

Scarface, The Last Of A Dying Breed

The last
of a dying breed

I don't remember much about bein born
But I do remember this: I was conceived on February 10th
Complications detected in my early months of ballin
Around my sonagram you could see the evil was swarmin
The hassle, was it what the world was seekin in a child?
The doctors wanted me out, my mama's in denial
Then I kicked her and gently rubbed my hands across her stomach
Told her: "Keep em off me, mama, I'm comin, I'm comin"

Now I guess I musta been the reason mama couldn't sleep
Interrupted her peace, but it was time for me to eat
And since carryin me caused all that swimmin in your feet
Just know that I'm thankful, I'll let you feel it with my heartbeat
All the doctor visits and physicians movin me around
You could sense my discomfort in every other ultrasound
And I'm runnin out of room in here, steady slidin down
Then she opened up her legs and pushed me out (pushed me out)

(Nigger, nigger never die
Blackface, shining eye)

When I awoke I recall them walkin out my nose
Screamin at the top of my lungs, freezing cold
Wrapped me up in blankets after dressing me in clothes
Then I met the ??? that I owed
At 3 o'clock, what-what, nine seven o
Was the birth of a dying species, and this I know
The truth was in my bloodline, planted in my seed
The last of this muthafuckin breed

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