

4ever

Kenny Mason

Way before living it, I would escape to envision it
Weigh up the differences, stay up for days until distances
Came up with differences, shaving the length of it, listening
Aging with wisdom, an agent of criminal influence
Paying attention to data
Was caged in Decatur with cannibals, killers, and cableless
Interfaces, face it, ain't no one hearing this, falling
Prey to appearances, pray to a pyramid
Rage in my rhythm, Sega, my genesis
Shaking my zip, and it's saving my mental from breaking
Caving and crippling
Scribbling into my pages, and paving my destiny
Picturing pitiful places and painting soliloquies
Pain in my angry delivery, made 'em attentive
See angels cling to my pen and keep claiming my energy
Came and gave me the crown, gave me the crown, saved me
Greatness my tendency, I train at it endlessly
Ain't wanna make it if I made it pretending, I see
Niggas that wake up and portray who they wish they could be
Couldn't be me, I'm so A, it's a shame and I think
I used to say if I'm the greatest for 10, I'm at peace
I think I want this shit forever right now

I want this shit forever and now
Forever and now
Forever and now, forever and now
I think I want this shit forever and now, I think I

Way before living it, I would escape to envision it
Changing the shit they would say, I became a revisionist
Came with a vivid display of the pain that my niggas lived
Daily with diligence, babies with triggers would trigger it
Training my senses to aim at escaping my ignorance
Taming my temper, this chain on me changing my temperature
Alien Jigga, today they gon' take me as serious
Take me to Sirius, angel affiliates
Languages explain my experience, praise 'em
I chose believing in myself when you wouldn't believe me
Now when I start to taste success, you assume that I'm greedy
I don't agree with what you doing, you view it as devious
But you confuse being cool with obedience
Losing my leniency, moving with meaning
It's two of me, and truthfully, this duality the root of my genius
Angels is hoodrats, 'pending on the angle you look at
Hanging with crooks, black straps came with the book bags
I was playing hooky just to work on my real craft
And to this day, I wake up and still craft it
Every line you hear crafted to give you chills after
I know shit get real, it's a gift that I'm still rapping
Some niggas quit crafting, artists that I model my pen after
I seen they mistakes and I switched patterns
Split paths and ran into my destiny years after
I feel as if I'm meant to have this shit forever right now

I want this shit forever and now, forever and now
I want this shit, forever and now
I want this shit forever and now, forever and now

I want this shit, forever and now
I want this