

# Last Day (feat. Juicy J & Lloyd Banks)

## Joe Budden

These niggas lied to me way back,  
Said this was where my buck stop  
Ridin' right by in my fly shit  
These niggas still at that bus stop,  
You'll never see these jeans sag  
You would think so with this tucked Glock  
And any nigga wanna go bar-for-bar  
Know I'm always with that club hop  
This your shit, y'all don't know shit  
Them hoes you with is just average  
This four spittin' that whole clip and my alibi is my bad bitch  
So don't be the first to get it  
My life is like a movie and your bitch deserve the credit  
I just stood there and directed  
She just did what I expected  
Doin' me but you'd do me too  
I'll be me, my nigga, you be you  
I guess that men can be groupies too  
Recognize a winner - live like a born sinner  
Catered dinners, finna have a pool party in the winter  
Finna skinny dip bitch fuck them drawers,  
Her brains are killer and I love em' all,  
Said my head got a price on it,  
She come through and just suck it off,  
So if you scared get a weapon  
Every day a nigga live like he prepared for armagedon  
Now when they call me to them gates and they ask me how I live  
I feel I ain't have a choice like my stomach's to my ribs  
Niggas wanted me dead, I kept hammers in the crib  
But nah, I don't regret a fuckin' thing I ever did  
So I spend like it's my last day Club like it's my last day  
Ride like it's my last day  
Fry like it's my last day  
Fuck like it's my last day  
Fuck boys wanna blast me  
This might be your last day  
But it won't be my last day Yes sir  
Juicy J, Joe Budden  
Lets get it  
Mottos by my side  
Shooters on my team  
Choppers with the beam

Countin' up some green  
Blowin' on a blue dream  
My life is like a movie and your bitch just made a scene  
Me and your bitch just made a scene  
Wake up and I smoke somethin'  
After that, I poke somethin'  
Bet she bad with a fat ass  
Beat it up like she stole somethin'  
Fuck two times then I roll somethin'  
Can't no nigga do it like me  
All my chains is icy  
All my clothes is pricy  
In Louis Vuittons, no Nikes  
I'm Nino Brown, you Ice-T  
Snitchin' equals dead bodies  
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Nigga caught a death wish, think he caught me slippin'  
I don't play that bull, boy  
I shoot like Scottie Pippen  
Now when they call me to them gates and they ask me how I live  
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But it won't be my last day [Verse 3: Lloyd Banks]  
I'm dressed up with my sport keys  
My Rollie, bands, love short sleeves  
Wanted man when I cross seas  
All my bitches crossbreeds  
These big faces talk Gs  
I lace my H's, walk free  
I'm V-Sixin' in V-Twelves  
Ninety-three is my horse fee  
Life's a bitch I figured I'd bone  
Smoke this weed while I get a little dome  
Black star when it's all said and done  
Gotta put my name in the middle of the road  
Open boxes, a pair a day  
Mine don't come in pearl yet  
Got a party out in the UK  
I'mma hit them hoes with my Euro step  
Insomniac, gotta live my life  
Where's the pie? Gotta get my slice  
I hommie shit, where's the body bag?  
Kiss my Maserati ass

Two thick queens in a king's suite  
Gettin' energized off thin sleet  
I let all my AKAs hit  
They thought I was ten deep  
Miss waitin' on me get a hundred dollar tip  
Pray to God, heard my number and I hit  
Choose me, girl, make 'em come in for the chip  
When you doin' good all the summers go quick  
Trust nobody, got thunder on the hip  
Shotty in the crib, don't start no shit  
Bad chick, ass and her stomach don't fit  
Know your lane, don't come with no lip  
Now when they call me to them gates and they ask me  
how I live  
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