# So Long

## Alice Russell, Quantic

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)
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(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
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