

# Master P, Da Last Don

Ughhhhh.....

Good Day America this is Mr. No Limit  
So you want to get rid of gansta rap  
but what if gansta rap gets rid of you  
how'd you like them apples  
you want your kids to grow up listenin' to good american music  
but they don't want that they want that bout it bout it shit  
you always point the finger at the bad guy  
but what if the bad guy points the finger at you  
fuck the politicians the media and the government  
the fucking world was built on production  
if it wasn't for people like me and my reality music  
you couldn't pay for a meal  
I'm tired of you fucking hustlers following me around  
tapping my phone and over taxing my money  
you know what a hustler is  
its a pig that don't fly straight  
but its ok (its ok)  
when you finish listening to this tape  
it'll be the last time you hear a bad guy like me  
so fuck you cockaroaches sincerely yours the last don  
Master P The Last Don

[Master P]

I made millions from raps I couldn't die in scraps  
No Limit niggas we strapped thug niggas bust caps  
I live the life of a rider lost at heart  
I played the pieces to the puzzle but they tore me apart  
I went to jail for shit I didn't do  
niggas banged at my motherfuckin' crew  
we retaliated now we killers (Ughhhhhh)  
niggas slang ghetto dope tapes but we drug dealers  
ain't that a bitch a nigga tryin' make it  
change by society but these fools tryin' take me  
they want you dead or locked up smokin' or rocked up  
walkin' the blocked up down or cocked up  
In the bayou haters six feet deep it could be you or me  
your girl or your homey  
cause life has no time but keep your eyes on your enemies  
that's one that's grown from the Last Don

he took the kiss of death so I could be The Last Don (4X)  
2Pac, Biggie Smalls, My little Brother Kevin Miller  
they all took the kiss of death so I could be the last don  
real niggas and bitches out there feel my pain  
feel my pain its real out here  
ain't no such thing as uh.. you can't change your life  
you can't do what you wanna do  
a coward dies a million deaths but a solider only dies once  
so all ya niggas out there in the hood tryin' feed your families  
get what you gotta get and get out nigga get your shit together  
and if you hustlin' hustle for a cause nigga  
don't believe in nobody but your motherfuckin' self  
cause money's the root of all evil  
we done lost alot of soldiers behind them dollars  
that's one to grow on nigga from the last Dizon you heard me?