

Eightball & MJG "Forever"

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Ooh la la, Bangladesh
Heyyy

See a nigga like me gonna get money till I get rich
Ride with a couple hundred G's in a biscuit
Stay down for whatever forever hustle with my mystic
hoes

And soon you gonna see just how crunk this shit be
once we get rich
'Til then it's back to hustlin' with my misfits
Deep, on a creep, fifty songs tucked under the prone
Fifty songs tucked under the prone

I keep a big old nigga beater heater
It's in the trunk of my four-door and my two seater
I'm make them say skeeter skeeter
Keep up and grab the ball back just like I'm Derek Jeter
I know you want to fuck my hoe but you too scared to
meet her
See you ain't got enough bread to even start to treat
her
The way a pimp did, and in the bed I'm even sweeter
I hustle, I got more Franklins in me than Aretha

If I had Oprah Winfrey, I would marry her and keep her
I spit as much knowlege as preachers and teachers
Just as long as the message reach us we all fill up the
bleachers
I'm the M J G, I get in yo' shit
I ain't trying to run yo' clique, that be your friend so
quick
Come on, where my money, let me hit the stage
Fuck them long interviews, just give us the front page
Black G apostrophe S us, forever bust
Them lyrics that make the people say that he got nuts

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Yeah man
Sticky weed kickin' in, big Ball steppin' in
Straight flying when I hustle, thats how I represent
Bounce, if you feelin' what I'm spitting up in your ear
hole
I been rocking mics since I was 17 years old
Smoking up, drinking up, kicking dust, and fucking up
Everybody want a piece and we ain't got enough for us
Yeah, I touched a brick or two, pounds I done smoked a
few
Got my bread and didn't do what the fuck I was
supposed to do

Money blinds players, turns them into evil spirits
Niggaz die trying to live out these old rap lyrics
I try to give it to them just how it come to me
Real and unedited, not like it be on TV
Be myself and don't be what those haters want me to
be
Take the good the bad hit my knees set me free
Make the bad good, put that on my leather and wood
Cinderella with my fellas deep off in the hood
Nigga

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You need to stop sticking your hand out and trying to
fold it
Turn around the broom handle and trying to hold it
It's plenty dirt to be swept, and leaves to be raked
Now you need to leave from my face, take heed to
mistake
That you just made, thinking a player could get played
Thinking that a rapper could get wrapped and phone
tapped
My whole life I learned the hard way to spot liars

And it seems like it's usually the ones that's right by ya
Fire

Jumping up out the tip with pistols sittin' up
Fuck me? Watch my gun skeet like it's bussing nuts
'Cept when it hit your cheek it burn then it split your
cheek
Then come out the back of your head, now your just a
memory
Graphic how I got it illustrated, rated triple X
Niggaz want to be the king, I don't give a fuck who's
best
Just watch your mouth, talkin' down in the south
I'm gonna let my nuts hang and start punching clowns
out

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