

# Forever

8Ball & MJG

Ooh la la Bangladesh..  
Hey...

See a nigga like me gonna get money til I get rich  
Ride with a couple hundred G's in a biscuit  
Stay down for whatever forever hustle with my misfit homes  
And soon you gonna see just how crunk this shit be once we get rich  
Til then its back to hustling with my misfits  
Deep, on a creep, fifty songs tucked under the prone..  
Fifty songs tucked under the prone

I keep a big old nigga beater heater  
Its in the trunk of my four-door and my two seater  
I'm make them say skeeter skeeter  
Keep up and grab the ball back just like I'm Derek Jeter  
I know you want to fuck my hoe but you too scared to meet her  
See you ain't got enough bread to even start to treat her  
The way a pimp did, and in the bed I'm even sweeter  
I hustle, I got more Franklins in me than Aretha  
If I had Oprah Winfrey I would marry her and keep her  
I spit as much knowledge as preachers and teachers  
Just as long as the message reach us we all fill up the bleachers  
I'm the MJG, I get in yo' shit  
I ain't trying to run yo' clique, that be your friend so quick  
Come on, where my money, let me hit the stage  
Fuck them long interviews, just give us the front page  
Black G apostrophe S us, forever bust  
Them lyrics that make the people say that he got nuts

Yeah man..  
Sticky weed kicking in, big Ball steppin in  
Straight flying when I hustle, that's how I represent  
Bounce, if you feeling what I'm spitting up in your ear hole  
I been rocking mics since I was 17 years old  
Smoking up, drinking up, kicking dust, and fucking up  
Everybody want a piece and we ain't got enough for us  
Yeah, I touched a brick or two, pounds I done smoked a few  
Got my bread and didn't do what the fuck I was supposed to do  
Money blinds players, turns them into evil spirits  
Niggas die trying to live out these old rap lyrics  
I try to give it to them just how it come to me  
Real and unedited, not how it be on T.V  
Be myself and don't be what those haters want me to be  
Take the good the bad hit my knees set me free  
Make the bad good, put that on my leather and wood  
Cinderella with my fellas deep off in the hood  
Nigga

You need to stop sticking your hand out and trying to fold it  
Turn around the broom handle and trying to hold it  
It's plenty dirt to be swept, and leaves to be raked  
Now you need to leave from my face, take heed to mistake  
That you just made, thinking a player could get played  
Thinking that a rapper could get wrapped and phone tapped  
My whole life I learned the hard way to spot liars  
And it seems like its usually the ones that's right by ya  
FIRE!

Jumping up out the tip with pistols sittin up  
Fuck me? Watch my gun skeet like its bussing nuts  
'Cept when it hit your cheek it burn then it split your cheek  
Then come out the back of your head, now your just a memory  
Graphic how I got it illustrated, rated triple X  
Niggas want to be the king, I don't give a fuck who's best  
Just watch your mouth, talking down in the south  
I'm gonna let my nuts hang and start punching clowns out

[Hook]