

# Too Long

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[Intro: Saigon]

When you feel like your life is getting stagnated  
And you know it's time for a change, say...

[Chorus: DJ Corbett & Saigon]

I've been here for too long  
I gotta find my way out now, Lord, tell me what's going on  
I've been here for too long  
Tired of reminding myself there's no right way to do wrong  
I've been here for too long  
I'm a make it out soon, I can do it, I just gotta be strong  
I've been here for too long  
'Cause I've been here for too long, come on!

[Speech: Saigon]

It's now or never  
Can't stay in the same situation forever  
Pfft... Gotta get it together

[Verse 1: Saigon]

My cousin gone from the slum, father was a bum (a bum)  
He had a mother but he never felt she loved-ed him (loved-ed him)  
People used to speculate was it because of them  
That he grew up chewing more than just bubble gum  
He used to like to bite his nails, even fight the gal  
I used to tell him they gon' send yo ass right to jail  
Pitching it hard, I never thought he'd listen to the God  
When I would tell him not to be an addition to the yard  
To my surprise, this nigga went to get a job  
Now I be hearing him bragging 'bout his benefits and all  
And I applaud whoever can climb out the hood  
I hope and pray to Allah y'all can climb out for good  
The hood is where the hate is at, I make it back  
Just to bring some paper back, turn around, (rrrt!) make tracks  
I got a kid, I'm a need a crib with the lawn  
You can say what you want, nigga, I've been here for too...

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Black Thought]

Uh, check it out  
Yo, I'm too black and too strong and been here for too long  
Never did it right 'cause all I knew was how to do wrong  
My people telling me to cut it out like a coupon  
And act like a new man instead of like a newborn  
Sometimes what I grow on, is difficult to chew on  
And everything your crew on, is different than what you on  
I'm through with bullshitting with my trivial pursuit on  
And sitting at a stop sign, time to get a move on, 'cause  
Criminal minds with minimal time  
On the meter, got to be on they continual grind  
Trying to find hidden treasure like subliminal signs  
And escape mental prison or a chemical bind  
And I'm a stone, but a stone can't do it alone  
'Cause the truth can set you down like two in the dome  
And make it all fall apart like the ruins of Rome  
Yo, I'm a changed man headed for home

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Saigon]

I know this crackhead who says she gotta smoke nice rock  
And if it's good, she'll bring your customers a measuring pot  
Her family members used to beg her to stop, couldn't explain  
How to cook cocaine had her head in a lock  
You hear the beat with this repetitive knock, that's the same way  
They used to tell her she was at the edge of the dot  
One night she woke up butt-naked in a crack house  
Not knowing what happened, the bitch must've blacked out  
Nobody to ask about what had taken place  
Now she on the Internet with dog nut up on her face  
And she caught another case trying to break in her mother place  
Everything going wrong, she know it's 'cause of the base  
Said it was just a pipe dream to get her life clean  
Even thought it might seem like the right thing  
Basically I just told her that red means stop  
Yellow means slow, then you can go when the light's green  
(I dropped jewels on her) That was her last night on the glass pipe  
(Right) After thirteen years, that's right  
She said, recommend a rehab and I'm gone  
I wanna get strong, she said, I've been here for too long...

I've been here for too long... [x3]

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