

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, alright, settle down, settle down, settle down. E
verybody 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