

## Fates Warning

### "Too Long"

Visit "[Too Long](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Masta Ace - talking)

Man, I was starting to think I wasn't never getting out of here

But, umm, I'ma do things different this time, believe me

I ain't never trying to come back here again

(Guard - talking)

That's what they all say

You'll be back, they always come back

We'll save a cell for you too

(Ace - Talking)

Fuck that, you ain't gone never see my ass again

Mark my words, this time I'm staying out

Y'all waited too long for this (x4)

(Masta Ace)

Aiyyo, its been a long time just like sweet revenge  
Never thought that I'd be seen on these streets again  
It's been five years at least

Waiting for a piece

Bouncing off of these walls awaiting my release

Pacing like a caged lion

With rage prying

All them days trying to engage with the iron

Stuck in between a rock and a hard place

I got down on my knees, looked into God's face

Its really not the same, is it?

With low digits

And y'all ain't hold me down, ain't paid me no visits

New cats claiming shit just like they bought stock

And y'all let em move in and take over the block

I heard y'all be out there spending dubs with em

Out all night long, going to clubs with em

I guess thats what I get for having a kind heart

Today's when they life end and mine starts

(Apocalypse)

Sometimes waking up is even kinda scary  
Some foul deeds I find necessary  
Like the Christ and the Judas theory  
I feel the hurt and scream loud but nobody hears me  
My broken body bleeds heavy plus my mind is weary  
Slipped the mickey when they first gave me sex  
Addicted to the trees, Hennesseys and cigarettes  
Inhaling the toxic gases when I breath  
Study words of higher deity cause him I believe  
I don't pray on my knees  
Just in case the evils comes like D's  
I'll be ready to blast and make him bleed  
In high double-digits I go back to the essence  
Leave my rhymes behind so you can use em for  
lessons  
Like a new Revelations chapter  
You ain't moving slow, it's just that in my mind I'm  
moving faster  
Sick messiah like I'm David Koresh  
You done picked the wrong nigga to test  
Now pick - the trey pound or the tech

Y'all waited too long for this (x 5)

(Gun shots)

Visit [Fates Warning](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.