

**Random & K-Murdock****"Forever"**

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[Verse 1] Didn't have to wear a tuxedo to touch people  
never moved rock, wasn't trying to see Judge Ito If it  
don't fit you musta quit it but if I do fit you musta did it,  
I wasn't wit it Focused on my love for hip hop, wouldn't  
flip flop to get props, just try to keep it fresh like a  
Ziploc Similar to the games of yesterday I blow the dust  
away they still fresh today reminisce to the first day I  
set it up way past bedtime, wouldn't stop playing till I  
leveled up fingers blistered suffering from fat-i-gue  
then teachers wonder why I had a bad attitude head of  
the class like Hessman in '86 Regrettably passed the  
freshmen that gave me fits but they all come back,  
glad that I taught em i support em, even though they  
tend to fall like autumn Back in the 80's when it begun  
recall, in DC, rocking a T, "Run Jesse Run" Galactus  
tactics, require strait jackets to skip the viruses,  
installed the patches we took the scenic route to find  
the fundamentals ink is my drink too, so this ain't  
coincidental K-Murdock made the Call to Mega Ran we  
veterans, goin strong til Forever, man [Chorus] Might  
not be real, who knows what's real but they will never  
know, what keeps us together I know we're young, I  
know we're young But if we've come this far We'll be  
here forever [Verse 2] Pause-- Oh yeah - let me  
continue The game don't stop another day another  
venue if they made a game of all the stuff I been  
through That jawn would be rated m, I say again first  
they'd drop you in the middle of the hood With no  
communication skills so you couldn't be understood  
Only 1 life and no save slots your enemies and party  
members would live on the same block and ya HP and  
MP is dang near empty and you can't max out no  
battery backup, so if you back out gotta start it all over  
again fresh, you'd probably be impressed how I  
managed to cheat death, and make it out the hood with  
no regrets and I gotta thank that little grey box with the  
red light dead right in front of you I spent every night  
[Chorus] [Verse 3] I'm from where adolescents peddle  
coke in their coat Tote hammers, quick to let the metal  
smoke So pay attention in the presence of  
professionals See I'm just speaking my mind, I gotta let

you know We gotta separate the real from the artificial  
The chrome 9 double m's from the starter pistols  
American gamer, never will change up We're level 99,  
try stepping your game up No matter what, we refuse  
to stop Even if the dough's slow, like it's screwed and  
chopped I gotta keep it real, most of these dude's ain't  
hot I only stand up and clap when your music stops  
Trying to rule the block? We're after the globe I should  
host a video called "when rappers explode" 'cause I  
ain't here for the platinum and gold Take life by the  
horns, we just grab the control, yeah! [Chorus and ad  
libs]

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