

## **Crooked I "Never Forget"**

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I'm broker than a bitch and I'm sick and tired  
I'm feelin' like I'm walkin' in fire  
I'm feeling like I'm jojo dancer before I expire  
In long beach them bullets wiz by ya  
Clappa ain't a rapper still it spit fire  
In ain't no jobs nobody gets hired  
So to escape it junkies get higher  
6 in the morning hustling on the corner  
Tryin' to get out that abyss  
I was born and switch me with form  
And rumble in the jungle piss me your gonna get  
Mixed with no warning  
Piss poor got my school clothes from the thrift store  
Just a ghetto boy like the 5th ward  
So I dropped out thinkin' this war  
Nigga get yours  
Cash over bitches true religion  
You see what's going on through the kitchen  
We steppin' on crack same drug broke  
Your mothers back like the superstition  
Me and the boys is sellin' poison  
Like we three members of new edition  
You said we'll die or get threw in prison  
If I make a song about it who would listen  
I'm walkin' down the street nigga broke as fuck  
Lookin' for a deuce tryin' to patch up  
But the change is lose so as we sit down, no doubt  
I was walkin' down the street with my nigga Skinny  
Kinny  
On my side, bitches passing by  
Niggas won't let a nigga rise so he stuck  
I'm walkin' down the street tryin' to catch the bus  
Just to catch the train headed to Lyon  
Tryin' to do my thing cause I just can't stop, I can't stop  
And it's real as real it gets  
I struggled for years just to breathe in this bitch  
Some of us die some got threw in prison  
I wanna ride for a new position  
I wanna make an album about my life but in this music  
business tell me who would listen  
Whatchu' wanna hear truth or fiction  
Petty niggas talkin' about they movin' shipments

Like UPS but you BS  
so your birds wouldn't know what to do with pigeons  
Keep it hunnid every time I rock a beat  
And I done it deep from the heart I sleep with a gun  
I dream about peace but not the one under the pillow  
motherfucker  
Glock 9 rather rock mics put a stop sign  
On the block life slingin' hot lines  
Over rock pipes then I got signed  
I'm in the spotlight  
CL600 silver Benz makin' love to my dividends  
Gettin' calls from relatives I never knew at all  
And niggas that never been my friends  
Niggas that never been my friends  
You niggas changed the way you treat me  
Ridin' down the street with my top down  
Got a bad bitch sittin' on my side rubbin' on my thigh  
Wondering why I'm so motherfuckin' fly and I smile  
I drop her off pick up one more everyday that's how it  
goes  
In every way that's how it goes  
I'm ridin' down the street with my nigga Skinny Kinny on  
my side  
In that black on back 'lac sittin' on them 6's  
Man this money shit is addictive  
And its real as real as it gets  
It's funny how shit flips so fuck you and that bitch  
I'll never forget man  
How you niggas gonna hate on me  
I'm a top rhyming, section A  
Spraying raid on roaches nigga man  
You niggas should be inspired by me  
A'right, that's real motherfucker talk dog  
When I lay that GT coupe on the boulevard  
Nigga it came from nothing  
You nigga supposed to be inspired right now  
You just a looter nigga like me

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