

# Forever

Loe Shimmy

I can't believe she fucking on this nigga, and he ain't got no money  
Mom, my bad, I can't hit church today my sack drop on a Sunday  
She held me down when I was broke  
She fucked on me when I was bummy  
She said that nigga bringing dark clouds but Golden make it sunny  
He know I'm up I got them bucks, so I can give you a lil' cash  
If you get cuffed, you get a truck, and I might buy you a lil' ass  
What the fuck I'm fucked up the way that pussy make it splash  
I got bitches, but I'm stuck so I might buy this bitch a bag  
You get Rollies, you get Carties, you get diamonds from lil' Golden  
I fucked her like a dog, now he mad, his bitch stolen  
I got diamonds in my teeth I get to talking she gon' notice  
I got Cubans bussed down I'm fly as fuck I'm real sporty

Raw bitch held a nigga down you gotta make her smile  
Pussy fire and that head fire we might make a child  
Gucci bag and a Louis bag gotta get her style  
Street nigga, hold a nigga tight 'cause I've been living wild

She so bad bought that bitch Chanel just to hold my switch  
Call me 'Dad', I'ma fuck for hours once I bite the glitch  
Spanish model scratch it off the list, AP on her wrist  
Pussy head and water left me drenched, Man, ain't have my bitch  
Wait a minute minute  
I'ma die writing it  
What you wanna spend it?  
Hundred on my semi  
I be quick to send it  
I'm a big lieutenant  
Tryna bag a sentence  
Eat it till I'm finished  
Come when you ready

Coming when you ready  
Know this shit get deadly  
Slummer shit, the medley  
Play a piece I'm faded  
Put it in her belly  
I know that hoe ready  
Give her mani-pedi  
And I give her feti  
Trap house, it get deadly

I've been up a hundred plus ain't nothing new  
Brand new present on my wrist It's Nipsey blue  
Them niggas better not play I spend thee bands to hold they crew  
They head like Chick-fil-A that pussy gon' wake up to you

Sucking on her friends just while I dive inside her  
Got a hundred poles, and I just need new buyers  
My left wrist on froze I think I need a fryer  
T my wrist keep burning now that nigga tight

Aye, raw bitch held a nigga down you gotta make her smile  
Pussy fire and that head fire we might make a child  
Gucci bag and a Louis bag gotta get her style  
Street nigga, hold a nigga tight 'cause I've been living wild

I was fucked up at the trap I was rocking Dickies  
Shoutout the plug, shut the city down I started selling chickens  
Bae, you kept it real I'm up now, let's go get in business  
I just had to cut them bitches off 'cause they didn't see my vision