

# Say Goodbye to Yesterday

## Non Phixion

Yo.. three-hundred and sixty-five days a year  
We preoccupy self to find life's true meaning  
We indulge irrelevant contradiction  
Contradiction which steps up growth  
Live life each day like it could be your last

[Verse One]

Yo.. I'm from a place where some mothers sell they babies for crack  
Where young cats buy gats, shoot and never look back  
Where the whites live with the whites, and the blacks live with the blacks  
But somehow we unite, through the culture of rap  
I'm from Brooklyn, word to the Dodgers, Russian massages  
Where thugs bust guns, and sons are raised without they fathers  
We do away with has-beens, rock the latest fashion  
The rule's never rat - what you want to know, or who's askin  
Just some habits of highly effective MC's  
Y'all is pussy rap, my speech made you weak in the knees  
But talk's cheap, I'm straight from the streets  
I'm action-oriented when I'm screamin KILL CORRUPT POLICE  
I read books, reap intelligence to compromise my bad looks  
I roam with God-bodies and crooks  
But when I rest my head at night, I'm just happy that I made it  
Cause someone could take your life, be it my friends or my neighbors  
Whether, you police or a thug on the streets  
Whether, you look for beef or you livin in peace  
Whether, you back down or you stand strong bold  
Yo we never know what tomorrow gon' hold

[Chorus: \*sung\*]

We can live today, but we're not promised tomorrow  
We can pass away, say goodbye to yesterday  
We can live today, but we're not promised tomorrow  
We can pass away, say goodbye to yesterday

[Verse Two]

It's either me or you in this world cause I be tryin to cope  
I'm lookin for answers, but still I'm comin up broke  
They supply the (?) tops, smack, the guns and the coke  
Who shot Lennon and Malcolm X, one in his throat  
I'm an old soul that hold but probably young as the Pope  
Reincarnated as a prophet through a symbol of hope  
I move through the projects, lights, rhythm and smoke

Idiom quotes, somebody said religion's a joke  
Buried my man at 18, the cancer took him in months  
He died before he lived, but once gone I felt touched  
My old earth followed in '91, 6 months apart  
Project stress, blackouts, and walks in the park  
People change, cause when I look back I feel strange  
Goin through old flicks, our days numbered, turnin the page  
I can't go back, we learn to live with hate and respect  
A tale from the heart prevail through the pain and regret  
Whether, you police or a thug on the streets  
Whether, you look for beef or you livin in peace  
Whether, you back down or you stand strong bold  
Yo we never know what tomorrow gon' hold  
[Chorus]  
{ \*singer ad libs to fade\* }

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