

Fes Taylor

"Never Ever"

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[Intro: Fes Taylor] You ain't gone never make it, Fuck you 2 Fly That's what they say right, Nah You aint gone never be shit, Never nigga That's what the haters think huh? [Fes Taylor] The passion in the rhymes that I wrote Like everything I spoke, I aint never been a joke I aint saying that I never been broke But you ever been broke to the point you'll slit a nigga throat Still asking what's the combination, Sitting while he choked Already planning on distributing his coke Scare him up, Even visited his folks You know, Hammer on the coffee table living room approach I aint saying that I never ran If a nigga had the drop on me I aint have mines on me, Damn Some niggas say fuck it nigga take it like a man But the only reason I'm racist so I can get the plan I got a plan nigga, Fuck a hundred grand We can make a couple million from Uncle Sam nigga Tell your man pitch up and buy some land witcha Hoes want sandwiches, You trick'n like an amateur That aint pimp'n, I aint saying I aint been in love But some niggas do it just because, And ruin it for us Niggas looking for a good bitch to settle down with more then a fuck But still I fuck more then enough And can't explain to my girl when she calling and I aint picking up She like think of us, I'm thinking of lust Same time thinking trust, I think I'm gone bust I aint saying that I never cried, So many niggas died So if I lie on they name then may my soul fry You know why it goes, Flex, Side show, Sick Nick, Grandpa I was sick like a dope fiend dick I aint saying that my father wasn't there Cause I looked up to him, Like a barber in a chair So my son me and his bond, Little man I love you nigga I can vision him in Harvard somewhere I aint saying that my family fucked up My Moms kept a good job, Son just went bad More like my Uncle with a hood craft, Scars and scabs Cars we crash, They aint even ours and laugh nigga Hope the odds are past us, Jars of grass And show respect like when a mobster pass nigga Never been a sucker, A punk motherfucker with no morals And hoes won't fuck em with no orals It's only one me with no plural. [Outro: Fes Taylor] One me nigga, One nigga, No plural, No plural Yeah, Okay,

Holla at the motherfucking wolves you dig Wolf Pack,
Two-Forty Warriors up in this bitch Two Four War, Yeah,
It's the T-2 Fly album right here Urban Icons nigga,
Yeah, G-Unit/Dum Out nigga Yeah, Holla at the
motherfucking wolves Never Ever, Uh huh

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