

Longevity

Too \$hort

Ah yeah

Scarface
Short Dog

Yeah

Longevity

Fake niggas...

And you can tell em I said it
I said muthafuckas is takin the credit
Been in the game for 20 minutes, and they thinkin they legends
All on their videos showin off, frontin for the camera
One-hit wonders is playin games, fakin stamina
I damage ya, throwin blows to your egos
Flossin new leather, think you the shit wearin these clothes
And supposed to flash and have the finer things
But can't seem to keep your money, cause you're buyin rings
What is you gettin, 7 or 6, new record contract?
Bustin your bomb raps, but you ain't gettin your funds back
Fuck that, I been around since '86
Way before my muthafuckin mind played tricks
And when Too \$hort told me this bitch, it wasn't givin
Cause I'm sick and tired of niggas fantasizin they livin
All on the tell-lie-vision tryina front like that's your car
With a fat-ass cigar, you ain't no muthafuckin star
What you are is a nigga lost, dazed and confused
Back in the day that you stepped in it is the day that you do
But on the cool, some niggas been around since the '70s
Steadily preachin to us all longevity

You don't get shit for free
Your own destiny
Longevity
Longevity

10 years ago a friend of mine
Asked me to say some MC rhymes
But back then I said: fuck rhymin, I was tryina get laid
But now it's '98, I'm all about gettin paid
Fuck that bullshit you niggas be on in your videos
Drive the shit your C.E.O. own
In their home, at their parties, you niggas dummies
Muthafucka, fuck the fame, it's all about the money
And then the power (money and the power)
Slingin tapes like powder
Everything I own is mine, don't understand 'ours'
This's a serious business
My nigga, take care of your business
Especially you niggas with gimmicks, your ass is finished
In the nick of time, fuck havin the tightest rhymes
You better grind, it's plenty fools dope without a dime
So I'm tight with mines, and I prove that every time
Just to let you niggas know I'm out to get mine
That's longevity

Who got the freshman flop or the sophomore jinx
Rappers blow up, fall off, and think
Been there, done that, about to make a comeback
I'm on some new shit, not like my young raps
I know what you sold, first album went gold
Then you changed the style, shoulda stuck with the old
Flows, and the old clothes, cause now you fake
You ain't got no hoes committin foul play
Hatin on me, but you're waitin to see
Old school Too \$hort in the place to be
I ain't backstage chasin young girlies
I'm chasin money, I'm in my early 30s
Still sellin records, and I'm still a real player
Can't understand how you still could be a hater
Said I don't stop rappin from the start
If you don't believe me, go check the charts
Bitch

[Chorus]