

(feat. Mercedes Martinez)

[Mercedes Martinez]

When I think about perfect times
I think about yesterday
You can asked me about the future
I don't know what to say
Tomorrow's story's unknown
So listen
It's almost anyone's guess
Unwritten

When I think about perfect times
I think about yesterday
You can ask me about the future
I don't know what to say
It's almost anyone's guess

[Black Thought]

Yo

It was a cold night
Not cold like the winter
Just cold like a energy was in the air
I generally don't like
The driver had to dip, so he left me in the whip
Turned around and said, ("You know you're on your own, right?")
[PAUSE]

I'm the zone like
There's pictures on the wall of my own life
Just like a drive-in
Only it's live, and this a montage of the places I been
My sixth sense taste the problem
The sus-pense had my heart racin', throbbin'
Just like a young punk with a tape revolver
Pointed at the driver of a car, faced to rob him
The cigarettes chased the vodka
The nigga just chased the dream but won't taste the monster
The son won't face the father
The gun won't erase the drama
While you're waitin', the time's up
[GUN COCKS]