  
On stage, glide, forgot my verse blade  
So I slide, first pray. Drunk crowds worst  
Rhyming dragons unrehearsed, you're getting paid  
Drop my ganja vibing. Who's on first?  
Fire Marshall Ray, thugs pushing, dicks swinging a purse  
Stage-diving, conniving Coronas  
More haze, NYPD pepper spray  
Bartender rising, snatching top-shelf  
You don't got to go home-at least not by yourself