

# Andre Nickatina, The Last Rap I'll Ever Write

On the night of the last rap that I write  
MC's all over will bless the mic  
Point two double glocks in the air  
Some cats gon' die in they barber's chair  
Real rap take to be made of gold  
Hot little ho's y'all keep em cold  
Everywhere, check it out, it'll be cool  
All dope deals will even go smooth

On the night of the last rap that I write  
The Devil and God gon' have a fight  
Check it, head to head  
Tiga, toe to toe  
Try'na figure out where I'ma go  
All non-smokers gon' blaze the weed  
Bonify the term ...(?)  
From pennies, yeah tiga  
To a gang of g's  
And all my homies go from oz's to key's

On the night of the last rap that I write  
Mike Tyson gon' have his greatest fight  
Knock the little trick out with a left and a right  
Stevie Wonder even gon' regain his sight  
On the night of my last rap  
Africa's gon' be run by blacks  
And no where 'round will there be crack  
Jamaica's gon' get Bob Marley's back  
And all my tigas gon' bust they guns  
And no where 'round where the police come

And check this out  
I'ma kick it with khan  
Muhammad Ali will be pronounced as god  
Won't be one killin' in the projects  
Muslim's will all cry from Malcom-X  
You will finally get respect  
Dis I know, I never guess

On the night of the last rap that I write  
I'll be married with a wife  
She'll be the special love of my life  
But check this out muthafucka, Not tonight  
Life, of a desperado  
Kick it like soccer, That's my motto  
Like a bullet in your gun  
My heart stay hollow  
Sumthin' to like but not to follow  
Yo!