In the Last Second

Jumpsteady

... scoreboard first!
gun cocks, fires
Explosion, holes blown in my chest
Like Speakers
People screaming louder than some queers
I've been the victim of some untimely set
Trippin' peeps in the streets
By-standers, children and women
Are watchin me fall
Blood sprayin on the ground
Must be bust up
As visions of my life begin to gather round
Heart pumpin and a body of stone is what I feel
Now a prison of internal bleeding full of steel
Let's keep it really real,
I'm hoping I'ma make it
This is the only life I got
and I be damned if you gon take it
Feelin' colder than the polar ice caps
See my boy's frozen face of horror as he reacts
Why did they pop me, was it all over bank?
Because my lungs burnin like Haley's Comet inside a holding tank
Who am I? What is life?
Did I respect it?
So many questions floatin on in the last second
In the last second of life
Pain is slippin away
What if this happenened to you or your boy today?
How would you feel?
In the last second of life
I don't wanna die up in this muthafucker tonight
In the last second of life
Pain is slippin away
What if this happenened to you or your boy today?
How would you feel?
In the last second of life
I don't wanna die up in this muthafucker tonight
Memories are playin my mind like dienetics
Havin visions of emergency surgery, anesthetic

Respirators and IV and these
All around me, beside me
Man this all reminds me
Of how so many others met their end and disappeared
There's an evil darkness droppin down, flowin, coming near
Like the approach of a Halocaust
Bringin the final end, trying to make my own fibers
Soon I'll be dead
Who's gonna care for my family if I die?
Will I spend better time if I recover from the flat line?
Will I become another part of the streets?
Another body riddled with bullets
Underneath a white sheet
With bloodstains,
I can't explain the pain
Like butcher knives falling from the sky
Instead of rain
Who am I? What is life?
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My vision fades to black,
My body started shaking
Like a basehead hyped up on a 30 sack
Hearing the toll of the eternity bell
As I feel a dimension door open straight from hell
Shadows appear, come right up out the ground
Accompanied with red eyes and slitherin sounds
Tryin to take me down
Where there is no rest
Where the damned live in firepits and hooks in they flesh
That ain't my type of party,
That ain't no Shrangri-La
But with a crippled body I'm not making it far

Life is almost gone as I feel claws rake my back
Preachers start to grab hold
Man this shit is helly whack
And will I see tomorrow is all I'm thinking now
I pray as I hear my boy telling me to hold on
I see that life is turnin, think I have a chance
As we reach the hospital, I died up in the ambulance
phone ringing
C'mon, c'mon
machine picks up
This is Ross and I'm not chillin in the hizzle for rizzle my shizzle, the fellas drop a message, girls drop your drawers and I'll see ya around like a donut
beep
Ross Baker, this is your landlord. I'm a little concerned. I haven't heard from you in a while and I've been tryin to get a hold of you all week and uhh
machine again
Hahahaha...Caught ya with that one scrotum scruffer....Haha leave a message
beep
Look Ross! I've been tryin to get a hold of you. I haven't seen your rent in months, what is goin on?!
machine a third time
Hahahaha, you fuckin corn, gotcha twice with that one bubbleback, peace!
beep
You fuckin..!

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