

Long Term 2

Ab-Soul

You mighta caught me walkin on annalee
On my way to work, I ain't no jerk, you can wave at me
Faithfully I strafe from all the make-believe, pray for me
This the shit they make-up make me think maybe it's maybelline
They will not disable me, even Kane afraid of me
Now niggas wanna network like A&E
City on my back like a superman cape would be
Ab-soul, asshole, why you act an ass for?
You ain't even got your own pad you a tadpole
It's a future ahead of you, why you looking back though
Frontin like you in the front when you in the last row
Microphone check 1, 2 are you hearin this
Curtiss king will tell you I'm a lyricist, lyricist
Been a trip before I caught a flight, alright?
Why you think I'm always smiling, I'm nice
Rapper's delight, that titles suffice
I don't even think you existed but my idol is christ
I too have a passion for what I feel is right
That's why I get high as a Wright brother and write

Cause I just need'em to remember me
Before I'm dead and gone write my name in history
Mentally, I'm meant to be, infinite, energy
Martin Luther King of carson, peace to my enemies
And cause this is Long Term 2
And every one of my dreams will all come true
This a journey we all go through
And if you can't cut it then it's all on you

I had to be about two
All I remember was Charlie Brown and Dr. Seuss
Momma read me a bed-time story every night
Comprehended so well I thought it was all true
That's all truth, 20 years later
I became a wordsmith like a kid from will and jada
Took a fifth of henny to the head and thought ahead
Why they worrying bout my buzz, I ain't a insect
What the fuck, ya'll got me fucked up
(What the fuck, ya'll got me fucked up)
Don't get a nigga mis-conscrewed
Cause I get loaded like a brand new pistol, ahhh shoot
Long as you knew that I'm on the pursuit
Of greatness 'til I lay in a tomb, I'm raiding
The game is weak, knowing it's painful and not short
However long it take just know I'm not going

(Heaven ain't far Soul)

Yea, I swear to God I wrote this on annalee
On my way to work, I'm late, I know my momma mad at me
(PEACE) to all the homies formerly know as casualties
Prosect, I miss you man I do this shit for you
I revise my timelines see how I do
2000 I was cool, '01 I had fun
'02 I recorded my first song and I was sprung
'03 I was weak, '04 I had flow
'05 I signed a street beef with no dough
'06 I met punchline, Damn I thank punchline

He saw more in my music than metaphors and punchline
'07 DudeDawg told me I was family
In '08 you became a fan of me
'09 I went around the country in a rock band
Now it's twenty-ten ya'll, get a catscan dawg