

## France Gall

# "Everlasting Yay"

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Verse 1: MGD

Back on the block from the last time I came, last time I  
told ya  
Now don't get caught trippin', trying to trap, and we  
don't know ya  
Cause you gone get yo sack took and ran clean off the  
street  
And I ain't gone even shot ya buster, I'm beating ya wit  
the heat  
Work ??? a half just to start up  
Bring me back the ten then break 'em all down to  
quarter's  
Servin hustla's to servin J's, nickels and dimes  
Cause them the hustla that put the meaning behind the  
word grind  
So what's the hassle dawg, if ya feel me bust up a cap  
dawg  
Nothing but love, for this muthafucking trap dawg  
Playing a zone, straight get my serve on  
Oh we git straight to it, so you can kill that you heard  
homes  
Bringing back a triple like it ain't no thing  
Cause y'all serving skimpy sacks to make the re-up  
change  
That's right I stay in the lab, cooking this dope  
everyday  
And keep y'all ass looking for that everlasting yay

Hook: 4x

Yeahâ€¦ (Everlasting yay)

Verse 2: Pastor Troy

I got the ? on the block of the bay  
Looking at my watch in case these cops want to play  
I'm waiting on Jay, baby what's the word  
I got a million dollars down here floating on the curb  
I got to smoke my herb, to keep me from nuttin' up  
It's to hot on 9th, I got to take it to the cut

And I'm too cold to touch, and got a partner name Mike  
Say what? Sell coke I almost made it out my night  
But went to thinking twice, after the birdies got him  
But they don't want buddy, they his buddy at the Simp  
So I'm a call Kim, tell him put the package up  
Something is bout to happen and it's gone to be corrupt  
I made a couple bucks, but I'm making more now  
Shit wanna flip the game, Pastor Troy a show you how  
See I can make a vow, cause the grind was my dad  
The more I think about it, the more it make me mad

Hook: 4x

Verse 3: Lil' Pete

I started selling coke when I was sixteen  
The hard butter crunked it up for them dope fiends  
It's none other than the one they call Little Pete  
Yeah ya know me, that small nigga from baller street  
Pay what you owe me, slowly I came up  
From dust to dawn buddy, now my folks ain't having  
fun  
We out here grinding, diming, serving, dirty from  
hustling  
But when I get clean like Cinderella it's a dream  
That means never, its eighteen's or better  
My dash is leather and I pack a Beretta  
Whatever you wanna do we can do  
Before you do, go find yo muthafucking crew

Verse 4: MGD

I'm blazing trees on the look out for my enemies  
The dirty cheese and them broads that work on they  
knees  
Better stay at home, better stay off the streets  
Pastor Troy, Little Peter, and MGD

Hook to end

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