

8 Ball "Forever Feat. Llyod"

Visit "[Forever Feat. Llyod](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Oh La La Bangladesh

Hey

Chrous:

See a nigga like me gonna get money till I get rich

Ride for a couple hundred g's and a biscuit

Stay down for whatever forever hustle wit my misfit homes

Now you gon see just how crunk this shit be once we get rich

Till then its back to hustlin' wit my misfits

Deep on the creep 50 songs tucked under the prome
(50 songs tucked under the prome)

MJG:

I keep a big ole nigga beater heater,

Its in the trunk of my 4 door and my 2 seater make guns go skeeter skeeter,

Get buck and grab the ball back just like I'm Derek Jeeter,

I know you wanna fuck my hoe but you to scared to meet her,

See you ain't got enough bread to even start to treat her,

The way a pimp did and in the bed I'm even sweeter,

I hustle I got moe Franklins then Ben and Aretha,

If I had Oprah Winfrey I would marry her and keep her,

I spit it worth knowledge for preachers and teachers,

Just as long as the message reach us we'll all fill up the bleachers,

I'm the MJG I get in yo shit,

I ain't tryna be that nig that be yo friend so quick,

Come on where my money, let me hit the stage,

Fuck them long interviews just give us the front page,

Black G apostrophe S us forever bust,

Them lyrics that make the people say that he got nuts,

Chrous:

8 Ball:

Sticky weed kickin' in big ball steppin in,

Straight flyin when I hustle thats how I represent,

Bounce if you feelin what I'm spittin' up in yo earhole,

I been rockin mics since I was 17 years old,
Smokin up drinkin up kickin' dust and fuckin' up,
E'rybody want a piece and we ain't got enough 4 us,
Yeah I touched a brick or two pounds I done smoked a
few,
Got my bread and didn't do what the fuck I was
suppose to do,
Money blind playas turn em into evil spirits,
Niggas die tryna live out these ole' rap lyrics,
I try to give it to em just how it come to me,
Real and unedited not how it be on T.V,
Be myself and don't be what these hatas want me to
be,
Take the good with the bad hit my knees set me free,
Make the bad good put that on my leathern' wood,
Cinderella wit my fellas deep off in the hood,
Nigga,

Chrous:

MJG:

You need to stop stickin yo hand out and try and fold it,
Turn around get rude handled and try and hold it,
Its plenty dirt to be swept and leaves to be raked
Now you need to leave from my face take head the
mistake,
That you just made thinkin' a playa could get played,
Thinkin' that a rapper could get rapped and phone
tapped,
My whole life I learned the hard way to spot liers,
And it seem like its usually the ones thats right by ya,

8 Ball:

Fire,
Jumpin up out the tip of pistols spittin' up,
Fuck me watch my gun skeet like its bustin nuts,
Cept when it hit ya cheek it burn then it split ya cheek,
Then come out the back of yo head now you just a
memory,
Graphic how I gotta illustrate it rated triple X,
Niggas wanna be the king I'on give a fuck who best,
Just watch ya mouth talkin' down in the south,
I'mma let my nuts hang and start pointin' clowns out.
Ya feel Me,

Chrous:

Visit [8 Ball](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.