

Last Days

Frost*

well check this out
what the fuck would you do if you only have five minutes
to live
would you do some evil shit
[Km.G:] hell yeah
[Kokane:] or would you repent the name of your motherfuckin' soul
yo Frost
[Frost:] what's up
[Kokane:] tell these motherfuckers your last confession

the murders, I never really planned them
I just read through the telephone book chose them random
Mrs Jones, 215 South Michigan, Apartment 14, yo my victim
I'm at home polishin' my Chrome and rollin' joints
and put the silent knot in the tips of the hollow points
dumb bitch, left the door unlocked
now I'm puttin' on my Ski mask and .45 is cocked
tryin' to stay quit, the front door is squeezed
anxious, I haven't seen blood of weaks
known that cops wanna fold me
thinkin' of some shit my psychiatrist told me
but fuck it, I wanted so that I taste it
one more fantasy for feelin' this one life wastin'
and they said I have a fucked up view
now purpose through our head and here's your moment of true...

we have been to the last days
last equation, in this situation
nobody seems concern
as the world turns, as the world turns

now see it was once said, yo reap what you sow
but I guess I forgot what I was told
ugh, I came deep yo, I can't sleep
I'm havin' a vision of the homey layin' dead in the streets
"who did it, who did it"
I don't know, kept peepers over this bitch
on the North side named sherk
so now we on the who-ride, to check that nympho
pistol whipped, the hoe told the Info
made her call that motherfucker up, told her tell him that you horny
tell him that you wanna fuck, and when she finished
I told her have a nice day
I shot her in the head twice, put her down the hallway
right about me, I heard a car pulled up
yeah, hear comin' the punk, but he about to get fucked
ugh, knock, knock, I let the door slide open
and let my Desert Eagle, do the smokin' fool....

I can exchangin', I can handlin'
I still flow for all my partners
cause suckers doin' damage
now I'm on the other side, nigga is lookin' in
shootin' letters from the Pen, address in my kid
what up, they just shouts to the 'Row
Choas to the left, seven else to the rows below
and we waitin' for an appeal, so chill

and they capin' to put up a double meal tickets
so now we kick it, ooh I fucks up and I'm still doin' wrong
and trip while write these fly ass rap songs
teachin' to the balls as I steal
cause doctor said we can't get the cheer motherfucker.....

we have been to the last days
last equation, in this situation
no body seems concern
as the world turns, as the world turns

lookin' at my clock tickin' in my cell
11:55, five minutes to hell [Clock Strikes]
soon I will be deceased, takin' to the priest
how did I become this caged up beast
the guard said open up cell block six
I never really liked that son of a bitch
just the punishment fits the crime
a boy said come on, Frost it's time
shackle, walking through the corridor
there were faces, that I never saw before
insert the prosecuter, and some from the press
no bly verse and no last request
I've come strapped and my ankles and wrists
hittin' my eye shed not even resists
and then I get the Grim Reaper kiss
the lights went dim and all you heard was this....