

Last Dayz (from 8 Mile)

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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