

Rakim f/ Tracey Horton**"Won't Be Long"**

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[Intro - Rakim - talking] In the words of the late, great Martin Luther King "How long? Not long" ... Won't be long, uh huh Uh, uh Sing along [Chorus - Rakim] (Tracey Horton) - w/ ad libs (It won't be long, 'til the trouble and the struggle is gone The hustle make the struggle get gone) It's hard to make a move, we strugglin Everybody hate to lose but they love to win (It won't be long, 'til the world sings the words to our song That way we forever live on) Back on my grind, I'm hustlin It's just a matter of time and I'll come up again [Verse 1 - Rakim] They told me hustle never prolong But I got caught up in the struggle like a slow song (uh huh) 'Cause my love and respect for this is so strong I question the state of hip-hop (uh), major labels, etc. and so on (uh) The show'll go on, still fiend to get my blow on But if it's like this, then I might quit But hold on (uh), this can only go wrong but for so long (uh huh) Get right quick or I might flip Try to keep a tight lip, not to complain Ramblin, mind scramblin 'cause patience ain't blockin the pain (uh uh) Mic sick, lyrics is still locked in the brain (uh huh) Like Mike Vick sittin in jail watchin the game (uh) I wait 'til the day I can play my position (yeah) Or should I say the die I obey my addiction (uh huh) Then complete my legacy (uh) Without compromisn my artistic integrity (come on) [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Verse 2 - Rakim] So when they ask where I go from here (go 'head) The road and the goal is clear (uh) but it's so severe (uh) Sometimes I feel like lettin go, I swear I had setbacks my whole career (straight y'all) Messin with my grind's like messin with my mind But yo, I'm still breathin, so I guess it's just a sign (uh huh) But it's meaning to the message in the lines (word up) Some things happen for a reason like a blessing in disguise But success was in my eyes, the shine was blindin me The fame, a little bit of change, it took some time to see The lesson for the wise, profit more Time to be a record and the prize was poppin off Finally I made a couple of moves, got my own label (got to get it) Me and a couple of dudes, we at the dope table (let's get that money) Took a oath to stay true, now it's an empire Put out the new Rakim album and it's

fire [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Verse 3 - Rakim] Feel like I'm
back where I belong when I'm in the booth (uh) Produce
and perform at my pinnacle (uh huh) Speak the truth in
my songs and my interviews (the truth) For the youth
and my dons and my women too (uh huh) Guap
insisted, watch your business with a drama dunn (get
that money) Hustlers is where we get persona from
Gotta get it, not just wish a dollar come We optimistic
since Obama won But these days of recession We ain't
safe yet (uh huh), pray, a paycheck away from the
Great Depression (uh) Major stressin but we wait for
blessings Long as the Federal Reserve still paper
pressing I wrote the plot for gettin this cabbage in the
hood Where the average cat can triple his status in the
hood Don't stop, 'til we livin lavish in the hood I'm like
Barack with The Stimulus Package in the hood [Chorus]
- w/ ad libs [Outro - Tracey Horton] - w/ Rakim ad libs
until fade It won't be long, 'til the trouble and the
struggle is gone The hustle make the struggle get
gone It won't be long, 'til the world sings the words to
our song That way we forever live on

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