

Lootpack "Forever Beef"

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[Medaphoar]

Trip

The other day I was mobbin to the store to get a snack

Then I heard something creeping from the back

I turned my cheek and took a real quick peek

And then I seen these fake MC's who wanted to beef

eight deep

Last week at the mall when they got dissed from the lyrics

Now they out for revenge and they are coming for revenge there's no sweat

Cause my automatic mic is strapped and this clips uzi rips easy weight in all black

So I dip hit the corner turned around and then I blasted

Hit one but the mother fake MC was still coming

Then I stab to the lab just to gather up the weapons

Put a J in my ear

Grab my ear and now I'm stepping in full combat

Plus my nickel plated piece

Someone slippin at the park open fires shells release

Hit three

Then I have to hurry up and shake the spot

To avoid all these cops

Plus I almost got got

With the hollow point rhyme

Headed straight right past my dome

Barely missed me by an inch

Then it blasted in the pay phone

Then I jet to the west to get my bulletproof vest

From Madlib

A void rhyme entering my chest

Walking down town new islands by the gas station

Spotted them

Four of them fillin up they black surbaban

Creeped to the other side tryin not to be seen

I'm tryin to end this mess if you know what I mean

Did it clean but this time I was like straight trippin

I was high

And I seen em fly right through the sentence

Enter in the bass

Then I quickly left the place

Never heard from them again

But there wasn't no defeat
At least I got my crew on my side
Forever beef

[Madlib]

A couple of days ago I was just chillin at the pad
Of crate diggers pile of laboratory in it like I was
mentally mad
So I proceed to head to j dude's crib
A yo recall 4 lil nigga's bumpin like they be the ish
So cut em off with the high speed chase
I ran em off the road on top of that
Yo they ride explode
I put the metal to the floor and now I'm up here
Brother left out of there before so I be trapped in my
atmosphere
Head back to the studio put on my back beats
Some sucker's looking like coolio that be strapped
Mac 10's in their hands
So I proceed to hit the corners
I'm the thing cause I'm thinking yo I'm kinda like a
sniper
Reclining the seat
Turn the radio on cause I be hyped up
See them again
Forgive my sins
I try to blend with the other cars
Got out my seat
And hide the gauge under my trench coat
Came up and called rampage
Now I'm in this hot predicament I'm sick of this
Plus the beef I live with, this lyricist got me pissed so I
start to dash
Running down the bike lane
Hopping to go fast
Where ven police circling around my path
All this cause the shrooms got me lift and creep
Upon the night into the deep then I'll despite the next
Forever Beef

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