

# Way Too Long

Nafe Smallz

I've been in these streets, been in these streets for way too long  
But all my people in these streets, that's why it's home  
Chase a bag, sometimes I get it on my own  
Around my brother, partner, check, I'm in the zone  
We comin' from broken homes with some broken souls  
This for my niggas who ain't here with me no more  
All my losses left me permanently scarred  
If you never risk it, you ain't see any reward, ooh

Still we keep it gangster when we ride at you  
Fuck around with the kid, there ain't no hidin', we'll be findin' you  
We was in the traphouse 'til that mornin' light come shinin' through  
I don't glorify it, just my story I be writin' you  
You can't hide inside the situations I was gettin' through  
I've been on a mission ever since I was a young yute  
Tryna get that money, move my mom up out the ghetto  
Now I'm on a mission, you won't find me past the rent on  
Racks up in the safe now  
Racks torn in the safe now  
You thought you was safe? Nah  
You ain't never safe, nah  
Streets is not a game, nah  
People 'round the way, nah  
I can hear that waste  
Still better not mourn on the estate, nah  
Who said? Got them goons here  
Now we workin' with them longlegs, take your whole head off  
We gon' get that Mulsanne with that big check  
Ooh, ridin' 'round with that money

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If you don't take no risk, there ain't no reward, no  
You ain't got a clue 'bout what all of this mean to me  
I've been tryin' my hardest, I swear the Lord knows  
Mommy told me she can't bear the thought of losin' me  
I said fuck the police, I won't ever talk, no  
Tryna double my digits and flip some more O's  
I'm from a place where them straps are banging like pornos  
RIP bro, they got him in his torso  
I cried tears for my niggas, yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Risk my life for these figures here (Yeah, yeah)  
It's do or die for my niggas, yeah (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Broken souls, now we winners here (Yeah, yeah)  
If it's beef, you know we spray rounds (Spray rounds)  
Free up all my niggas in the jailhouse (Jailhouse)  
I'ma scream for it 'til I lay down (Down)  
'Cause I've been in these streets, nigga

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I've been in these streets for way too long, I lost niggas along the way  
Lost niggas along the way  
We've been beefin' way too long, I might end up down in the grave (Might end  
up down in the grave)  
With a reverend in the room, mommy tell me that she still pray (Mommy tell m  
e that she still pray)  
With my G's, I'm with my dawgs and we reppin' for where I stay  
'Cause I've been in the streets, nigga