

# Long Enough

Rich Homie Quan

Zaytoven  
Hit Boy Cass

Came along way from sharin' rooms with my brother yeah  
We was on our own cause my momma worked a double yeah  
Couldn't afford designer it was Hilfiger Tommy yeah  
I was ten saw my cousin cookin' dope he said don't come in here  
Every since then I been influenced to get that money yeah  
Eight years old I knew ben frank was a hundred yeah  
Count the cash, get the bag, trackstar run it up  
Give em my scraps about yo check, because that shit not long enough

I woulda gave that bitch a whole meal because I wanted her  
Hollywood bitch she got two kids and her tummy tucked  
You put on that shit you not weak girl you strong enough  
You were my best friend when I was broke and I was lonely girl  
I was your best friend when you were down and you were vulnerable  
Back when we was swipin' EBT down by the corner store  
I was in the game I wasn't never watchin' from the crowd  
In eleventh grade yeah I have my locker smellin' loud  
Somewhere in twelfth grade round the time I made my first child  
You see a lot of pain when you shake my hand look at my eyes  
I told my brother no more sharin' rooms we gon get a bigger house  
Never forget where I came that what this about

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Money not a option if we want it we gon buy it dawg  
Bought that 442 from shawty I damn near blow the tires off  
Keep my concentration on that money don't take my eyes off  
We in this together we can't lose cause then it'd be our fault  
I'm gon make it up to you I promise that my bad bruh  
Love me genuine just like he trust me wit yo last dawg  
He must be from enough he think he slick he tryna fast talk  
Four hundred thousand in the Louie duffel that that bag talk  
They say that money on your brain turn to bad thoughts  
I'ma keep some money in the bank and in my dad's vault  
I saw my cousin in the kitchen he was fishin' a quarter  
Don't put these hoes before fam blood thicker than water

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