

# Long Way

Joyner Lucas

Aw yea, ask em what they call me  
I'm the one that paid it for ya hoes ain't get shit all day  
Fuck wit me the long way, fuck wit me the long way  
And this a one way street bitch you going down the wrong way  
Hold up hold up hold up damn, fuck wit me the long way  
Ain't nobody wanna get robbed today betta get me a goddam job today  
I need food, bread, bitches, head, watch, rent, cars today  
I need bullets, clips, guns, shit somebody gon' meet god today

Cause I never had money

Aw yea

Can't take nothin from me

Aw yea

People take me to jail I do time, she said choose ya man with two sides

Fuck yo coup de ville, I want a drop top, they wanna shoot to kill with two 9's

Niggas wanna fold me up like futons, tryna make a bed to sleep, I'm too kind  
Ain't no wanna Pistol Pete, I beat pistols pieces, paint pictures piece two times

Fucked up and missed the beat she like hold up

Niggas betta bow down

Plenty bitches and I never get tied down

Either fuck wit me either long or ya die now

Man this is for all my niggas locked down

On that young shit but don't trip

I swear to god I never forget, how much colder is it gon get?

Fuck my nose is bloody, aw yea

Can't take nothing from me, aw yea

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I'm so paranoid, I don't even go out no mo

Tried so hard to enjoy myself, you don't put in work I do it myself

I proved to myself, so crazy I be annoying myself, true to myself

Feeling so goddamn sick I should sample my own shit and then sue myself

Cause I never had money

So maybe I should rob a couple bank sell a fuckin cigarette break into yo mother place

and take like fucking everything and leave you there to suffer man

I swear these niggas done made me mad, all this talking shit oughta made me laugh

Ain't got a work betta pay me back, aw yea

Aw yea, ask em what they call me

I'm the one that paid it for ya hoes ain't get shit all day

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