

Joe Budden**"Last Day"**

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[Verse 1 - Joe Budden]

Look, Look,
These niggas lied to me way back,
Said this was where my buck stop
Ridin' right by in my fly shit
These niggas still at that bus stop,
You'll never see these jeans sag
You would think so with this tucked Glock
And any nigga tryna go bar for bar
Know I'm always with that club hop,
This Joe shit you don't know shit
Them hoes you with is just average,
This four spittin' this whole clip
And my allaby is my bad bitch,
So don't be the first to get it,
My life is like a movie
And your bitch deserve the credit
I just stood there and directed
She just did what I expected,
Doin' me but you'd do me to
I be me my nigga you be you
I guess then they can be groupies to,
Recognize a winner, live like a born sinicated,
Then it's finna have a pool party in the winter finna,
Skinny dip bitch fuck them drawers,
Her brains are killer and I love em' all,
Said my head got a price on it,
She come through and just suck it off,
So if you scared get a weapon
Every day a nigga live like he prepared for
armagedon"

[Hook - Joe Budden]

"Now when they call me to them gates
And they ask me how I live
I say like I ain't have a choice
Like my stomachs to my ribs,
Niggas wanted me dead
I kept hammers in the crib,

And na I don't regret
Fuckin' thing I ever did so I...

Spend like it's my last day
Club like it's my last day
Ride like it's my last day
Fried like it's my last day
Fuck like it's my last day
Fuck boys wanna blast me
It might be your last day
It won't be my last day

[Verse 2 - Juicy J]

Yes sir
Juicy J, Joe Budden
Lets get it

Models by my side
Shooters on my team
Choppers with the beam
Countin' up some green
Blowin on the blue dream
My life is like a movie
And your bitch just made a scene
Me and yo bitch just made a scene (ho)
Wake up and I smoke some
After that I pour some
Yeah she bad with a fat ass
Beat it up like she stole some
Fuck two times then I roll some
Can't no nigga do like me
All my chains is icey
All my clothes is pricey
In Louis Vuittons no nikes
I'm Nino Brown you Ice T
Snitchin' equals dead bodies
(Snitchin' equals dead bodies)
Nigga caught a death wish
Think he caught me slippin'
I don't play that bull boy
I'm shootin' like Scottie Pippen"

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Lloyd Banks]

Uh, I'm dressed up with my sport keys
My rolley bands love short sleeves
Wanted man when I toss C's
All my bitches crossbreeds

These big faces talk GÂ's
I lace my HÂ's walk flee
I'm V6Ã¢€Ân and V12Ã¢€Âs
93 as my whore speed
Lifes a bitch I figured IÂ'de bone
Smoke this weed while I get a little dome
Black star when it's all said and done
Gotta put my name in the middle of the road
Open boxes appear date
Mine donÂ't come in pearl yet
Got a party out in UK
IÂ'm a hit those hoes with my euro step
Insomniac gotta live my life
Wheres the pie, I gotta get my slice
A homi shit, wheres the body bag
Kiss my Masserati ass
Two thick queens in the king suite
GettinÂ' energized off thin sleep,
I let all my a.k.aÂ's hit
They thought I was ten deep,
Miss wait me get a hundred dollar tip
Pray to god heard my number and I hit
Trophy girl make em cominÂ' for the chip,
When you do good, all the summers go quick,
Trust nobody got the thunder on the hip,
Shawty in the crib donÂ't start no shit,
Bad chick ass and her stomach donÂ't fit
Know your lane donÂ't come with no lipÂ"

[Hook]

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