

# Last Day

Joe Budden

When it's my last day, then it's my last day  
But until that day you can't take away  
How they scream my name, how I pimp this game  
Critically acclaimed until my last day  
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Y'all better stand up or sit down 'cause I'ma be here  
Pull up a beach chair and pop you a Becks beer  
I'ma live it up 'til I'm a hundred with gray hair  
Glass house in Bel-Air, that's high up in the mountain  
Golden gates and the brass water fountain  
'Til my last day, I'm goin' hard  
And I ain't slowin' up 'til the Heliport's in my back yard  
'Til my whole team sign they name on that black card  
'Til I bring New York back, 'til I show you where I'm from  
'Til I show you how it's done, show you why I'm number one  
'Til my peeps is out the hood, 'til I buy my moms a jet  
'Til I own my first island and cash a trillion dollar check  
'Til I'm at the top of Forbes', richest lookin' kosher  
With my name and my picture, right next to Oprah  
In negotiations with Bill Gates and his broker  
'Til I'm with Jehovah, it ain't over 'til it's over  
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Besides God, what the fuck should I fear?  
The only one could stop me is that chick in the mirror  
I built my career on blood, sweat and tears  
And I'm still here, gettin' stronger each year  
'Cause what don't kill me could only help build me  
I guess all that dirt just made me more filthy  
If being loyal's a crime, then I'm so guilty

If you was missin' a spine you'd still have to feel me  
Some came and went but your girl is everlasting  
'Til the day I'm gasping  
And niggaz droppin' tears on my Versace casket  
And I'm reunited with Big like, "Nigga what happened?"  
Shit, got drastic, I missed you with a passion  
By now they should realize, I'm not the average rap chick  
Ain't nuttin' they could do now to stop my shine  
This is God's plan, homey, it ain't mine  
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Until my heartbeat stops, my flesh goes numb  
And the last breath leaves my lung  
I'll be the big Q.B., the problem in Prada  
The bitch that these rap hoes wanna become  
I been hated on many times, adored and idolized  
Check your stats, I'm all that, bottom line  
It's all there in black and white, read it and weep  
I'm the perfect example of keepin' it street  
'Cause when it's all said and done and at the end of the day  
My actions spoke louder than whatever they say  
Yeah, I'll rep the hood, stood the test of time  
So a cell'll hold my body and never my mind  
So never mind any of y'all petty tactics  
I'm gettin' fatty, movin' through them tax brackets  
Bitch, you gotta be kiddin' me, Kim's the epitome  
I'm the ghost of Big, so you could never get rid of me  
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