

## Dobie Gray

### "Last Days"

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[Chorus 2X: M.M.O.]

We in the last days, my mind spinnin' like waves  
Rise spendin' on blaze, rap's spreadin' like haze

[Triggnomm]

I reflect the greatest, Trebet's and Vegas  
On fleer jets, swap begets with vets that's famous  
We M.M.O., o.d. off a seedless 'dro  
Zay and mo, size then sounds of four pounds  
Rep the hometown, cause then only know me in Coney  
Though bitches blow me and bone me worldwide with  
pride I spit the  
Unordinary situations that vary  
So much of Clinton and lifestyle of George Benson  
I bump Mary N. Brown to obituaries  
And every now and then, I stroll through a cemetery  
I pay respects, the ghetto prophets of the projects  
Visualize the logic, of one losin' the son  
I say no to the gun, then I say no to the smoke  
I say no to sellin' crack, then I say no to sellin' coke  
I say no to hero'n, also known as dope  
I say no cause I know them others just can't cope

[Chorus 2X]

[Triggnomm]

I was a, baby boy, I played with dangerous toys  
We love to play rough, til we felt the handcuffs  
Laid up, for 12 months, got violated for blunts  
Whack us for once, wigs pushed backwards to front  
Survivors a sin, live a long life of pretend  
Til thugs get the wind, killa's come home from doin' ten  
Can't quite blend in, headin' back to the pen  
Where vice is shiest, and life is like a game of dice  
So I don't indulge, instead I rock a bojaw, my jerboas  
Pistol patrol, spit the beautiful and the bold  
Onyx then gold, when youngest ho, let it be sold  
And ever sense, never hesitant, to take a residence  
Who'd ever think we'd go from gangsters to gents  
Aiyo, who'd ever think we'd go from playas to pimps

[Chorus 4X]

[Triggnomm]

See I think big kid, so you can keep the small talk  
And on the boardwalk, is where I do my dog walk  
On Coney Isle, AKA Criminal Isle  
Slash Medallion Isle, lay another lost and found  
A real merry-go-round, when the sun go down  
Get caught out in C.I., end up with M.R.I.'s  
And if you really ball, we even give you a wall  
Lust loots the law, where I'm from, 1-2-4  
It's history in the makin', O.J. and Payton  
Jesus Christ and Satan, the blatant, keep me shakin'  
Reality parallel to Mickey and Mallory  
Natural born, casualty, beemin' cash for a fee  
See evil does it and the dead live above it  
So I, spits the rugged and make sure the streets love it

[Chorus to fade]

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