

# Last Dayz (Instrumental)

## Onyx

I'm america's nightmare young, black and just don't give a fuck  
I just wanna get high & live it up  
So fuck a 9 to 5 and whitey tryin to slave us, with minimum wages  
Slamming my niggas up in cages  
Changin their behavior to spitting razors, that's outrageous  
Smoking roaches is hopeless, we want lazy sofas and sculptures  
Lady chauffeurs who fuck us, full house and royal flushes  
Roll with the rush, it's that afficial nast  
Got bitches with pistols and cash, we living in the last  
My theory is "fuck it", sexy niggas get abducted  
My corrupted is conducted, through ghettos, sipping amaretto  
Hand on the metal, foot on the pedal  
He wore carolina herrera, dirty donna karan sweaters  
Ralph lauren leathers and suedes  
Gold plated guns and grenades  
To blow up; I got news from the informers  
I'm trapped in corners, busting shots at time-warner's  
My man big ty, he know how to get by  
Get high, do a jix, then be fixed to be fly  
Some mid, cross and up and downtown action  
And when he stick he keep a grip and move with traction  
Keep mad alibis, a plan to stay wise and wide eyed  
Living in the state of south side  
Crooked jakes and fakes snake niggas all out for papes  
All who wanna over take you leave them with drapes  
The white sheet covers, this heat smothers  
The street, eat brothers  
Six shots rang, duke got banged  
We all ready for these wars  
We all want more, these the last days get yours  
32 shots inserted in glocks, you heard it for blocks  
The murderer who gots convertible drops  
Livin life on the edge, a dangerous way of living  
Never giving a shit  
Cause we living in it  
Cause it be off the hook  
Crooks, crack  
Cheeba spots, and selling rocks  
The cops around the clock  
It's hot  
Livin life on the edge, a dangerous way of livin

Never giving a shit  
Cause we living in it Thinkin about takin my own life  
I might as well, 'cept they might not sell weed in hell  
And that's where i'm goin cause the devil's inside of me  
He make me rob from my own nationality  
That's kind of ignorant, but yo I gotta pay the rent  
So yeah, I'll stick a nigga most definite  
A degenerate if I get caught I'm innocent  
Cause I don't leave no sticky finga prints  
For the cops, they only good if they dead  
And all that badge and the gun shit be goin' to their head  
To make bread I gotta steal for sport  
So I stole the show and made some pennies for my thoughts  
And if this fucking rap shit don't pay  
I'ma start selling drugs around my way  
Killing my own people in the usg  
Shit they gonna get it from somebody, I'd rather it be me  
Besides, you can't tax dirty money  
And you can't trust nobody (nobody)  
No one (no one), I'm a scorpion  
And I'll probably bite the bullet cause I live by the gun

Songwriters

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