

# Forever Put On

Hunxho

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, put the soy sauce on this motherfucker

Yeah, hit, they getting up out of there, get out  
Live by the code, it ain't nothing to tell 'bout  
Been working hard, I'm rocking these shows, I can't be a sellout  
Let lil' Kel out, got my niggas still sitting in the jailhouse  
Oh Lord, I'm a real sorry man  
Nigga, you ain't my dog if you left out  
And a young nigga still kicking shit on the best side  
Diamonds hit on my chest, I gotta go VVS, ain't no SI  
Had to give 'em my best, ain't no less I  
Crazy I lost my dog, this shit messed up  
Had to keep my head high and my chest up  
Now we winning, it's like what you left for?  
But see, y'all did me wrong, know I left 'em  
Walking the beat down, this shit my job  
Now we flying private (Yeah)  
Pull up Gilligan Island (Yeah)  
What we doing? We vibing (Yeah)  
Roll with us, tell them lil' niggas vest up, have them lil' niggas sent off  
Doing shit that my mama got sick of, tell them lil' niggas get up with me  
Whole ten thou' what I want for a feat  
Walk in, got calluses all on the feet  
I eat niggas sweet, I got cavity teeth  
Put paper on your head, but they robbing for free  
And I know you ain't know, you can't pop it to me  
Know I'm properly here and I'm capital P  
And what happened in here, it can't happen to me  
I got shooters with me, like who clapping at me?  
I be changing my lifestyle  
Rapping on beats, I got blood on my shoes from being in the streets  
And lil' buddy got hit up, fuck being a vegan  
We starting the beef, you can't do with that me  
Nigga shootout with niggas, can't do that to me  
I ain't beat the charge, I end up taking a plea  
They say it wasn't a murder 'cause young nigga bleeding out  
Hit 'em up, watch the young nigga bleed out  
And these fuck niggas know what I bleed out  
He seen me and he know who I be, I

Pussy boy can't even go on the beehive  
Pushing up tryna see what he be 'bout  
See what he said, tryna see what the beef 'bout  
2200, we been on the hot block  
Hit up opp block  
We just cooking up shit in the crockpot  
Drop the bag, these boys gonna opp shop, them niggas not hot  
I'm with the roster, boy, what you talking 'bout  
Taking my G-Wagen straight to the chopshop  
He got hot feet, hit his block, nigga, chop-chop  
He get put in the hot seat, pop off  
I been putting in work, I been turning it up, nigga watching me pop off

Turned myself up now these lil' bitches can't leave me lone  
Turned myself up, I been staying out making these songs  
Do this shit here for the block, I forever put on