

# My Very Last Song

KJ-52

And they only really miss you when you're dead or you're gone  
So I write every line like the very last song  
Cause they only really miss you when you're dead or you're gone  
So I write every line like the very last song very last song it's my very last song

I be in the lab like an overworked chemist  
I be in my bag like Kroger store spinach  
Prayin mama doesn't hear my dope verse spittin  
Cuz she only lemme rap when my homework is finished  
Listen, Holy Father bless her  
Imma keep shining cuz I'm always under pressure  
Yessir  
The proposition bout my opposition  
Position is if you wishin to see em then you can find em on the stretcher  
Ugh  
He can kinda rap for a churchgoer  
But I don't know what he saying 'less the words show up  
On the screen maybe I might like it if the verse slow up  
But First Imma first Imma first Imma first Imma  
I'm picking apart a beat I got the surgical precision  
And I'm stickin up all the people with no burner got the scripture  
On my waistline  
I don't like to waste time  
Devil in my DM plus he hit me on the FaceTime  
Sent a text that I'm busy don't be hittin me back  
I left the demons in the past like a history class  
So tell Poetics Imma run it if he send me a track  
And tell KJ to bring me on his victory lap  
It's Alcott

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OG no bling but the glow clean  
No team no beam but my soul free  
No trouble keep the kicks and the nose clean  
Bubble when I double time now Joel flowsteen  
Flow clean all day  
Jonah Sorrentino that's a long name  
Fifty two man that's the wrong name  
Had to play a role when I go on the long game  
Went the wrong way made it messy  
Like seeing me eating in a white tee  
With a 9 piece of thigh grease and white cheese  
Low key but when I rhyme its a hype beast  
Came in nine three got the white streaks  
In my hair so it pair with the white sneaks  
Plus I'm bowing on down to the right knee  
Cause I'm married to the game and she wifey  
I speak right speech  
Plus I'm carrying the flame you can find me  
Getting buried in the brain cuz I write deep  
All I need is the mic and the right beat

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