Last Day

Home Brew

Sitting at the bus stop on West Coast
Road with my headphones banging in the red zones
Stoned, trying to get home
Next to some lesbo dressed in a trench coat
Nana in her bed robe
Fresh out the rest home
This feels like it's death row
Plus the bus running late, supposed to come at 8 and now it's 9 and I don't want to wait
Around with these wierdos dressed like scarecrows
Metallica shirts and the plates in their earlobes
So I start walking, just to kill the boredom
Pass a Harvey Norman and a sneaker store
And that was when I saw them: 87 weapons
Fresh from the heavens undefeated size 11's
'You got 10's?'
He said he'll get them from the back
While he's gone I just watch them shine on the rack
Fighting with my mind: one guy is like, 'You wanna scrap'
The other's like, 'Hm, What's wrong with that?'
See I could tell you some shit
But I ain't gonna act like nobody slaved for this letterman that's on my back
[?], this is more subconscious rap
I'm just trying to make an honest, track
But it's hard to be a man and a sneaker fan
Holding kicks made in Vietnam, playing [?]
Singing about freedom and veganism while I eat a hamburger
Should her off and listen to some Steely Dan
Cause I love the custard cremes and the [?] greens
Plus I got a hundie I could blow it on a couple T's
Sick of wearing crusty jeans with busted seams
So fuck my dreams, 'Bro how much are these?'
He said a hundred, that's when I started wonder what is
Was that I wanted, the kicks? Or just the confidence?
And then, something clicked and I left
And my fucked up New Balance took another step on the path way (way)
Just trying to live it like last day (day), not trying to worry what the stars say (naa)
Just trying to give it (my all) cause all I'm given (this life)
That's why I'm living like my last day, just gotta listen what my heart say
No time for stressing what you can't change (naa)

Just trying to give it (my all) cause all I'm given (this life)
That's why I'm living like my last day
Sitting on a slow boat to Thailand, staring out the right hand
Side paradise as far as the eye can see
Feeling like, man, this just a giant ant crawling on a flying rock carrying some eye candy
So, why am, I so caught up in what I have, I want, I need, iPad, my bad
I must have forgot how hard life can be
For people they here dying for some rice and peace
They live of the Earth digging in dirt
Dirt we [?]
Turned into rice that wasn't as burned with no concern and it's like that
[?] then its right back to life roll up the herb, smoke up the world
Like empathy is only a word I think our heads got big as the bird
We say they live in the third, who are we to say that this is the first
Only cause we ain't got a second, to give to a beggin'
Man or a hand to lend, and armageddon say they lower class, but steal the teachers for your yoga class
What's life, go and ask the fisherman that's strollin' past my window
Show me a mansion with more manners than this temple
Drunk off the beer essentials, 'can it be that is was all so simple'
Before the East Side moved central
We praise the elegant high flyers and billionaires
They praise the elephants, white tigers, and grizzly bears
Smiling through the worst flood they had in 50 years
Cause they say everything comes, and then it disappears
They got no hipsters here
Nobody bitching about the shit they wear
Nobody consumed by consumerism here
And they ain't got no prisons here, because the systems fair
They just just existin' here livin' as if it's their last day
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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