

M.O.P.**"Forever and Always"**

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[Intro: Lil' Fame] + (samples) Fuck 'em! Yeah This for all them motherfuckers that forgot about the Mo' Peez I'ma tell you this (Think of me, I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm lonely) I'm still in the hood, come find me nigga Y'all niggaz need to (come and see me some ti-time, time) It's your boy Fame y'all (it's-it's-it's ea-syyyyyy) Sing it to 'em bitch! (you pushed me, right out of your mind) Show off! Show off! [Lil' Fame] I'm still Mo' Peez to the death, forever and always To Saratoga Ave., forever and always (Fo' main Western picks) that'll usually remind me of them pissy ass lobbies and hallways Psssssss, I was left in the hood with a dusty-ass .38, increase the murder rate (BLAOW!) I'm still down to catch a homi' My childhood friends gone, body after body (DAMN!) But in the hood is where you find me hangin on like a kid to his mommy in tsunami With hip-hop dreams, waitin for a nigga to sign me Last of the Mo'Picans, new kids grimy grimy Nobody to trust besides me Butter roll for breakfast, my dinner's corner store hero from Olly (This story is no pretense) that's what they named me y'all I ain't crazy y'all, it's Brownsville baby pah, but yo [Chorus: samples] Think of me, I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm lonely Come and see me some ti-time, time It's-it's-it's ea-syyyyyy to push me, right out of your mind [Billy Danze] YEAH! Uhh Brooklyn, New York, forever and always As a child I never thought I'd come out of the hallways To focus and become a commodity someday While stricken by poverty, sittin in gunplay (Forever and always) perfectin the grind while tryin to become one of those expected to shine And that's a small percentage, it's vintage for niggaz to get into some shit, that have life-threatening endings To show us they air force, they sendin a prayer for us The day of the death sentence, they ain't there for us (NO!) They don't care for us (NO!) it's in the air for us Yeah we do what we do, but somehow it's there for it Here's the fatal attraction, they got us caged in They offered us magnums and asked not to blaze 'em Tell 'em I ain't sendin for 'em no more I'll sin if I gotta sin but I'm more into winnin the war [Chorus] (SHOW OFF! SHOW OFF!) [Lil' Fame] It's still Mo' Peez to the death, forever and

always St. Marx Ave., forever and always (1-5-fo'-5)
Statik Selektah, this beat remind me of them old times
back in the hallways With the radio bumpin EPMD's (You
a Customer) My nigga momma bought a block of
cheese from a customer Back when, I went to
kindergarten with Smoothe Da Hustler Before FIFTHS,
before MACS, before TECS WITH MUFFLERS [Billy
Danze] The days before your boy Lazy Laze put his
trust in us Before dudes, from other crews was lovin us
Way before them people in Japan was discussin us And
like now, back then, niggaz wasn't touchin us Niggaz
wasn't budgin us, niggaz couldn't fuck with us The only
way to get it done was pursuin the cover up (You can
have whatever you like) just don't play ball with them
St. Marx niggaz at all, they too raw [Chorus] (SHOW
OFF! SHOW OFF!) [Lil' Fame] It's still Mo' Peez to the
death, forever and always St. Marx Ave., forever and
always (1-5-fo'-5) Statik Selektah, this beat remind me
of them old times back in the hallways With the radio
bumpin EPMD's... {*fades out*}

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