

## Last Stop

Swizz Beatz

Swizzie what up nigga

We ain't do this in a minute, let's have a little fun nigga cmon

It's the kid that be ducking all the award shows (yup)

For the Oscars I might go in my wardrobe

I been looking, a lot y'all getting floor close

Me I got a crib that's just foreclosed

Got room of sneakers what I want is just some fellas to bare from his old wa  
tch

The kitchen is ch-ch-chinchillas

I mean I could go on about the car notes and the villas

And the girls and the cars or how I grew up with the killas

If you with I'm with it (with it)

Let's get it let's get it (get it)

I don't pump fake baby I spin on my pivot

Looking at some exquisite, I don't just talk it I live it

You could do the shofar or ride with the hawk in the civic you choose

She a stewardess talking to me fly

Saying she just back from Jamaica and Dubai

I'm like you basic and you dry

Your makeup say Devry

And don't fool yourself, you're just a waitress in the sky

Let's talk about it (yea)

You gon ask me you need a refill or, put your chair away

Please, put on your seatbelt

Whole time she smiling she just staring at my retail

Gave the girl my email, here go the details

He took her on vacation (huh?), I took her to my mothers house

He went to the Bahamas (Bahamas?), I hit it on my mothers couch

Brought her friend with her, watch em eat each other out

The way I fucked her face man she gon need another mouth huh

For life trenches y'all

Yea I'm from the trenches y'all

Right off of Lennox y'all

You know I had to mention y'all

Got a different agenda y'all

From '91 to '96 I was on the benches y'all was crack inside the tennis ball

Shit I broke day, served nights

Dirt bikes we was up and down the turnpike

Word life with 3 niggas on they 3rd strike

I'm Mike Tyson, no I did them birds right

Y'all better be real, meetings in Beverly Hills

Looking 9 months me and Murda at 70 mil (yup)

Is what it is I never cared how you felt or feel (nope)

I'm so ill, I give myself the chills (brr)

On a evening with Jerry Mozima (yup), Rony Fee, Josh Apparel all said I'm a  
winner, thanks

But I know this I'm ready for dinner

I get it some of the winter forgot I help you remember

I sold liquor, sold cologne, sold more clothes (I did)  
Sold records, sold crack, I sold dog hoes (what else?)  
Sold horsepower, now I'm doing sport shows  
Outside the sports bar, V stay in sports mode, huh  
Different leader, same habits  
I know I'm what you want but you can't have it (nah)  
You got bad habits, me I'm a bank magnet  
And the coupe roof missing like Frank Mathis