Vinnie Paz "Last Breath"

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-Chorus-

I' m livin' on my last breath
Hit a fork in the road and the devil occupies both lanes.
Stumble as a back step. Feel the pressure on my soul as the airs leaving out my frame
Now breathe (in and out), breathe (in and out), breathe, l' m living on my last breath
It' s all final when it' s final when you fade into a

blacked-out dream

-Baby Pun-

Until my last breath, I hope my house been fully accessed

Pastures(?) to my regrets I hope y'all all in past tense Marry a girl with an accent, carry this world's tilted axis Make some major changes in some statements til I' m ashes

But I preach in hour glasses

so you can turn me upside down and watch as time passes

Drugs are bad habits, before $i\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^m$ m in that casket and the happiness $l\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^m$ m searching for, I hope I grasp it

And I hope I fully grab it, and never take for granted All the looks little things in life and still believe in magic Look back at all my fans I know that I made them drag hits

And I hope that I never look for love I hope that it just happens

And if I have kids, I hope that it was trustful But worth it in the end because they all became successful

And I hope my last breath was something truly breathfull

But I wish I could have said much more before I died and left you (Chorus)

-Vinnie Paz-

Until my last breath, I have death before dishonor I welcome drama, with open arms and holdin' a llama The whole persona is vodka bottles and marijuana The whole pinana was rockin inspired for my mama $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ m a warrior, I went into jail for the drama $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ m the story of the terrorist son of Osama I would never want to have birth and fail as a father I would never want the illest to kill the manana The half moon on the bank of the river $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ s devotion That $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ s the stab wood born from the killer emotion I wasn $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ t raised by darkness, militant motion I wasn $\hat{a} \in \mathbb{T}^{m}$ t raised by the thought of the still in the ocean

I would never question the power of a God pain Until I saw his body the color of dark rain He recited the third chapter of Allah lane And he ignited the third chapter of Allah flame

(Chorus)

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