

Roots, The

"Long Time"

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(feat. Peedi Peedi & Bunny Sigler)

[Chorus]

Oooh

It's been a long time

Since I been back around the way

It's been a long time

Let it spin let spin let it spin

Since I been back around your way

It's been a long time

Long time long time

[Black Thought]

Struck by the luck of the draw

Real life preservation

What I'm hustling for

My name black thought

The definition of raw

I was born in South Philly

On a cement floor

I had nothing at all

Had to knuckle and brawl

They swore I'd fall

Be another brick in the wall

Another life

Full of love

That lost

That's silly

This Philly

Y'all really ain't stoppin

The boy with the pen

Like Willie

On top of the hall

Pure soul is what the city

Most popular for

Hear the tones

That will ease you

Smooth

As Bunny Sigler's soundtrack

Keepin your head boppin and all

It's something in the water

Where I come from
They used to sing it on the corner
Where I come from
Making somethin outta nothing
Because everybody fifty cents
From a quarter
Where I come from
Yeah
The streets ain't timid
But I feel at home in it
Gotta see a couple people
I ain't got at
In a minute
Yeah
You can take a brother outta South Philly
Can't take it outta him really
I forever represent it
And it's

[Chorus]

[Peedi Peedi]
Live and dirvet
I don't need no mic check
Remember mommy told me
You ain't write that
It started in the bathroom taking a dump
Listening to Ultramagnetic
Ego tripping you won't
Pressure my word
I'm the urban vision
Of you chump
Stomped on a different ground
Sound second to none
Synthesizers tweet
To improvise your feet
I calculated every lyric to arrive on a beat
It's free
Come get high on me
Before a nine millimeter shell
Hit my pelle pelle
In the p
Yeah
It's somethin in the water
Where I come from
They used to sing it on the corner
Where I come from
Making somethin outta nothing
Because everybody
Fifty cents from a quarter
Yo

Where I come from
It's just a natural reaction
For crack to make it happen
Let the pen ink sink
Into the paper of the pad
Think back
When I was younger
Ghetto could have took me under
Young Peedi can't mess with North Philly
Never had
You don't know about me
You ain't stroll my streets
Look familiar
I feel ya
Longtime no see

[Chorus]

[Black Thought]
Uhh
Clap somethin
But whatever you clap
Clap to the record spinnin
While I'm takin you back
To the top paper era
Baby big on that
Picture the pool room
Where the money getters was at
And street people
With feather in the cap
Or their bossolino Pullin paper
As if it's a small casino
I was a young boy
Sweepin the floors
And runnin to stores
But all those old heads
Woudl talk to me About the way
To clutch the eagle
On a buck and truck
And if I'm down
How to get back up
Just survival kid
And it's a struggle worldwide
I'm positive
Shit the ghetto might as well
Be the Gaza Strip
You know where all the monsters is
Street walkers
You don't see no consciousness I'm coming back to
where
The core of the problem is

We on the job again
Y'all know what time it is

[Chorus]

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