

I brought you something close to me  
And left with something new  
See through your head  
You haunt my dreams  
Nothing to do but believe  
Just believe

And please don't confuse me with dog, I'm different  
Long Term Mentality, still remember them cheap wood benches  
How could I ever forget, I never could get  
How niggas couldn't get up and get all they could get  
Man I done seen a thing or two of things that she or he will do  
To fit in with each other nitpicking at each other  
Killing each other, bringing each other down  
Crustations in a bucket, fuck it  
Roll your windows down in your bucket, play this loud  
Soul brother number fucking two  
My time on these 1's and 2's  
I'm on this track like running shoes  
I dedicate this one to Cletus Anderson for working harder than  
the average man  
Or bend over backwards for his family  
Doing whatever is you ask for him  
Shit, I know he fucking tired  
He should be somewhere retired  
Still trying, bills still due  
And between me and you until we get a mill  
Life smells like mildew

Long term (This is long term!)  
Long term (I'll help you suckas, cause I take it long term)  
Long term (I came, I saw, and conquered)  
Mentality, mentality, long term (And it's an honor)  
Long term (To share this with you, wait no longer)  
Long term (Mother fucker this is long term)  
Mentality, mentality, long term