When Was the Last Time

Vakill

[Intro Scene]

"Chicago!"

[Vakill - Verse 1]

I breathe through the pain and exhale for, single parent homes
Exhale crack addict withdrawls they can't bear alone
Exhale smoke from the barrels of those bearin' chrome
Exhale for the slums where angels went there to roam
Wrote my first verse in a book of Tops
That rolled the weed that had the crooked cops tryna book my pops
He lived in a bottle, when he drank, I shook the spot
Wrote 3 16s for everytime he took a shot
Took it as a sign of confirmation
When Will's brains was blown on the safe, couldn't find the combination
Minor confrontations no longer pugilistic
We resolved 'em with the hugest biscuits
Understand - I seen too much not to address it
Held the tools that you got you undressin'
And I would exhale jewels and spot you this blessin'
Now, take a deep breath, be honest with yourself, and exhale when I drop you this question -

[Hook - Repeat x 2]
When was the last time you breathed
Walked the streets without a vest and gat tucked in the sleeve
When was the last time you [exhale]
Without the assist of alcohol or twistin' up leaves

[Vakill - Verse 2]
This is season tickets to my pain, I invite you ingraduly
Show me a hero, and I'll, write you a tragedy
If there's bullet wounds, I'ma [??] right through it's cavity
Insightful and avidly up close and personal
I don't draw pictures - I texturize the paint
To touch souls of soldiers next to risin' rank
That's findin' it difficult to exercise restraint
'Cause when it comes to whips, women, and extra pies, we can't
Die broke, that's some of our fears
Every summer y'all hear shells drops

'Cause cats makin' sure they numbers are here
When there's a hood, there's a struggle
There with knuckles and gats, settle my several scuffles in an appropriate manner
And if Soviet hammers, won't hestitate
Patience is a virtue, that can six feet dirt you
And have your spirit leavin' Earth, and what's even worse?
A lot stop breathin' before they mastered breathin' first

[Hook]

[Vakill - Verse 3]
It goes one for Ken's kite, two for twin light-skinned dykes
Three for T-Max with white pinstripes
Wish I could send 'em, Lord knows what your life's been like
Five years in the beast with no ray of light in sight
But I'ma ride 'til the Good Lord put it in neutral
Keep extra clips fuller than usual
Cocksuckas that wanna pull it and shoot you
I'ma put a bullet in mutual, Channel 32 Fox bulletin news you
Speak to Marilyn Manson, crack is viable
Where atheists and Baptists rival
Home of evangelists and black disciples
And two-time felons that's quick to carjack you with an ROTC practice rifle
Change the game, same rules to ref use
So F you, I refuse to leave until the impact I left's huge
This here's a redneck incestuous flow - son of your nephews

[Hook]

Lyrics submitted by Billy.

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