

Joe Budden f/ Mr. Probz

"I'm Serious"

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[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 Soulsearchin' 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 BeyoncÃ©, 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 meeeeee [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, used20to 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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