

Last Ride

Caskey

I wonder if 2000 shells will be the end of me?
Prolly not, molly pop, destiny was predetermined
I got these vermin that I ugly shot
They don't like to see me with no galley watch
Let alone some isotones that cover all my body up
They heard em all swerve all my talents
But you out of ordinary but extraordinary balance
Them other they just want a sip out of my talents
But reality don't favor them angels in the field
I don't play for them roll around my city
I don't pay for them at dinner I might pay for them
But paying is shit hold my plate boy is paper thin
Lines dividing love and hate hating when it's all destroyed
Love it when a thug create... outside of my window
It might suffocate them you will hate'em
Let me say them which trial which trials
Tribulation got me this style this style
How a young child
Rise though these...
My time in when you silent

Ay yo this could be my last ride
It's like every time that I hit swishin on y last ride
It could be like any day
And I'm just trying to find my way
And I ain't perfect homey
This could be my last ride
It's my final destination
I rise to the occasion
My last ride cos it could be like any day
I'm just trying to find my way
And I ain't perfect homey
This could be my last ride

I still count my blessings
Have a keen eye for... now your discretion
Mine in the fast life
Numbers tell the truth
In the rest like well
Reading books of Eli ever sine I was knee high
Knew there was something greater
That paper it wasn't me
I felt the calling
But I've been keeping mine
See how a scholar could hang amongst these killers
Drug dealers and tugging figures
Somehow the strange that I realized we are one sand the same
I see the image but it's all in the flame
I like to dig inside they minds
Inside they brain
Many rappers would change...
And I'm possibly way too optimistic
Someone speculate
But your only life is hard to replicate

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