

# The Roots, Long Time

[Chorus]

Oooh

It's been a long time  
Since I been back around the way  
It's been a long time  
Let it spin let spin let it spin  
Since I been back around your way  
It's been a long time  
Long time long time

[Verse]

[Black Thought]

Struck by the luck of the draw  
Real life preservation  
What I'm hustling for  
My name black thought  
The definition of raw  
I was born in South Philly  
On a cement floor  
I had nothing at all  
Had to knuckle and brawl  
They swore I'd fall  
Be another brick in the wall  
Another life  
Full of love  
That lost  
That's silly  
This Philly  
Y'all really ain't stoppin  
The boy with the pen  
Like Willie  
On top of the hall  
Pure soul is what the city  
Most popular for  
Hear the tones  
That will ease you  
Smooth  
As Bunny Sigler's soundtrack  
Keepin your head boppin and all  
It's something in the water  
Where I come from  
They used to sing it on the corner  
Where I come from  
Making somethin outta nothing  
Because everybody fifty cents  
From a quarter  
Where I come from  
Yeah  
The streets ain't timid  
But I feel at home in it  
Gotta see a couple people  
I ain't got at  
In a minute  
Yeah  
You can take a brother outta South Philly  
Can't take it outta him really  
I forever represent it  
And it's

[Chorus]

[Peedi Peedi]

Live and dirvet  
I don't need no mic check

Remember mommy told me  
You ain't write that  
It started in the bathroom taking a dump  
Listening to Ultramagnetic  
Ego tripping you won't  
Pressure my word  
I'm the urban vision  
Of you chump  
Stomped on a different ground  
Sound second to none  
Synthesizers tweet  
To improvise your feet  
I calculated every lyric to arrive on a beat  
It's free  
Come get high on me  
Before a nine millimeter shell  
Hit my pelle pelle  
In the p  
Yeah  
It's somethin in the water  
Where I come from  
They used to sing it on the corner  
Where I come from  
Making somethin outta nothing  
Because everybody  
Fifty cents from a quarter  
Yo  
Where I come from  
It's just a natural reaction  
For crack to make it happen  
Let the pen ink sink  
Into the paper of the pad  
Think back  
When I was younger  
Ghetto could have took me under  
Young Peedi can't mess with North Philly  
Never had  
You don't know about me  
You ain't stroll my streets  
Look familiar  
I feel ya  
Longtime no see

[Chorus]

[Black Thought]

Uhh  
Clap somethin  
But whatever you clap  
Clap to the record spinnin  
While I'm takin you back  
To the top paper era  
Baby big on that  
Picture the pool room  
Where the money getters was at  
And street people  
With feather in the cap  
Or their bossolino Pullin paper  
As if it's a small casino  
I was a young boy  
Sweepin the floors  
And runnin to stores  
But all those old heads  
Woudl talk to me About the way  
To clutch the eagle

On a buck and truck  
And if I'm down  
How to get back up  
Just survival kid  
And it's a struggle worldwide  
I'm positive  
Shit the ghetto might as well  
Be the Gaza Strip  
You know where all the monsters is  
Street walkers  
You don't see no consciousness I'm coming back to where  
The core of the problem is  
We on the job again  
Y'all know what time it is

[Chorus]