

# Go Long (feat. Z-Ro & Slim Thug)

## Nipsey Hussle

If you ain't a real nigga get the fuck away from me, in other words go long (bitch nigga go long) Cause you don't want me to put my, I said you don't want me to put my slap hand on your throneBitch nigga go long, get gone

If you ain't a real nigga go longLook I'm forever the flyest, my revenue rise

My hustle prescribed, don't take no consignment

My rival is sex, got a selection of kicks and it's not your day if I'm selecting your bitch

I got a watch on my wrist, it's made by the Swiss, worn by the rich

Got that shit you can sniff

Got not time to play grounds, way too much of a mess

I'm talking dollars and cents, making dollars and cents

I made an honest attempt, take my dollars and split

Amongst a politic crips, I'm talking violence and shit

Without no sign it exists

I made my mind, this is it

I weighed the risk and the reward and put the grind to this shit

And now the money, the power, I'm entitled to this

And all the hating and debating, that's the cowardice shit

Claiming frog, you ain't believe til I rock this shit

So hate niggas go long, you can die where you sit, uh

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If you ain't a real nigga go longWho your OG is cause? His name DJ Screw

Nowadays that's my nigga DJ Errick, if it ain't him I see like, "DJ who?" And I got a bitch looking so fast, every time I do it people be mad, they want a replay fool

I ain't even in the bill, still raise your hand

Cannon I still free up the freeway who

Yeah I'm fuckin with my nigga Nipsey, we fucked up way past a little tipsy

God damnit that's the second goddamn pen to this week I'm waiting on triple a to come and get me

Get bent on a daily basis

So let's time it woop

And if am I'm rolling with the fifty

Ain't talking bout a pistol either bitch, millimeters bitch

And if you ain't behind it then you don't wanna see this shit

Put your glasses on

Yeah, officer I had it but I passed it on

I'm in and out the airport, no cashing for

White bitch, big tits, no ass at all, just a bag to roll

I gotta keep it on the low

If a bitch nigga see it he gon raise up his hands and tell it  
But all the real niggas see it, then they ain't seen shit  
Bet I can check a hundred thousand by breakfast  
It's the same old dublin, still the same hustling  
Still going up, I ain't never going down  
I do this rap shit just to rep for my town  
Got a crib out in Cali and the hill blowing pound  
Minding my business, me and my bitches, roll so low whenever I go get it  
It be your best friend tell you pant smith put money in his pocket and still turn witness  
My surface smile, I don't fuck with y'all  
You say you went a trial, I heard you told it all  
Asking me for work, bitch nigga hell no  
You fire k one I don seen your file  
You niggas fake, you niggas snakes  
When you see my face don't touch your brakes  
I ain't tryin to end up in that place  
Get the fuck on, go long, that'a way  
If you ain't a real nigga get the fuck away from me, in other words go long  
(bitch nigga go long) Cause you don't want me to put my, I said you don't want me to put my slap hand on your  
throne  
Bitch nigga go long, get gone  
If you ain't a real nigga go long

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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