

# Go Long

Nipsey Hussle

If you ain't a real nigga get the fuck away from me, in other words go long  
(bitch nigga go long) Cause you don't want me to put my hand on your throne

Bitch nigga go long, get gone  
If you ain't a real nigga go long

Look I'm forever the flyest, my revenue rise  
My hustle prescribed, don't take no consignment  
My rival is sex, got a selection of kicks and it's not your day if I'm selecting your bitch  
I got a watch on my wrist, it's made by the Swiss, worn by the rich  
Got that shit you can sniff  
Got not time to play grounds, way too much of a mess  
I'm talking dollars and cents, making dollars and cents  
I made an honest attempt, take my dollars and split  
Amongst a politic crips, I'm talking violence and shit  
Without no sign it exists  
I made my mind, this is it  
I weighed the risk and the reward and put the grind to this shit  
And now the money, the power, I'm entitled to this  
And all the hating and debating, that's the cowardice shit  
Claiming frog, you ain't believe til I rock this shit  
So hate niggas go long, you can die where you sit, uh

Who your OG is cause? His name DJ Screw  
Nowadays that's my nigga DJ Errick, if it ain't him I see like, "DJ who?" And I got a bitch looking so fast, every time I do it people be mad, they want a replay fool  
I ain't even in the bill, still raise your hand  
Cannon I still free up the freeway who  
Yeah I'm fuckin with my nigga Nipsey, we fucked up way past a little tipsy  
God damnit that's the second goddamn pen to this week I'm waiting on triple a to come and get me  
Get bent on a daily basis  
So let's time it woop  
And if am I'm rolling with the fifty  
Ain't talking bout a pistol either bitch, millimeters bitch  
And if you ain't behind it then you don't wanna see this shit  
Put your glasses on  
Yeah, officer I had it but I passed it on  
I'm in and out the airport, no cashing for  
White bitch, big tits, no ass at all, just a bag to roll  
I gotta keep it on the low  
If a bitch nigga see it he gon raise up his hands and tell it  
But all the real niggas see it, then they ain't seen shit  
Bet I can check a hundred thousand by breakfast

It's the same old dublin, still the same hustling  
Still going up, I ain't never going down  
I do this rap shit just to rep for my town  
Got a crib out in Cali and the hill blowing pound  
Minding my business, me and my bitches, roll so low whenever I go get it  
It be your best friend tell you pant smith put money in his pocket and still turn witness  
My surface smile, I don't fuck with y'all  
You say you went a trial, I heard you told it all

Asking me for work, bitch nigga hell no  
You fire k one I don't see your file  
You niggas fake, you niggas snakes  
When you see my face don't touch your brakes  
I ain't tryin' to end up in that place  
Get the fuck on, go long, that's a way