

LongShot, Big As I Wanna Be

(LongShot)

One two

Man, my nig..

Rhyme Scheme is on the track man my nigga Panik
Molemen, Chicago, LongShot check it out man

I'm on my hustle man, with CD's and wax
You need this rap, Molemen bringin it back
LongShot flip rhymes like weed and coke
Do I need to smoke, nah man I need a show
I need to show cats how to succeed for mo'
We need to grow, we need to come together and blow
We need this dough, we need to stay at home buildin
Still when, we get on, we shit on our own children
We turn our backs on our brothers, no gats on lovers
Yeah I understand you're back as mack slugger
But black mothers, please, keep raisin 'em strong
Cause the streets is a father that be raisin 'em wrong
P.P.P., what kind of life is locked in the bing
Get out on parole to get popped for the same damn thing
I'm slayin the beast, with the shit I'm sayin on beats
Playin with heat, fire word blazin the speech
Raisin my verbal game for the goal f'real
Then I'ma take 'round the earth 'til it's playin {?}
Set it like 10, I might be seein some bills
But 'til then, I'ma hustle hard as fuck to get big, c'mon

(Chorus)

How I'm gon' be as big as I wanna be
Nigga, ain't no limit in me
How I'm gon' climb as high as I gotta climb
Chi, is you ready to ride
I said Chi, is you ready to ride
Not some ride or die shit, is you ready to die
How I'm gon' be as big as I wanna be
Nigga, ain't no limit in me

(Rhyme Scheme)

Hey yo, how I'm gon' be as big as I wanna be
Me and my nigga Shot reppin the team
Molemen motherfuckers and we runnin this thing
Funniest thing man, is you ain't thinkin like me
I ain't talkin 'bout wreck man, take what you want
Make what you want out of it, I got what I want
I got a lot of shit inside of me, mother father and family
Pain struggles and tragedy, fuck if you gettin mad at me
I been seen it all, through the eyes of the young life
From the rough young buck with the {?} to punch minors
The gun yup, just the son of a one
And gunnin for once muh'fuckers cause I'm runnin it up
Young, schemin and crazy the humble harder the hard workin
that hustle hard for the Dream Street dream and the blaze
And I was, raised in the city where the hustle don't sleep
Where the hustlers stay on corners and they stay on the scheme
Meanwhile all our kids runnin wild in the streets
Dreams deferred all I heard was the shot in the streets
Pop and I see pop BLAOW now there's blood in the streets
Blood on my sleeve from the tears of the moms and the kids
Stoppin the tears from the gunnin down, runnin in fear
Nothin to hear man, I had it dawg, I had it to here