

Joe Budden

"I'm Serious"

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(feat. Mr. Probz)

[Intro - Joe Budden - talking]

Ya mean? (my niggaz, uh)

Uh, talk to 'em

[DJ On Point - talking over Intro/Chorus]

(This shit right here is called Long Way To Go)

Featuring Mr. Probz

Shout out to Sousearchin' on the beat

[Chorus - Mr. Probz - w/ ad libs]

Feet are tired and the pain shows

It's such a long way to go now, such a long way to go

Gotta be strong by myself now, such a long road

My soul's so cold, weak in all my bones

But I gotta work hard just to reach my goals

Such a long way to go, so many miles left but I'm here
now, yeah

(DJ On Point)

[Verse 1 - Joe Budden]

Yo, yo, please Lord somethin gotta give (dog)

They say for every negative, there's a positive (dog)

But I ain't positive, for every buck deposited (dog)

We still in the hood, livin like hostages and never mind
colleges

School of Hard Knocks scholarship, dealin with politics

I would just sell success in the store, if I could bottle it

But, I ain't a millionaire, won't see me in Forbes son

Life is like a (Beach Chair), when you can afford one

(oh!)

Ruger loaded, just in case the war come

Might as well, everything is comin to the forefront

Need a clear head just to think

And fuck a (Drink N My 2 Step) nigga, I'm two steps
from a drink

The pressure either bust pipes or it make diamonds

No matter how high up the mountain, I stay climbin

Freedom I keep chancin (oh)

So if I fall like Beyonce, I just get back up and keep
dancin

[Chorus - w/ ad libs]

(Yo Mouse, talk to 'em)

[Break - Joe Budden]

Never been a goal that I couldn't reach (uh)
Never been a lesson I couldn't teach
I done been through the World and back
Fuck school, I got all the facts
All I do is stand tall (stand tall)
When they got my back against the wall
When it's game time, all we do is ball
My niggaz'll be here in one call (one call), one call (one
call)
When shit get heavy, all I do is pick up the phone
Ain't gotta go through nothin alone
When shit get heavy, all I do is pick up the phone
Ain't gotta walk through this World alone, if I'm on my
own

[Break 2 - Mr. Probz]

Keep on standin on my own two feet
Everytime that I cry, when I sweat, when I bleeeeed
See nothin can stop me, no nothin except meeeee

[Chorus - w/ ad libs]

[Verse 2 - Joe Budden]

Uh, let me talk to 'em real quick, la-look, look
I'm chasin after pies With bags under my eyes
You lookin at my representative mask, it's a disguise
And I don't do things like I used to
The past is the past (but I'm), I'm presently thinkin
about the future
Certain niggaz bettin I fall
I'm speed joggin through the quicksand, I'm jugglin
three medicine balls
See I'm comin up, used 20to share a room with two
cellmates
Now I tower over the Devil but this ain't "Hell Date"
Long way to go, I see my feet gettin blisters
I dare 'em talk to me like Mike Richards
Or play Don Imus and think it's cool to disrespect our
sisters
I guess we got a while 'fore they actually get the picture
I think about Virginia Tech, think about Katrina
Niggaz that caught Sean Bell slippin with the nina
A day before the wedding, safety off the weapon

Though all these things play in my head, I keep steppin
(oh!)

[Chorus - w/ Joe Budden ad libs]

[Outro - Joe Budden - talking]

That On Top Music!

Naw mean?

Uh, a uh, uh, Joey

Team Jump Off

Oh, uh, you in that?

Yes!

[DJ On Point - talking over Outro]

Shout out to mixtrap.com

My nigga Burr, Roundtable Management

Can't forget my nigga LRM, follow the future

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