

I brought you something close to me
And left with something new
See through your head
You haunt my dreams
Nothing to do but believe
Just believe

And please don't confuse me with dog, I'm different
Long Term Mentality, still remember them cheap wood benches
How could I ever forget, I never could get
How niggas couldn't get up and get all they could get
Man I done seen a thing or two of things that she or he will do
To fit in with each other nitpicking at each other
Killing each other, bringing each other down
Crustations in a bucket, fuck it
Roll your windows down in your bucket, play this loud
Soul brother number fucking two
My time on these 1's and 2's
I'm on this track like running shoes
I dedicate this one to Cletus Anderson for working harder than
the average man
Or bend over backwards for his family
Doing whatever is you ask for him
Shit, I know he fucking tired
He should be somewhere retired
Still trying, bills still due
And between me and you until we get a mill
Life smells like mildew

Long term (This is long term!)
Long term (I'll help you suckas, cause I take it long term)
Long term (I came, I saw, and conquered)
Mentality, mentality, long term (And it's an honor)
Long term (To share this with you, wait no longer)
Long term (Mother fucker this is long term)
Mentality, mentality, long term