

Andreas Elsholz

"Long Time Comin'"

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[Big Nug] - Speaking

As I look back, and remember all the shit that's
happened to me

I realize that...it's been a long time coming...

[Big Nug] - Rapping

It was hard growin' up, where I lived
One bedroom apartment, Eight little kids
One mother, no father, nigga was all coked up
Thinkin' back I might have even sold that nigga some
At school till three, Hit the corners till two
Part of the family, Helped me deal wit da shit I went
through
No promise, a prison with no escape
Growing up in a drugland of poverty and rape
My picture is still on the wall at all the police stations
All the post offices, Nation-wide, I was braisin
A lil' kid, Too dumb to stay out of trouble
A knucklehead, thought by my Moms to be lovable
So much potential, but without a fuckin' cause
Eager to be the cat to break all the fuckin' laws
My best friend was Mary, And that ain't no chick
Gina was the name of the girl used to suck my dick,
anyway
Time passed and I got older
Father of three children, Not even twenty-one or older
Turned to the streets to keep a nigga sober
Like a shoulder, Except I couldn't lean over
What a life, Now I push around in a Red Range Rover
Take my girl to eat lunches at Dober, Kid's off the
street
The struggle is over

[First Lady] - Rapping

Wasn't shit hard...The way our life turned around
Wasn't shit hard...How we had to survive on that
ground
Wasn't shit hard...Tryin' to hold shit down
It's been a long time comin', As I look back where I'm
from and
Wasn't shit hard...Buyin' dubs wit stamps

Wasn't shit hard...Paper pillows, Old kerosine lamps
Wasn't shit hard...Cockroaches and all dem ants
It's been a long time comin', As I look back where I'm
from and

[Big Nug] - Rapping

I still remember that day, Meetin' wit record execs
Outside of the office, Took a hit and a deep breath
Never thought rappin' could bring me so much
Always thought the rap game was too hard to touch
It's too much
For me to sit back and think, About my life, it's old
direction
And how I was on the brink, Of losin' my head
Not givin' a fuck about work, But instead
Chillin' wit my peoples all day long, If I wasn't signed by
Chris
I would have been done writing songs
Put it out strong, My mother used to say
And maybe one day, You'll be able to stay
Legit, Leave behind all this thug shit
My mother never thought I was ever comin' home
Feared my ass was iced and alone
Cuz didn't nobody say shit in my hood when they saw it
Think about black folks, We the last to call it
And all these corny rappers talkin' bout
In west Philadelphia born and raised
Make it sound like paradise,
Like Philly life should be praised
Yo ma

[First Lady] - Talking

Sup nigga

[Big Nug] - Talking

Remember dem days

[First Lady] - Rapping

No doubt, When niggas used to steal my mail and
Sell it back to me, No meaning of life
Cuz if I had that they'd take that from me
Workin' three jobs to feed my kids
While my baby father ran off with some trick
Oh I remember

[Big Nug] - Rapping

Them days when it was hard to keep it real
It's been a long time coming coming,
From not knowing about my next meal

[First Lady] - Rapping

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[First Lady] - Rapping

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from and

[Big Nug] - Talking

It was hard...Trying to survive and stay alive
But the scariest shit was that there were niggaz worse
off than me
And I had it rough
So this goes out to anybody that went though, Is going
through,
Or will go through the struggle, Keep your head, One
("One" is echoed)

Song Fades

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