

Adams Bryan

"Last Days"

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

Intro:

Yeah

Close your eyes, fly with me
Spark your lye, get high with me
Raise your glass with me
Come inside see
Come on, come on
Close your eyes, let fly with me
Light your lye, get high with me
Raise your glasses

Verse 1: AZ

Yo, blesses to the young ones trapped in the world
Never hate the next man that be tappin your girl
It's just a hype, shoot anythings a man vision thru life
Help me to understand the chosen ones livin thru Christ
Blinded time from so many signs shown from greed
Tryin to calculate all the funds I blown from weed
Started out just a young shorty, wakin the rules
Turnin out to be the wise, educatin the fools
So many lost in these last days, closed curtains
Tryin to change from my past ways, I'm soul searchin
Diggin deep, tryin to feel within, it's real ill
Takin time just to chill with friends we still bill
Always told when I kick it with moms, to stay strong
Watch out for them bitches that's wicked, they play
wrong
Keep your game strong, maintain yourself and live
Star bless the kids, soon sometin gotta give

Chorus: Monifa

The last days, are comin
Towards you, it's time to build
I need a time that's real
The last days, are comin
Towards you, it's time to build
AZ turnin the deal

Verse 2: AZ

You got to know when your end is near, I been there
Seen years disappear in thin air, nobody wins here
Swore on the population, we fightin blind
For sure, we need to stop the hatin, enlightin minds
Many die from a tragic death, in cold blood
Behoggin niggas lost or lack respect, show love
Sometime I wonder, was we ever free? High officials
they move so cleverly, don't ever sleep
Got my mind on the proverbs, ecclesiastics
These Bible words, so absurd, I read em backwards
They open doors, gave me a cause to stay swift
And reward, it gave me the sword to stay rich
Understandin is the best part, besides that
I fell-a off to a fresh start, no time to sidetrack
So much more still to come, it seems strange
I was much more iller young, but things change
Tryin to grow old, so many sights to see
Told it never fold, just more righteously, you know?

Chorus

Verse 3: AZ

I never knew any Bloods and Crips, but they exist
In New York, it's just thugs and clicks, we offer tips
Makin moves, tryin to stay afloat, it get deep
In these streets, you either stay or walk, or get beat
So strategise like the wise king, respect due
Brothers get high and let they mind scheme, I got Tek
cool
In this world where so many stress, understand
ain't nuttin left but the thoughts of death, we're sons of
man
So off track it's a shame to see, it's open season
Got police movin dangerously, for no reason
Hopin soon we can all adapt, get wise
It build lies, it was all a trap, in disguise
Assassinated by my own kind, so why ask
Because blacks to have a closed mind, deal with facts
Keep your eyes open, never rock yourself to sleep
Love to the East, let the dead rest in peace

Chorus (x2)

Outro: Monifa

We gotta do, what we gotta do
Brothers, sisters, you gotta wake up, you gotta wake up
Ain't nothin gonna come from this

We gotta make it right now, we gotta make it right now,
now
Oooohoho, think about them babies
Yeah, think about the babies
Oooooohh, what kind of.....

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.