

## **Crooked Fingers**

### **"Never Forget"**

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(Crooked I)

I'm broke then a bitch and I'm sick and tired  
I'm feeling like I'm walking in fire  
I'm feelin like I'm jojo dancer before I expire  
Can I get rich prior  
I'm long beach them bullets wiz by ya  
Clappa ain't a rappa still it spit fire  
It 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 3 members new edition  
You said we'll die or get threw in prison  
If I make a song about it who would listen

(Eddie Fontane)

I'm walkin down the street nigga broke as fuck  
Looking 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  
Nigga won't let a nigga rise so he stuck  
That's why I'm walkin down the street tryin to catch the  
bus  
Just to catch the train headed to...  
Tryin to to my thang 'cause I just can't stop I can't stop  
And it's real as real as it gets

I struggled for years just to breathe in this bitch  
So I never forget

(Crooked I)

Some of us die some got throw 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 the truth or fiction?  
Petty niggas talkin about they movin shipments  
Luke UPS but you BS so your birds wouldn't know what  
to do with pigeons  
Keep it 100 everytime 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  
mothafucker  
Glovk 9 rather rock mics put a stop sign  
On the block life slingin hot lines  
Over rock pipes then I got it signed  
I'm in the spot light  
CL600 silver benz makin love to my dividens  
Gettin calls from relatives I never knew it all  
And niggas that never been my friends  
Niggas that never been my friends

(Eddie Fontane)

I was 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 mother f\*ckin fly and I smile  
cause she knows  
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 black lac sittin on them 62s man this  
money shit is addictive  
And it's real as real as it gets  
It's funny how shit flips so fuck you and that bitch I'll  
never forget

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