

So Far to Go (feat. Meek Mill & Pusha T)

Trae tha Truth

[Hook]

So far to go

We gotta keep on pushing, come on[Verse 1 - Trae The Truth]

I'm on a neverending vacation

Until my tires go flat

Or everything f-cked up and gonna fall off track

Picture me like a Kodak

Re-up, nigga, they know that

Feeling like I ain't got shit

Work in back of a throwback

I'm cold up in this hallway

Hustling out it all day

Trying to get this money

And that Audi 8 in all grey

Haters say it's over but you can tell them I'm busy

Professor with the books

? with a Smith & Wesson

Trying to make it to the top, 100,000 miles away

Somewhere in Gabon, where guerillas known to fly cage

Pedal to the floor, I don't know where I'm headed

But I know if I'm headed somewhere that ain't for me, then you can get it

Minutes from losing focus, sick is from insane

Tell em I'm coming for it, stomach said the same thing

I'm nothing like a loser, knew I was here to win

F-ck if they close the door, knock tonight, I'm coming in[Hook]

I gotta make it

I gotta make it though

I gotta make it

I gotta make it though I'm from the bottom but I still try

Feeling like there ain't a chance but I still try

The streets is all I know

But still I got so far to go[Verse 2 - Meek Mill]

I used to play the corner with a 40 on my hip

Hanging in my ? how I'm gonna get up out this bitch

Coppers spedning erry minute, I was dirty as a broom

I used to take it in the crib and write my raps up in the room

Trying to chase a dream

Who thought that I'd be cover of these magazines

Fresh from a jail cell, greasier than Vaseline

I went to BET from running around with Mack machines
Busting shots and ducking shots with killers right in back of me
I never had a choice, I never really spoke a lot
I never had a voice until I started making noise
I went from running with my boys to crushing niggas round the world
Them bitches used to turn me down but now
I'm f-cking all them girls, yeah. I'm from a city where these
Young'uns doomed. I was upset my father died and turned a young'n?.
For every killer, that was killed, there go another goon
So every track they send my way I'm gonna go summer june[Hook]
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I gotta make it though I'm from the bottom but I still try
Feeling like there ain't a chance but I still try
The streets is all I know
But still I got so far to go[Verse 3 - Pusha T]
Even with the magazine covers and the articles
I still got so far to go
9th-degree black belt in the Art of Blow
Cook pot and a spoon in my arsenal
School of Hard Knocks, made the honor roll
7 grams to a key, I was on a roll
Haters couldn't stand it, I took it for granted
Misplaced a bag of money and didn't panic
Yeah, on my road to the riches
Baby-blue diamonds and them hot yellow bitches
You can't cancel our Christmas
Italian roadsters, high yellow stitching
Yeah, what the f-ck is y'all pitching?
Hall of Fame with the O's Cal Ripken
My hands still in the snow like mittens
Got my weight belt on: power-lifting
PUSH![Hook]
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