So Long

Alice Marie

Why the fuck did your your ass have to go and get knocked Now, you got me on the phone, straight talkin' to the cops Tryin' to verify your government, they got you now, they lovin' it They wanna hang that ass, couldn't get you in the past Though I can't see your problem, you was still young at the time Did a lot of older things, you was ahead of your time Never told you to slow down, resee your crown heights, you wild All I could say was be careful, give you a dap to bounce Shit that you went through, watched the drama amount Gave a fuck 'long, you wasn't part of the body count Now, I feel guilty, half the blame of your incarceration Till the intervene when you first started catching cases Fuck to this, dunn, now you in there Gotta hold it down, you mother's only son And I'ma ride for you, baby 'cause a lot of it is still love I'm still there when you get home, I'ma be there You gotta (Hold on) And no matter (How long) And it seems (So long) You gotta (Hold on) And no matter (How long) And it seems (So long) You gotta (Hold on) And no matter (How long) And it seems (So long) You gotta (Hold on) And no matter (How long) And it seems

(So long)

I can't believe they got my dunn, it feel like my fault 'Cause I fronted you that money to get that dough Any man's ain't accountable for they action Still and all I feel responsible for you being gone I hit the mall 'till it happened, K.A. now and then

Just so you can live and keep your little cosmetics In that five years, it was a little dough we made Out of sight, out of mind, naw dog, it's not me, I miss you You on my mind daily Even though I scribe to a nigga, really, you feel me? Trying to get my shit together So you could be proud, when you touch down We got businesses to run now Peep it back how we used to run up in a nigga's house On some pety crime shit, boy, we was not playin' On occasion, I still check ya, brotha 'til the end Black and bone crazy ass Reading ya letters, I see you ain't losin' ya sense of humor Talkin' to you on the phone made my day cooler Tellin' me, how you'll deaf to see your nose out You need to bring your black ass home and cut that bullshit out I could remember me and killa Would test our new guns in the projects 'Cause that's where police won't come, iller G My nigga 'till death do us You almost home, until then hold ya head, dunn You gotta (Hold on) And no matter (How long) And it seems (So long) You gotta (Hold on) And no matter (How long) And it seems (So long) You gotta (Hold on) And no matter (How long) And it seems

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