

# 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 Motorola  
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 ain't nobody is safe

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