

# 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 hesitate  
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]

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Lyrics submitted by Billy.

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