

Long Term

Ab-Soul

Give me a little, little, little more volume on the vocals
Mic check, mic check one two
This is it right here Wave, this is it
Thank you for tuning in, hope y'all enjoyed yourself
Long Term

Motherfucker this is Long Term, let me explain to you niggas
I'm here for the long haul
I'm fly as Curtis Pilot, you ever saw part of my Carson
Joggin' if y'all lost, but I been dedicated since back then
Started out with the double-time rhyme scheme I got from Twista
I couldn't quite convince the public, I was the one that'll put us up on the
map
Throwin' away raps in a trash can
Fillin' my notebook up with my quotes, but the doors didn't open up
So I slowed it up
Found my niche, got my bars up
Black Planet freestyle chattin', get your guards up
Boys in Black had me hip to punchlines and all that
Came back with some hard stuff
What I was like, sixteen I think?
Killin' 'em, [?] box sealin' 'em, like the rooftop
Not quite a god emcee, more like Jay Reed, give me the oowop
I don't care who drop
Still found room for development
Before MySpace views were so relevant
Hey Soul, you ever think of sellin' it?
What? Your soul! Heavens no
Unless it cost that at Heaven's door
I pave my own way, no steppin' stones
My first break was playin' songs for Tory Crow
The judge looked out, we even shot a video
Shout-out my man June, can't forget my nigga Bones with the bangers
It's all love over here player
Before MP3 players could play us
I had a five-star tablet full of classics
At a time where every rapper was a gangsta or somethin'
Sort of became cliché some thought
From the suburbs where we do dirt and hope we never get caught
Hittin' a lie, why would I lie?

I've been watching you, to whomever this may concern
I can see your grind, what you got is well deserved
You gotta get up, get out, and get it, you can't always wait your turn
And it may not happen tomorrow, you gotta think long term

I told myself like back in '05 I give this rap shit two years
But I'm still here
I've fallen in love with this hip-hop thing
Our relationship is real rare
The problem with a lot of newcomers is sad, but understood
I'm tryin' to make a great song, they tryin' to make it out the hood
I'm tryin' to be honored with the Pacs and Biggies
And they tryin' to see face on TV like, "Momma, see me?"
But it's a whole lot easier now
The Internet'll let the world play your media now
Your girlfriend cousin got a mixtape comin' out

And he got a beat you leased, but the producer is out of reach
This kid asked me how to make a name for himself
I told him I'm still tryin' to find a lane for myself
I could've lied to him and sold him a bunch of BS
But this is where the letter ends, before I go, P.S

What is long term?

Long term is everlasting, long term is the thought of a future reference

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