

Long Journey (feat. Webbie)

Lil Boosie

Ima do this for the struggle, all the niggas tryna take us to court, all the niggas tryna slow us
down
All the rumors, that they know ain't true but they still spread em, all that shit, but we thank God
for everything he gave us, real shit.
I send some kisses up to Heaven for all my people who couldn't make it hold on we all gotta go
home, yeah.
Remember that late night in the studio me, you and Q[?], remember that veil at 5th 12 but we
put 22,
we recorded in a trailer, bats at night, gotta make a hit before I set that trap tonight,
I wanna thank God for everything, everything he done done it for this lil gangster mane.
You ain't know I never changed around a million dollars,
and we ain't gotta hang nigga but we still partners, money coming like a freight train we
smoking good, niggas go home just to ride big thru the hood,
We living good, Trill Ent.
Pussy niggas tryna take us to court, everytime you look around a nigga spending some dough.
But I wanna thank him for, the blessings he gave me, the 30 minutes on stage for the 10 Gs
baby.
Dear God I thank you for,
everything you gave to us,
you kept them devils away from us,
and helped to make a better way for us
I came from the dirt me, some rough streets, you had to be somethin to be a g,
them niggas 12, 13 going on 23 countin cheese out the box bandana tied outside with a glock
and rocks
Nigga dropped straight outta school said we ain't making a dime, said I need an education told
them bitches they lying,
told no way I'd ever make it to get a straight ass job, hit the streets no application I was already
hired
Can't deny there be some times that I was I could rewind, got down with mrs.
Brown and kick in knowledge and completed assignments,
put my gat by my side my self a lil promise, work, robbing or rhyming Im coming out shining
I bought my shell 9s, stuck my shell 9s, fucked my share of bitches, fucked over a couple niggas
Say God you my dawg and I pray you keep fuckin with me well for them I gotta watch over a
couple niggas
It was you who made them niggas miss when they shot, it was you who told me to leave right
before they hit the block,
it was you who helped me feed my kids when they needed, it was you who helped me out with
this shit called diabetes.
It was you on stage when I was rocking my shows, you the rubber when I be fucking my hoes
you stayed with me.
I gotta thank him for my kids, they motivate me, and every hating ass nigga whoever soldier
hate me.

Keep on, be gone, forever have they head gone, diamonds all on me like I'm kinned to Fred
Flinstone.
Kids see me in the streets, they love Boosie, they say what's happening Bad Azz and throw up
they dueces.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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