

# Never Forget

Tsu Surf

I came in that house with blood on my hands  
My momma just blinked  
She ain't yell, she ain't scream, she ain't panic  
Did none of the above, just took me straight to the sink  
That super kind response got me kinda scared  
Like what the fuck could be goin' through my mama head?  
Maybe she knew about the box that's behind the bed  
Washin' blood off my hands, don't know if it's mines or theirs  
I know she hear my heart beatin' 'cause I could hear it  
Whatever she got to give I gotta wear it  
"What the fuck? How the fuck? Why the fuck?"  
I could hear it... but she ain't say shit  
But she accepted my ways  
Or told herself for the last time I wouldn't change  
We was doin' about 90 with the easy pass  
These highways assist you to death, that's just a easy pass  
They said follow your heart but I don't love much  
And bring the party to me 'cause I don't club much  
Standoffish, but fuck it, stuck in my ways and shit  
Amazin', trickin' always turn a good one to a crazy bitch  
I ain't stopped rollin' since the bud came  
And I ain't had sleep since the buzz came  
More money more problems, you would probably think I love pain  
It be so much hate, damn, I forgot when the love came  
So much shit to do, I need a longer day  
Road to riches, sometimes it feel like we took the longer way  
Friends seemin' few and made a left, coulda kept goin' straight  
Some pit stops for pussy, met some enemies along the way

I never forgot about nothin' that happened  
I just roll another blunt, I try to push it to the back  
They asked me how I'm doin', I tell 'em cool  
Same old, same old, a lil this, a lil that  
And if I never make another dollar  
I'll have a pocket full of pride  
And if you ever got a gun to head  
You tell that mothafucka look you in your eyes

A little Sprite, a little codeine  
Went away but I did it for my home team  
Them past stories new nightmares, whole dreams  
Grippin' the strap, thinkin' lay 'em flat, bumpin' old Beans  
Apologies won't clean up my fuck ups  
The work, the traffic, the niggas that we stuck up  
Momma talkin', be wishin' Momma shut the fuck up  
The hood got hit soon as I left, I guess I lucked up  
But pray for me, I still sin a bit  
Can't be scared to lose if you try and win a bit  
We be out of town now, foreign faces, women, chicks  
The value spot, chicken chop, Teriyaki dippin' shit  
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You tell that mothafucka..

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