

Last Day (feat. Juicy J, Lloyd Banks)

Joe Budden

Look, look
These niggas lied to me way back,
Said this was where my buck stop
Ridin' right by in my fly shit
These niggas still at that bus stop,
You'll never see these jeans sag
You would think so with this tucked Glock
And any nigga wanna go bar-for-bar
Know I'm always with that club hop
This your shit, y'all don't know shit
Them hoes you with is just average
This four spittin' that whole clip and my alibi is my bad bitch
So don't be the first to get it
My life is like a movie and your bitch deserve the credit
I just stood there and directed
She just did what I expected
Doin' me but you'd do me too
I'll be me, my nigga, you be you
I guess that men can be groupies too
Recognize a winner, live like a born sinner
Catered dinners, finna have a pool party in the winter
Finna skinny dip bitch fuck them drawers,
Her brains are killer and I love em' all,
Said my head got a price on it,
She come through and just suck it off,
So if you scared get a weapon
Every day a nigga live like he prepared for Armageddon
Now when they call me to them gates and they ask me
how I live
I feel I ain't have a choice like my stomach's to my ribs
Niggas wanted me dead, I kept hammers in the crib
But nah, I don't regret a fuckin' thing I ever did
So I spend like it's my last day
Club like it's my last day
Ride like it's my last day
Fry like it's my last day
Fuck like it's my last day (Yes sir)
Fuck boys wanna blast me (Juicy J)
This might be your last day (Joe Budden let's get it)
But it won't be my last day (Uh) Models by my side

Shooters on my team
Choppers with the beam
Countin' up some green
Blowin' on a blue dream
My life is like a movie and your bitch just made a scene
Me and your bitch just made a scene
Wake up and I smoke somethin'
After that, I poke somethin'
Bet she bad with a fat ass
Beat it up like she stole somethin'
Fuck two times then I roll somethin'
Can't no nigga do it like me
All my chains is icy
All my clothes is pricey
In Louis Vuittons, no Nike's
I'm Nino Brown, you Ice-T
Snitchin' equals dead bodies
(Snitchin' equals dead bodies)
Nigga caught a death wish, think he caught me slippin'
I don't play that bull, boy
I'm shootin' like Scottie Pippen
Now when they call me to them gates and they ask me how I live
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But it won't be my last day
I'm dressed up with my sport keys
My Rollie, bands, love short sleeves
Wanted man when I tour seas
All my bitches crossbreeds
These big faces talk Gs
I lace my H's, walk free
I'm V-Sixin' in V-Twelves
Ninety-three is my horse fee
Life's a bitch I figured I'd bone
Smoke this weed while I get a little dome
Black star when it's all said and done
Gotta put my name in the middle of the road
Open boxes, a pair a day
Mine don't come in pearl yet

Got a party out in the UK
I'mma hit them hoes with my Euro step
Insomniac, gotta live my life
Where's the pie? Gotta get my slice
I hommie shit, where's the body bag?
Kiss my Maserati ass
Two thick queens in a king's suite
Gettin' energized off thin sleep
I let all my AKA's hit
They thought I was ten deep
Miss wake me, get a hundred dollar tip
Pray to God, heard my number and I hit
Trophy girl, make 'em come in for the chip
When you do good, all the summers go quick
Trust nobody, got thunder on the hip
Shotty in the crib, don't start no shit
Bad chick, ass and her stomach don't fit
Know your lane, don't come with no lip
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