

# Been A Long Time

Haystak

Now allow me to reintroduce myself  
My name Stak, and from way way back  
I've been getting paid for my appearance on track  
You a clearance rack rapper, ballin' on a budget  
Trying to push it on the public, but if that's you, fuck it  
When I was broke, I smoked economic strain  
When I was heartbroken, I depicted the pain  
Before the rap dope, I spoke cocaine  
Al la mota, trucks, and planes  
Truckers, pilots, guns, and violence  
No airbags in it, probably used to be my shit  
But I ain't driving, I had somebody drive it  
Time passes on, gotta be so private  
The statutes of limitations allow me to tell you more about Jason  
The story, the saga, not guilty your honor  
The man behind the don, the whale off in the water  
The godfather of this white boy rap shit  
Speak a different opinion and get kidnapped bitch  
Classy, never flashy, epic shit  
That I'm gonna spit til them alpha bits come get me  
Richly blessed, who would've guessed  
That I'd see my way through my 20's, I'm gonna die getting money  
Hip-hop's waiting on a heart transplant  
And I love her so much, I'd give her mine, and  
Conduct surgery, fuck the jewelry  
Do you before you have a chance to do me  
And leave it in the hands of a judge and jury  
What I gave his bitch ass was a piece of the fury  
I'm angry, they say I'm not the same me  
My money changed them, and then they changed me  
All night, counting different denominations  
Carpel tunnel, in the game no worker's compensation  
Real talk, I'm measuring my conversation  
Weighing them so I know what they're worth when I'm saying them  
The word man, I've got syllables and nouns  
Ten years ago, you've might've found some pounds  
But now the mic's the strap  
The banks the scape  
The crew's still the crew  
But my rhymes are weight  
I'm no fuck boy, I erupt volcanic  
Should've learned your lesson about not listening, Bin Laden  
Madden ain't the pros, Myspace ain't the industry  
That line's gonna have a lot of people pissed at me  
I'm destiny, I'm the fate of hip-hop  
KRS move his mouth, I'm gonna open him up  
Show improve, I live and die by the drive-by  
Easier to find than wi-fi  
Y'all SCI-FI, but I'm down to earth  
Y'all nerds who don't know what a pound is worth  
Never worked a vacuum sealer, boy stop lying  
You're not a hustler, young pimpin', you a client  
Buying more drugs than you ever sold  
You a junkie on the low from what I was told  
I'm back and I'm going in on anything lookin' at me  
Exactly what the game needed, open hand smacking  
Wake up, I'm bout to shake up shit

God forbid you wake up in the middle of it  
Like, What the fuck?  
Mother fucker don't move  
There ain't a mother fucker in this room I won't do  
This is the return of the big ass white boy  
Back with my head right  
Still ain't got caught dead, red light  
Fight, fight, fight, fight Until there's nothing left to fight about  
If tonight's the night, fuck it then I'm going out  
It's been a long time, I shouldn't left you  
Without some white boy shit to rep to  
UHhhh!!!!