

Scacciapensieri

"The Last"

Visit ["The Last"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

[Slaine:]

If this the last song I ever wrote
If it were to be the night that these motherfuckers
murdered me
If it were to be a car crash, swervin into a Mercury
Burgundy splashed through the glass when sirens
circle me
I will be viewed as violent certainly
Drug-addled so maybe I've only written the worst of me
Maybe by me even writin these words I'm temptin the
fates
They come from the heart, sent from a place
I couldn't find in my mind I was blind I was lost
In a time warp with a mind warped from a sick scene
On a sidewalk, full of suicide thoughts
Full of false dreams and hopes that you and I bought
Like dope so we had to find things to cope
Ended up covered in dirt not washed with soap
We ended up learnin all about the cost of coke by the
rope
And seen some good folks lost from dope
I can't begin to begin, I'm just horrified
You hear me pennin this thing, you think it's glorified
I just hear the pendulum swing again and again
The same song, broken dreams and dead friends
I been where I been now I stand where I am
As a man with a mic in his hand and God damn
Back holdin the crack, planet that's covered with
monkeys
As I walk through the halls of recoverin junkies

[Hook: Everlast]

If this was the last song that I ever wrote
I'd tell you to grab it by the throat
If this is the last song, I ever write
I'll tell you to stand back up and fight
Live yo' life, give yo' life
Stand up and fight young man
Live your life, give your life
Stand up and fight young man

[Slaine:]

If these the last words I ever spoke, would you listen
closer?
Would you close your eyes, envision what I'm supposed
to
Be just a ghost of my boys that overdosed
On crushed-up poison, crushed with the noise of the
ocean
Way before Affleck or Coka Nostra
Before I had a cashed check or a poster
Rode sofa to sofa, clutchin on the old toaster
Writin on spray paper, grey days of cold culture
Devil got an ulcer with a habit to match it
In a bad temper so I'm grabbin a ratchet
Just to go along with it my stakes are high
Tell the people this is the way that I say goodbye
To my baby boy Terrence, parents so opposite
Just as smart as momma is, fiery as poppa gets
Just one thing little man you cannot forget
If your will is real nobody else can stop the shit
Shit I'm livin proof, take a look and figure it
Grew up in a paradox and rather not forgive the shit
But I had to box out this box and I live with it
Boxed out of detox, they said I'm on some wicked shit
Hated, they were racist so I was facin bigger shit
Seen too many homies die just tryin to dig a ditch
I philosophize all my life burnin cigarettes
I became smarter but y'all returned to ignorant

[Hook]

Visit [Scacciapensieri](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.