

Forever Fif/Top Shotta

P. Reign

For my nigga fif

Remember sleeping on my homie couch evicted out my house
Member police lock me up my mama had to bail me out
Member bitches tryna style me up now they don't turn me down
Member used to trying to fit in now a nigga standing out
I remember I remember the hoes that used to diss all want to hit
But I won't let em cuz I don't sweat em
I remember I remember them niggas tried to pull me down
But I ain't let 'em cuz I remember

What I gotta lose I done put some miles on these jimmy choos I done paid my dues
My connect just sent a offer thru that I can't refuse, hallelujah
We don't want the penthouse if there's not a view - ain't that the truth, 4
I been sleeping on this air mattress in the guest house
More than a year no rest now
If struggle brings the best out then I should be the best out
I'm the nigga that was left out still 10 chains with my chest out

Head high, err tucked bring the vests out, Imma drop Preme and have these rappers stressed out
We the best out if you ain't moving right you gettin left out we ain't getting checked
But cut the checks now, R chains Reps now
And losing fit was never part of the plan half these niggas barely friends why they calling me fam
The streets had me in a trance pistol in my pants only fifty cent to my name
But had the power in my hands

I did it my way, did my own thing
Its always been that way nigga I been on my own shit
Young and mobbing on my grown shit
On some jim jones shit, rock star nigga aww
Skull and bone shit, put something in yo skull for the niggas that I roll with
And if they try to hit us we gone hit the hardest
Cuz where I'm from niggas they be moving hearless

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Right hand on the bible left hand load the clip ya ya Imma do it like I'm fif
Imma take a brick and I ain't paying shit ya ya Imma do it like I'm fif
Sweating by the stove hit it with the wrist, eh eh Imma do it like I'm fif
Rather die a man then live like a bitch, Imma do it like I'm fif

Forever fit reps up worldwide gang shit
You know we mobbing for life and death feel me?
I know you up there still looking down on ya big homie

I got you, forever my nigga, word

Imma don daddda, Imma top shotta, Imma globe trotter, Imma drip Prada
On my mama mr finish what you niggas started, uh, whole lotta comma after comma after comma
My outfit off a cover uh looking like a hundred uh talk it don't stutter uh pop him like a rubber uh
02 weezy and Stunna in stretch hummers uh Rich bitch so much bread might put in a bun in her
Live from the gutter if they diss us they gone suffer
Kiss my kid before I kill ya I'm a cold hearted lover
I'm a bad mother fucker from the land of the hustlers
Ain't the mannn without no muscle we just fuckk we ain't no couple
Mean I mean well she can't bail cuz deep down she know
That if that bitch badd I zig zag I spree well in that ho
I tell her like it is I ain't gotta lock her, I got da magic stick hit her with dat harry potta
I put Money on to tummy, I put bread on yo head
I put green on yo spleen, sweet dreams make yo bed
I been gone off the meds I got fire full of lead
Just to fire at them niggas wearing wires for the feds