

Long Enough

Rich Homie Quan

Zaytoven
Hit Boy Cass

Came along way from sharin' rooms with my brother yeah
We was on our own cause my momma worked a double yeah
Couldn't afford designer it was Hilfiger Tommy yeah
I was ten saw my cousin cookin' dope he said don't come in here
Every since then I been influenced to get that money yeah
Eight years old I knew ben frank was a hundred yeah
Count the cash, get the bag, trackstar run it up
Give em my scraps about yo check, because that shit not long enough

I woulda gave that bitch a whole meal because I wanted her
Hollywood bitch she got two kids and her tummy tucked
You put on that shit you not weak girl you strong enough
You were my best friend when I was broke and I was lonely girl
I was your best friend when you were down and you were vulnerable
Back when we was swipin' EBT down by the corner store
I was in the game I wasn't never watchin' from the crowd
In eleventh grade yeah I have my locker smellin' loud
Somewhere in twelfth grade round the time I made my first child
You see a lot of pain when you shake my hand look at my eyes
I told my brother no more sharin' rooms we gon get a bigger house
Never forget where I came that what this about

Came along way from sharin' rooms with my brother yeah
We was on our own cause my momma worked a double yeah
Couldn't afford designer it was Hilfiger Tommy yeah
I was ten saw my cousin cookin' dope he said don't come in here
Every since then I been influenced to get that money yeah
Eight years old I knew ben frank was a hundred yeah
Count the cash, get the bag, trackstar run it up
Give em my scraps about yo check, because that shit not long enough

Money not a option if we want it we gon buy it dawg
Bought that 442 from shawty I damn near blow the tires off
Keep my concentration on that money don't take my eyes off
We in this together we can't lose cause then it'd be our fault
I'm gon make it up to you I promise that my bad bruh
Love me genuine just like he trust me wit yo last dawg
He must be from enough he think he slick he tryna fast talk
Four hundred thousand in the Louie duffel that that bag talk
They say that money on your brain turn to bad thoughts
I'ma keep some money in the bank and in my dad's vault
I saw my cousin in the kitchen he was fishin' a quarter
Don't put these hoes before fam blood thicker than water

Came along way from sharin' rooms with my brother yeah
We was on our own cause my momma worked a double yeah
Couldn't afford designer it was Hilfiger Tommy yeah
I was ten saw my cousin cookin' dope he said don't come in here
Every since then I been influenced to get that money yeah
Eight years old I knew ben frank was a hundred yeah
Count the cash, get the bag, trackstar run it up
Give em my scraps about yo check, because that shit not long enough