

# For So Long

## Wildstreet

So much mail I can hardly spend it  
V S lumps in my Rolex pendent  
Shit been spending for the past ten years  
Face done escaped all tatooed tears  
I guess I can only thank the Lord for that  
'Cuz shit was gettin' hectic tryin' to get my scratch  
If it wasn't them one time penelopes  
It was coward ass niggaz tryin' to take my G's When I first started out, I was broke as a bitch  
Grew up in the slums wouldn't trade it for shit  
'Cuz the niggaz that was rich when I was poor  
Is now on blow and comin' through buyin' fat 2-0  
See they spend it with me but pretendin' to be on the grind  
Tryin' to get a stack like mine but now I'm knowin'  
Pockets growin' and when it's snowin'  
525 [Incomprehensible] I'm growing Yo' nigga can't lie, I was livin' it up  
The rule of big pimpin' now my '70 Cut'  
I probably hit the park drinkin on Bo's berry  
Slammin' Rick James 'cuz I'm in love with Mary  
You can't be scary if you want your scrill  
Pack you steel, nigga kill at will  
Guard your grille 'cuz if you real, then it's on  
I'm talkin' for so long Oh, so long making my rev's  
Oh, so long making my rev's  
For so long I've been making my rev's  
Oh, so long So many playas comin' up in the game  
And everybody got a sack of rock cocaine  
Mobb car drivin', Condo livin'  
And every fuckin' day was just like Thanksgiving  
The city where I'm from is getting so damn cold  
Niggaz outta control at 16 years old  
Them young muthafuckas ain't givin' a fuck  
They tryin' to get a buck and get some hair on their nuts The savage ass grind starting takin' my mind  
A nigga came through with all new tec-9's  
Semi-automatic with extended clips  
A chopper every nigga down with my click  
Neighborhood funk', mail's on slow  
It's barely comin' through and all I'm sellin' is O's  
I ride high performance when it gets like this  
Electric everything, racing cam and kits I'm livin' on the edge but I'm lovin' the high

I'm either goin' down or either I'm goin' die  
Hot ones echo through the geto limp  
Put the tip out the window let the AK spit  
They just caught my homey with a pound of crack  
Plus the other day they said he robbed a bank  
A million dollar bail in his uncle's own  
All charges got dropped 'cuz it's oh, so long Oh, so long I've been making my revi's  
So long I've been making my revi's  
Oh, so long making my revi's  
Making my, my revi's My Momma must have prayed real hard for me  
'Cuz I woke up in the mornin' wasn't slanging no D  
I was on my way out to the church to see  
If the Lord could find a better way today for B  
Read me some scriptures, fed my soul  
And I'll tell you like this I ain't slangin' no more  
Your boys been blessed in so many ways  
And in the night, in the day, in His name I pray  
Thanks for the Lexus, jewels, and home  
Even though I can't take 'em with me when I'm gone  
But Heaven is the place for Legitimate B  
So when You come and get Your folks then you comin' for me Oh, so long I'm making my revi's  
Oh, so long I've been making my revi's  
Oh, so long I've been making my revi's  
Oh, so long making my revi's Oh, so long, I've been making my catch  
For so long  
Oh, so long making my revi's

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