

## **C-Murder**

# **"Been A Long Time"**

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[C-Murder]

Let me see them 3's, put em up  
This for all my lil' soldiers out there stuck in the world  
or put in a situation (situation) where they didn't have a  
choice  
(fuck the world nigga you got a choice)  
on whether they wanted to be there or not  
In the ghetto it's kill or be killed, in a place called the  
street  
(ya heard me?)

[Chorus: C-Murder]

It's been a long time since a nigga showed me love  
I'ma make it - even if I have to spill a nigga blood  
It's been a long time since a nigga showed me love  
but I'ma make it even if I have to spill a nigga blood

[C-Murder]

I'm trapped in crime, I'm pushin nickels and dimes  
and will I lose my mind, or am I wastin my time?  
I'm breakin bread, on the block, with them thugs no  
love  
Fresh out of jail, hard to kill, took two shots and lived  
It ain't my time, I asked the Lord, to put the reaper on  
hold  
I know my soul is kinda cold, pops told me to be bold  
and I'm a grown man, protected by my set and my  
weapon  
Ain't no regrettin, earnin stripes, from them niggaz I'm  
checkin  
Them 15's, layin laws like the man, callin shots  
Holdin meetings on the block a young nigga at the top  
and will I make it, out the ghetto, fuck the future cause  
I'm usedta  
doin what I'm doin right now, and this shit will never  
stop

[Chorus]

[C-Murder]

Two years I'm locked up like a BITCH I'm boxed up

Hard times got me trapped nigga, I shoulda BEEN put  
them rocks up  
But it's the code of the ghetto, hold your own take care  
of your moms  
By any means stack yo' chips, if it's illegal nigga don't  
trip  
They're dead, ya heard me nigga serve me don't be  
like no busta  
These streets don't love ya and uhh I really don't trust  
ya  
Make a move fool you choose, you gotta pay your own  
dues  
And all them gold teeth and tattoos, them ain't nuttin  
but clues nigga  
I'ma menace to society, I slang dope, in varities  
Be like A.J., come take a ride, what you see is what you  
get nigga  
You creep or you sleep, but me, I'm packin my heat  
Cause real life ain't on TV nigga, real life is on the  
street beotch

[Chorus 2X]

[C-Murder]

It's been a long motherfuckin time since a nigga  
showed me love  
C-Murder, C-P-3-killer  
Projects the cold hearted streets of New Orleans  
The infamous ghetto, young niggaz, will age well  
Streets got me crazy, will I die I don't know  
It's war crimes baby, takin over the world  
Put in a situation, forced to, handle your business  
Handle your own hold your own boy that's the code of  
the ghetto  
Will I die I don't know baby  
It ain't up to me it's up to that man upstairs  
So I just say to all the young niggaz out there  
goin through what I went through, there's a way out  
So keep your head high  
and keep your heat low, ya heard me?  
[fades out]

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