

The Last One Standing

Ramirez

Creepin out the cut, with a loaded clip (a loaded clip)
Open up your mouth, I put my dick in it (my dick in it)
Ridin' around your city with my fucking clique (my fucking clique)

Kickin' in your house and I run that bitch (run that bitch)

Hey, making moves I'm on my Motorolla
Whippin' up the pad and cooking baking soda
Bitches boofing talking about they wanna hit
I flip the shit and make a move [?] real quick
I'm on a row
MAC eleven with a silence kit
Drop a body make him pay for it
Cock it back and then I load the clip
Murda, murda running through my mind
Drop a package on the way, (oh shit)
Talking shit behind a keyboard
Nigga run the fade
All my niggas shooters gripping Ruger
Nigga this is Judgement Day (ah)
You don't want to probably nigga talk that shit and see me face
to face (yah)
Great days in blue fade [?], fuck around and let me take your
life away
Pussy boy rappers they hatin' on me if you unleash the beast ai
n't nobody is safe

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