

Murs & 9th Wonder "Fornever"

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[Sample:]

Never never never

[Intro: Kurupt - talking]

Yeah, you know. There's some things you'll never be

Some things you'll never see

You understand me mane? Kurupt Young Gotti, MURS.

Listen

[Verse 1: MURS]

Forever man

You'll never be better than MURS and 9th Wonder

Wanna welcome you to Neverland

He press play and my imagination run wild on your best
day

You only got one style

We multi-task, we multi-faceted

You soak up my style then you try to repackage it

We mastered this, no rookie mistakes here

Something like a mixture between Tookie and
Shakespeare

Classic composition man we killin' compositions

Catalog consistent, it's compellin' you to listen

True poetry, we do it how it's supposed to be

Cause right before I write it I imagine you quotin' me

[Kurupt:]

Tabernacle, pterodactyl, apple kush plants

Medical shops, I go and sample kush plants

I'm the first, the worst to verse ocean

Water vibe, vibrant, verse surfen'

Little mama

No drama

Osama

Obama

She said I'm a

Do it to her proper

She ain't never lie

Come and bring it to your poppa

I movie roles, baby I'm up for Oscars

Kick the game like football and soccer

Lames get maimed, perpetrators get penetrated

I cock it, I pop it, don't knock it so stop it
I got it I lock it, rocket, copped oxes
For real
I got that NATO appeal
Too much game
Too much skill
I'm smashin'
If Snoop won't fuck Kim Kardashian I will off of film
Feelin' myself cause this is how I feel
I'm too real
I'm too trill
And y'all never (never)
Seen a guy like me
Or anybody fly like me
I Ray J hoes, don't say no more
Video tape 'em but stay behind the camera with doe
I gotta let you know
That y'all never, never

"Never"

[Talking: Kurupt]

She said, "Come over here with me." I said, "Bitch, I'm camera shy." Haha.

[Verse 2: MURS]

We shut it down
West coast king shit
California swagger supreme
I mean this
Chuck and Dickie's you can't fuck with me
We got the best weed
Half a zip a buck fifty
I'm makin' money, havin' fun, doin' great shit
It's MURS and Kurupt, motherfucker could you hate this?
I'm Dodgered out, we rock the house
Smokin' on the front porch at my mama's house (let me hit that)
Come see me, we take life easy
The homie, fresh out, said he seen me on TV
That's what I do it for
This is for you and yours
We do it for the love
What the fuck you makin' music for?

[Talking: Kurupt]

What you do it for? What you makin' music for? Huh?
Cause you could never ever ever ever
Be nothin' like this. We don't sip on Cris
This indo blowin' mane ya dig? Kush or nothing. Ya

bitch!

Never. Aye MURS. I'm gonna see you at the festival
mane

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