

Long Way Down

Slum Village

When the night men departed
Is when my dreams started
Getting questions sounding lame
What you think about the game
Or man I can't call it I ain't worried bout the fame
Or how a nigga blow up, I'll be thinking bout
What we gonn do when it's all over
When the smoke clears
Who still stand, got a couple more years
Seen a couple dudes panic
I ain't livin in the moment, all about the cheese
When you thinkin bout the fam
That's a lot of mouths to feed
Still runnin in a race and you finally gotta leave
Feel like this is do or die, so somebody gotta bleed
Hit em all, get em all, get em back and forth
Niggas on they back with a mac, tryina stack
But I go, all around the world, living for big nights
Big money and bad bitches names and big lights

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Sweet ass top temptation
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It's time to get back to the bindess
Taking out prendice
Dirty slums only job can cleanses
I spray knowledge on your lenses
Windex, hit your abdomen like set ups
10 sets, bionic, my whole crew broillic
Bale filled with space ships, supersonic
Attitude smooth, bluebionic
I go to war if a nigga want it
We call that good will hunting
Slum, drums, base with heron
Hit your brain like a drug, get you another one
Bounty hunter with an aim like jhango
For a 20 thous put a whol through your kango
Assassins, keep your seatbelts fasten
We movin at top speed, study with the masters
The music aim starving, but my fam eatin good
And lay a nigga flat like Marvin

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It's a long way down nigga, aha, yeah

Black set it off, so I guess I gotta end in my intentions
Really not to go and will started off humble pie
But now things is different this is arrogant cake
Can't get a slice off my plate
Translate, but wait, you can't handle the whole weight
My tone got deep like that guy on all state
We here and no you can't end my year

You a flea, when niggas see 3 they cheer
Rendition, of a bunch of bad decisions
I'm a top dog, forever classic bitches
Now that I got your attention, you didn't listen
And I spoke clear as day, it's like your ears shifted
It's the bread winner, when I aim, I hit dead center
You always talkin bout, what I'm doing
Finna wordsmith...the truth, god, the menace
Damn I hate pretenders, yo!

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