Long Time

Gucci Mane

I was broke down on my knee
Took me a long time to get it
80 Ps, straight gas
I done graduated from midget
Skurrtt Skurrtt Skurrtt, pull up. Throwin' money out my ceiling
Young Rich Nigga, fuck it. Yeah, this the life I'm livin'

Organize the spot
All the babies to the right
All the midgets to the left
Keep ya hands to yourself
I'm a buss it all down
I don't need no fuckin' help
Bails of gas to the steps
Get the cola off the shelf
I catch ya slippin'
I pity the fool
I take ya money, I spend it on jewels
Wipe him up, he [?]
I'm not gay but I spend it on dudes
And we gone go bleamin
We killin' this evenin
You throw me the pack, and you know I'm receivin'
A whole lotta gangsta bitches and they bleedin'
We teach em to sniff and they find and they keep it
Man petro everlastin'
It's my passion
Tryin to take it, bitch I'm titan, you know we clashin'
Shanell down, [?], she know I'm splashin'
Came a long way from them corners, servin that ash

I know that my life is so great,
You hungry, you know that we already ate,
I do what I want and you gotta work late,
I fuck em I don't take em out on a date,
You love her and cuff her and take her to skate,
I make her go cook, she sniffin' the plate,
I came from the bottom, and now I got gwuap,
My nigga they know that you is a cheapskate,
Put it on my mama, I got commas,
Niggas hit ya, with that Llama,
Keep runnin' with that sack,
I just took his hunnas,
Pull up in that audi, flexin' in the summer,
I got 50 bricks, on the plane, comin' from Tijuana,
Christian, Louie Vutton, $550 a piece that cost a lot,
My niggas sellin' lan kush, know my niggas keep chris rock,
All ya'll niggas lookin' like balloons, my bullets they gone pop,
Black maybach, Black tints, Quavo feelin' like Barack,

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I was broke down on my knees,
Took me a long long time,
Wouldn't nobody give me shit,
I had to grind grind grind,
Remember them days, I had to finesse for checks,
And buss on you flats, I came at yo neck with the tec,
My niggas is vicious, they hungry for benjy,
Pull up at the trap, I boarded my windows,
Rich nigga fuck them, I'm a young rich nigga still,
Standin' on stage, blowin' propane,
Fuck a Styrofoam, I'm a drink it out the sim,
Run up on takeoff, make a nigga takeoff,
That was A1, I ain't talkin' bout steak sauce,
Me and thug throwed, and we need two cups,
If my cup ain't double, it's gone be some trouble,
Came a long way, had to get it out the muscle,
Now all my cars are muscles,
Young nigga gotta get a hustle,
Gotta use a word play like ruzzle,
If you want that cake, but you ain't got that cake,
Gotta get out there and make somethin' shake,
Got the 45 put it to a nigga face, rich nigga eatin' steak on hermes plates,
NO! I ain't never goin' broke, Early in the morning on the stove,
Wrist spinnin' like a hurricane,
Ice chain came from Johnny Dang,
Real heavy on my neck I need a cane,
All white bitch cocaine,
I'm whippin' that birdy, with none of that whitney
That Brittney come with a free chicken, I live it,

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