

## 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 sh  
ift  
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