

# So Long

## Bourbon Gautier

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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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)  
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