

# Trae Tha Truth "So Far To Go"

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[Hook]

So far to go  
We gotta keep on pushing, come on

[Verse 1 - Trae The Truth]

I'm on a neverending vacation  
Until my tires go flat  
Or everything f-cked up and gonna fall off track  
Picture me like a Kodak  
Re-up, nigga, they know that  
Feeling like I ain't got shit  
Work in back of a throwback  
I'm cold up in this hallway  
Hustling out it all day  
Trying to get this money  
And that Audi 8 in all grey  
Haters say it's over but you can tell them I'm busy  
Professor with the books  
? with a Smith & a Wesson  
Trying to make it to the top, 100,000 miles away  
Somewhere in Gabon, where guerillas known to fly  
cage  
Pedal to the floor, I don't know where I'm headed  
But I know if I'm headed somewhere that ain't for me,  
then you can get it  
Minutes from losing focus, sick is from insane  
Tell em I'm coming for it, stomach said the same thing  
I'm nothing like a loser, knew I was here to win  
F-ck if they close the door, knock tonight, I'm coming in

[Hook]

I gotta make it  
I gotta make it though  
I gotta make it  
I gotta make it though

I'm from the bottom but I still try  
Feeling like there ain't a chance but I still try  
The streets is all I know  
But still I got so far to go

[Verse 2 - Meek Mill]

I used to play the corner with a 40 on my hip  
Hanging in my ? how I'm gonna get up out this bitch  
Coppers spedning erry minute, I was dirty as a broom  
I used to take it in the crib and write my raps up in the  
room  
Trying to chase a dream  
Who thought that I'd be cover of these magazines  
Fresh from a jail cell, greasier than Vaseline  
I went to BET from running around with Mack machines  
Busting shots and ducking shots with killers right in  
back of me

I never had a choice, I never really spoke a lot  
I never had a voice until I started making noise  
I went from running with my boys to crushing niggas  
round the world  
Them bitches used to turn me down but now  
I'm f-cking all them girls, yeah. I'm from a city where  
these  
Young'uns doomed. I was upset my father died and  
turned a young'n?  
For every killer, that was killed, there go another goon  
So every track they send my way I'm gonna go summer  
june

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[Verse 3 - Pusha T]  
Even with the magazine covers and the articles  
I still got so far to go  
9th-degree black belt in the Art of Blow  
Cook pot and a spoon in my arsenal  
School of Hard Knocks, made the honor roll  
7 grams to a key, I was on a roll  
Haters couldn't stand it, I took it for granted  
Misplaced a bag of money and didn't panic  
Yeah, on my road to the riches  
Baby-blue diamonds and them hot yellow bitches  
You can't cancel our Christmas  
Italian roadsters, high yellow stitching  
Yeah, what the f-ck is y'all pitching?  
Hall of Fame with the O's Cal Ripken

My hands still in the snow like mittens  
Got my weight belt on: power-lifting  
PUSH!

[Hook]  
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