Long Way to Go (feat. Mr. Probz)

Joe Budden

Chorus:
I'm feeling tired and the pain shows
Such a long way to go now
Such a long way to go, gotta be strong by myself now, such a long road.
So, so cold, weaken all my bones,but I gotta work hard just to reach my goal
Such a long way to go, so many miles left but I'm here now[Joe Budden]
Please Lord something gotta give
They say for every negative there's a positive.
But I aint positive for every buck deposited,
We still in the hood livin like hostages.
And never mind colleges,
School of hard knock scholarship dealing with politics,
I would just sell success in the store if i could bottle it
But, I aint a millionaire won't see me Forbes son
Life is like a beach chair when you can afford one.
Ruger loaded just in case the war come,
Might as well everything is comin to the forefront.
Need a clear head just to think
And fuck a drink and my two-step nigga
I'm two-steps from a drink.
So pressure either bust pipes or it make diamonds,
No matter how high up the mountain, I stay climbing.
Freedom I keep chancing,
So if I fall like Beyonce I just get back up and keep dancing.[Chorus][Mr. Probz]
Never met a goal that I couldn't reach,
Never been a lesson I couldn't teach.
I done been through the world and back,
Fuck school I got all the facts.
All I do is stand tall,
When they got my back against the wall,
When it's game time all we do is ball.
My niggas'll be here in one call, one call.
When shit gets heavy all I do is pick up the phone
Aint gotta go through nothing alone,
When shit get heavy all I do is pick up the phone
Aint gotta walk through this world alone, if I'm on my own.I keep on standing on my own 2 feet
Everytime that I cry, when I sweat, when I bleed
See nothing can stop me no nothing except me[Chorus][Joe Budden]
I'm chasing after pies with bags under my eyes,

You looking at my representative mask is a disguise,
And I don't do things like I used to.
The past is the past,
I'm presently thinkin` bout the future.
Certain niggas bettin I fall,
I'm speed joggin through the quick sand,
I'm jugglin 3 medicine balls
See I'm coming up, used to share a room with 2 cellmates
Now I tower over the devil but this aint Hell Date.
Long way to go I see my feet getting blisters.
I dare em' talk to me like Mike Richards
Or play Don Imus, and think its cool to disrespect our sisters
I guess we got a while fore' they actually get the picture.
I think about Virginia Tech, think about Katrina.
Niggas that caught Sean Bell slippin with the nina.
A day before the wedding,
Safety off the weapon,
Though all these things play in my head
I keep steppin`.[Chorus]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/