

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?