

## John Forte

### "The Right One"

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featuring Jeni Fujita & 20 Grand Pikasoe

[Forte' Speaking]

Political science...  
The study of politics mixed with science...  
Speak on it baby...

[Jeni Fujita Singing Chorus]

As I look in your eyes  
I see the sunrise  
I see the moonshine!

[20 Grand Pikasoe 1st Verse]

I'm from the days of the Colt 45's and gang bangers  
Cocaine slangers who sliced doors no time to cook up  
Them niggas like raw  
It's all about the dollar now, white powder now  
He owed us money so I watched my niggas tie him  
down  
The conflict is crucial, police is neutral in this battlefield  
Where the battles grill, like cattles grill for a platter mil  
I even watched little Darryl deal  
I love the ghetto, hate the ghetto  
Must've been a genius who helped make the ghetto  
So I sit back and taste the 'retto  
I got beef, how can you misplace my metal?  
It's a sob story, it's bad the way they robbed Tory  
Of course, must've been religious  
'Cause they took a small tainin' across  
Wrong game to play, boss  
Every night's a bug out  
They shot up every corner where I hung out  
Some nights I cry to this  
Even though it's posi-flip (?)

[Jeni Fujita - Singing chorus]

It's like the sunrise

Just like the moonshine!

The rain stops, and your girl smiles...just for you (Yeah)  
For you don't know, the love I have for you!

[Forte' - 2nd Verse]

Mommy, I keep my name on your brain like Missy  
With The Rain, I'm from the school of stolen sneakers  
Speakers and heavy chains, no lie  
To the knowlie, why?  
God see I, learned the ways of the street, degrees in  
Poly Sci  
Many days under heat  
It pays for sticking him  
Watch him beast on the lean, routine curriculum  
Black vans, maybe a TransAm, exams get done  
Pop Quiz, figure out them niggas who hit son  
God give, God take away  
And it's easy to see  
Spell 'til, the lord kill indiscriminately  
We infinitely excel, keep the fans compelled  
The bigger picture, watch the ones who're wit' ya  
I clean the pie, and seen 'em die  
Travel life more than once  
Maybe, me and I...had been greeted by, so many  
conceded eyes  
That'd be wise, when I met too many girls around the  
world  
And delete the lies

[Jeni Fujita - Singing Chorus]

It's like my music, a new tune you never heard  
Hear, your heart beat  
The bass hits! And you feel it  
It's real it's not a sample! I saw you playing my piano!  
Unh-Huh!

[Forte - 3rd Verse]

Now I, rock jew-els now and then  
A little lights - n - platinum  
A little beef on the street, no harm in clappin' them  
Savage nations, ghetto life no ramifications  
Dead debating, keeping every crackhead basing  
My auntie steady saying that we wasting, money  
I like tasting, the finer things in life, like a mason  
Police, plague - hatin'  
Everything that the court own  
Brownsville would pry, classified as a warzone

The Brook god, so trife  
Originale low-life  
To sport it, boost it, the ghetto can't afford it  
Trade it, sort it, stress, new port it  
No tags never ordered  
You broke it, you bought it  
A twenty five - to life, my little son-son caught it  
'Til this day, we admit it, that we did it, he 'gon bid it  
Kept his mouth shut, and never shitted  
On who his murder flirted with death  
Like every team, aiight! You know the verdict!

[Forte - Speaking]

Want me to say it one more time Ma, is that what you want?...

[Jeni Singing]

Say one more time!

[Forte - Continues]

For every city blocker, glock rocker  
Cats who get they weight off, for every kid who had a  
parent laid off  
No healthcare, had us co-dependents out on welfare  
Speak amongst yourself, 'cause in the streets, no one  
else care  
The powers that be, I see you knelt there  
Them jealous cats who slang crack, I'm glad to send  
you back,  
'cause you dealt there  
We all wanna shine for basis, 'til we easy  
LG for GP, only the realest niggas meet me  
Conversing through the wee-wee hours of the morning,  
sleepy  
Always stay alert, 'cause the pain hurt too deeply  
Ain't nothing changed, I'm stuck on myself  
'Cause you mundane  
You wonder while you're just gold?  
You're stuck on one plain  
Now we must hold, very fueled make it through the  
threshold  
I'm blessed though, the head distincts before I let go  
A major death toll  
It's all about the babies, fuck the best coast  
I keep my family eating, 'til I'm done breathing

[Jeni Fujita - Singing Chorus]

Hear, your heart beat! (Forte' - You heard?!  
.....Nutzbaby]  
The bass hits, and you feel it  
It's real, it's not a sample! I saw you playing my piano!  
Unh- Huh!

All you had to do, was make a record! Yeah  
All you had to do, was make a record! Say one more  
time!  
All I want to do, is hold you!  
Forever, Forever and ever, if you need to lean on me!  
Don't run, I'm here for you,  
Just like the sunrise!  
Just like the moonshine!

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