

# The Last Song

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

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

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