

# Been A Long Time

C-Murder

Let me see them 3's, put 'em up  
This for all my lil' soldiers out there stuck in the world  
Or put in a situation (situation) where they didn't have a choice  
(Fuck the world nigga you got a choice)  
On whether they wanted to be there or not  
In the ghetto it's kill or be killed, in a place called the street  
(Ya heard me?)

It's been a long time since a nigga showed me love  
I'ma make it even if I have to spill a nigga blood  
It's been a long time since a nigga showed me love  
But I'ma make it even if I have to spill a nigga blood

I'm trapped in crime, I'm pushin' nickels and dimes  
And will I lose my mind, or am I wastin' my time?  
I'm breakin' bread, on the block, with them thugs no love  
Fresh out of jail, hard to kill, took two shots and lived  
It ain't my time, I asked the Lord, to put the reaper on hold  
I know my soul is kinda cold, pops told me to be bold  
And I'm a grown man, protected by my set and my weapon  
Ain't no regrettin', earnin' stripes, from them niggaz I'm checkin'  
Them 15's, layin' laws like the man, callin' shots  
Holdin' meetings on the block a young nigga at the top  
And will I make it, out the ghetto, fuck the future cause I'm usedta  
Doin' what I'm doin' right now, and this shit will never stop

Two years I'm locked up like a bitch I'm boxed up  
Hard times got me trapped nigga, I shoulda been put them rocks up  
But it's the code of the ghetto, hold your own take care of your moms  
By any means stack yo' chips, if it's illegal nigga don't trip  
They're dead, ya heard me nigga serve me don't be like no busta  
These streets don't love ya and uhh I really don't trust ya  
Make a move fool you choose, you gotta pay your own dues  
And all them gold teeth and tattoos, them ain't nuttin' but clues nigga  
I'ma menace to society, I slang dope, in varieties  
Be like A.J., come take a ride, what you see is what you get nigga  
You creep or you sleep, but me, I'm packin' my heat  
'Cause real life ain't on TV nigga, real life is on the street beotch

It's been a long motherfuckin' time since a nigga showed me love  
See-Murder, see-P-3-killer  
Projects the cold hearted streets of New Orleans  
The infamous ghetto, young niggaz, will age well  
Streets got me crazy, will I die I don't know  
It's war crimes baby, takin' over the world  
Put in a situation, forced to, handle your business  
Handle your own hold your own boy that's the code of the ghetto  
Will I die I don't know baby  
It ain't up to me it's up to that man upstairs  
So I just say to all the young niggaz out there  
Goin' through what I went through, there's a way out  
So keep your head high  
And keep your heat low, ya heard me?