

Last One

Lil Durk

Cicero

DJ Bandz

That last hit, I don't even wanna

Big Doodie Lo, ay, big Doodie Lo, big Doodie Lo, nigga

That last hit, I don't even wanna talk about (I don't even wanna talk about it, they're indictin' motherfuckers all in that shit, shh)

Fucked him up so bad, I don't even wanna walk without it (Hit is ass switch, Drac', switch, Drac', Drac')

Last nigga, caught his ass OT, he was out of bounds (Out of bounds)

That nigga, he ain't even get nothin', actin' fishy, he don't even come around

Last month I was in rehab, but I'm sober now (I'm sober now)

All this money I spent on drink, I don't wanna know the amount (Bitch)

All my opps, they switched up, they ain't on shit, they're some vloggers now (Some vloggers now)

They say they don't even wanna rap no more, they want all the clout (What?)

I put on twenty K on bounties, I just want his head (Go get him)

Why the fuck you drop that diss? Boy, you know you dead (Boom, boom)

I'm just laughin' in my head, that get back is a motherfucker (That get back is a motherfucker)

Couldn't afford a funeral, so they're gift-wrapped in a blood puddle (Gift-wrapped in a blood puddle)

"Doodie, where you been at?" I been winnin' while my killers spinnin' (Spin, spin, spin)

We gon' stand on business, pop out, nigga, and don't leave no witness (Boom)

Shh, nigga, yeah, I'm ridin' 'round in a Pelle coat (Pelle coat)

Hoppin' off the jets, just me, Bandz and Smurkio (And Durkio)

All my niggas vultures, .223s when I'm with Fox (Boom, boom)

Chicagos Rarest exposin' all you niggas fuckin' cops, bitch (Gang, gang)

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All that cheese I spent on them blitzes, nigga, I know the amount, I keep tabs on 'em

All this fuckin' cheese I spent on rose gold, nigga, I lost the amount, nigga

I put stones inside my mouth, still got choppers on side the house

I gotta stay on point 'cause I don't know who sendin' in who when new people around

Put all the smackers in rehab, why? Fox 'nem like to act bad

I gotta change my ways, every time a nigga get smacked, I hit the smacked dance

I'm finna start puttin' chains on bitches, that's better than buyin' a fake ass

I told my Fox I can change his life if he down to catch eight hats (Woo)

Niggas drop their gun in a shootout, put 'em on gun restriction

Nigga, know when it's time to move, I just spot that cousin hittin' it

I just grabbed the shit out the store, nigga, put up all the glizzies
This spot big boomin', never know when the feds might try to hit it (Bitch)

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