

Long Time

Chance the Rapper

I wonder if Gladys smiles when angels bring my name up
Or change language and subject change up
Her boy's a long way from red dolls and green rangers
Things ain't been the same since Ms. Patterson called me famous
I saw your reflection in a toilet full of vomit water
You don't think I felt ya hand on my head yelling "call his fat her"

But people don't hear ghosts
So how they gon' blame me
Money saved me
So I'ma do the same thing
You droppin pounds, gettin small on some sick shit
Like how you got the drive but don't know how to use a stick shift
You better not miss this
Over dose, dope and mixes
Let ya throat close
With a boatload of dope quotes within it

Dropping tapes 'til I losted count
Coughing out blood
Dropping weight
Like I lost an ounce
Throwing words and tossing nouns
NY traveling I'm Boston bound
Bossing 'round homies
And talking down to shorties while I'm jotting down
Notes to spit to Harlem crowns
Surfing through the Harlem crowds
At the crib I'm falling down
Yeah, I'm steady crawling 'round
I'm calling out to God
Your little angels falling down
Save me from my darkened cloud
Reach your hands and arms around