

Slum Village

"Forever"

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(One, one.)Don't fuck it up! (One)
So feel it y'all (One)
So feel it y'all (One)
You're not number (One)
So feel it y'all (One)
It only takes, to click clack the gun on 'em
To bring drama to 'em like Dee Witt we runnin' em
One, drama 'n I get the gun out the couch, run out the
house
With the loaded pistol stuck in his crouch - One
You fuck it up for all of the rest
You n your niggas in the parking lot rollin' the cess
Tryin' to get up in some chickens that all in your shit
They all wit it, and all seem down to get it, except One
She ain't feelin' the crew
Plus she got a man she don't like niggas like you
She said you fuck wit the niggas, you know how they do
We roll out, cause we see another we another set of
dudes
So one - minute later, hear some shots in the air
Niggas duckin' on the ground like guerilla warfare
Fuckin' up a niggas groove and when they know it ain't
fair
He roll out with his niggas and his hands in the air
Singin' One (one, one, one, one)
To rock it y'all (One)
It takes, one, tragedy to bring a family closer
One bullet to start a war and be a part of gore
These hoes trick and be on crack like a slightly parted
door
It took one hit, tongue kiss and make cum quick
It took one hit, for a wack rapper to make millions
Causing the illest niggas to switch and spit what they
ain't feelin'
One! Day a time of alcohol it takes to get by
Is worth more than a mini puff it takes to get high
One, Love was the joint that my cousins used to
breakdance to
Before they began to pop and lock with the Glock
handle
This -one- turn for the worst, my main concern for the

earth
Cause it seems to get even worse when it turns
Purposely burn an emcee, fricasee his hand holding
the mic
So he can't fold it to write
I'm potent as a lightning bolt when it strike
At least - one - feelin' me
Come through ya city with sign and drown ya energy -
One!
So feel it y'all (One)
One of the best in the class it's so stupid
One who test it's tragic so don't do it
Group move crowds like they had us do with theme
music
Spit like cars when the body releasin' fluid
One, more tragic than ninety-one-one
Known as the Slum and that's just one organism
One crew comin' through cause we gotta hit 'em
Those dudes too fly like the Continental
Two niggas on the side one up the middle
It's love in the club and it's constant
We drop shit and yell shit at the concerts
One... two... the whole world is
You live by the clock but I move faster
Niggas is sleeping cause they thinking that I procrati-
nate
One of these days I'm a show you what I'm made of
Soon as I'm done with these silly little rap scrubs
Soon as I'm done making my rap million dollar hits
Soon as I'm done cleaning my soul of this old curse
Soon as I'm one with the universe
I'm done with you little fucks in this little earth
I rule a planet of my own where you don't exist

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