

# 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

Falling upside down, visions from the start  
Sweet ass top temptation  
The beauty from afar  
It's long way down, down

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 brollic  
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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