

GQ**"Last Breath"**Visit "[Last Breath](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Verse 1: GQ)

Maybe a needle and some thread could help me out
I'm trying to mend this.
Stringing me along, feeling like a violinist.

Why they wasting, valuable time looking for gossip,
Guess it's dead to them like a picture in your wallet.
Life working on me,
Trying to raise to a better day.
Convos and interviews and every song's a resume.
Huh
She say I got something in me that I don't see.
I tell her girl stop bullshitting, cause I don't be.
Why worry? I'm covered just like a raiders eye.
I'm doing right and all them others do is plagiarize.
Mind blown meditating, bomb threats.
Trying to figure out how I'm gonna pay the rent
While coming up with concepts.

(Hook)

Now I make my mom stretch trying to grow up.
Try and tell her, everyday the sun ain't gonna show up.
But know what? Your baby good.
Not even bothered by it.
A soft spoken nigga from a city not as quiet.

(Verse 2: GQ)

All said and done with, I'm trying to walk a path
When I leave I can leave my seeds something to run
with.
I know it's gonna hurt the people dead to me.
But you know I'd rather see you smile than to see you
drop a tear for me.
Eventually the pain fades and the scars stay
Just to remind you that you made it from a long way.
From kickball to playing freeze tag
To seeing little kids fall in life without having their
knees scab.
I'm just trying to be comfortable as a bean bag
Avoiding dog niggas and bitches like I'm a flea bath.
I'm on the rise so anticipating fall outs

City cold, had to get away so I could thaw out.
A blessing like a foul ball, trying to catch one.
Everybody following trends, nobody set none.
You not hungry until you appreciate a breadcrumb.
I'm loving life till my death come.

(Hook)

Now I make my mom stretch trying to grow up.
Try and tell her everyday the sun ain't gonna show up.
But know what? Your baby good.
Not even bothered by it.
A soft spoken nigga from a city not as quiet.

(Verse 3: GQ)

I got memories in my rearview.
If time flies put a wing in my watch see what a year do.
I know they see something in me you only see in a few.
I speak life, they overhyped but they don't even do.
What I strive for,
Is that a figment of my imagination that got me
thinking like my eyes low.
Or not thinking at all just more grammer, young and
black.
Love the fact they on me like store cameras.
Me and Petty talked about
All these niggas shoot for stars, me, I aim through
them.
Came a long way from running suicides to making sure
these lines touch hearts
Or to walking through where most niggas don't find
much.
Shit that pull them back just get accustomed to the
customs
DON't fall for that.
All of that is me still readjusting.
I've seen my share of coffins though it's not something
I'm glad to boast.
Few niggas is doing time all the other half are ghosts.
Can't believe Adam gone, potential man, he had the
most.
Tried to pull him to safety but he just couldn't grab the
rope.
Apple full of poison took a bite without an anecdote.
Cold as fuck, barely had enough time to grab a coat.
I'm playing hard like a man would go for a bag a coke.
A good nigga just happened to take a bad approach.
Devil on my shoulder laughing at me while he cracking
jokes.
Angel on the other shoulder saying "he just mad you
close".

(Outro)
Nigga haha Yeah
GQ Bright Lady Nights
That's what it is.
9th Wonder
Hey, You know.
Town, Sheeit.
Town, Sheeit.
Town, Sheeit.
Town, Sheeit.

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