

Big Zak

"Rich Forever"

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[Intro]

Regardless of how it goes down
Life goes on. am I right?

On the way we she'd some tears
Every day we sacrifice
So we can be standing here
Oh what a hell of a life
Been winning so many years
And the future is bright
Now it's very clear
That we gon' be rich forever
And ever, and ever oh oh oh
We gon' be rich forever, oh ooooh
We gon' be rich forever and ever, and ever
Forever, ever, forever ever?

Appetite for success far back as I remember
And my members only jacket
I was the only member
The hug from a mother buzzing
It was so tender
Enough for that, man up
Time to make the tender
5th grade Christmas gave me 150 dollars
Burnt it all on swatch watch and a designer collar
And my spirit, some identify with the fabric
I knew then I was cut from a different fabric
Clothes was the first admitted in my expensive habits
I'd rather say I've lost it all then to never have it
Much rather over do it than to live stagnant
They train the thought while they text me in a different
bracket
Used to listen to teacher I learnt a different lesson
The one that didn't understand received all the
blessing
I ain't mad at you elder you was under pressure
How I run and skip class still I'm in sessions
How I end up make more than the vallee Victoria
Then bring it back to the future in my new DeLorean
I saw stacks in my future like a young Benjamin
Pockets fats, Joe Gilles one still envy

Watch blow, study every angle
Life a 360 so I iced styled a banger
Same life a bitch while we arguing, we fussing
I swear I'm gonna kill it and we're right back to fucking
I make sweet love to her whenever that check come
Cause every time that pack come, they my income
And structures came with my key to the city
Never ask permission, only ask for forgiveness
Jehova my witness, could have kill them with the yawns
But all the soldiers getting jammed
They was catching double digits,
Not to mention the snitches, get them
All with the they hand, break an arm, break a leg
Stab your other eye out, for talking with the feds
Forgive me father, my thoughts unholy
Take his face off for a little face rollie
It's not just the money, position and the power
Still run the streets from the suits in the tower
Blowing on the sweep full of sour
Fresh out the shower in a towel
You can't even buy a vowel
Amassing my fortune, the wheel keeps turning
Still keep it gunning as the butter keep churning
At chevy and the rubber still burning
How the hell you bossing
If your worker ain't earning
Sometime I wann dumb out, pay some people a visit
Take everything you got for you owing me
Plus some interest
If it wasn't for mcm I couldn't be optimistic
So I'm serving out revenge cold cuts on Versace dishes
My exquisite taste got me in a different place
So you competing against me is useless
We in a different race
His amazing grace, the reason why I'm still here
And I'm proud to say I'm a middle class millionaire
Mcm rich forever and ever, yeah.

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