Too Long

Mississippi Sheiks

[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 repetetive 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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