

Foster Chris

"Everlasting Yay"

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Verse 1: MGD

Back on the block from the last time I came, last time I
told ya
Now don't get caught trippin', trying to trap, and we
don't know ya
Cause you gone get yo sack took and ran clean off the
street
And I ain't gone even shot ya buster, I'm beating ya wit
the heat
Work ??? a half just to start up
Bring me back the ten then break 'em all down to
quarter's
Servin hustla's to servin J's, nickels and dimes
Cause them the hustla that put the meaning behind the
word grind
So what's the hassle dawg, if ya feel me bust up a cap
dawg
Nothing but love, for this muthafucking trap dawg
Playing a zone, straight get my serve on
Oh we git straight to it, so you can kill that you heard
homes
Bringing back a triple like it ain't no thing
Cause y'all serving skimpy sacks to make the re-up
change
That's right I stay in the lab, cooking this dope
everyday
And keep y'all ass looking for that everlasting yay

Hook: 4x

Yeahâ€¦ (Everlasting yay)

Verse 2: Pastor Troy

I got the ? on the block of the bay
Looking at my watch in case these cops want to play
I'm waiting on Jay, baby what's the word
I got a million dollars down here floating on the curb
I got to smoke my herb, to keep me from nuttin' up
It's to hot on 9th, I got to take it to the cut

And I'm too cold to touch, and got a partner name Mike
Say what? Sell coke I almost made it out my night
But went to thinking twice, after the birdies got him
But they don't want buddy, they his buddy at the Simp
So I'm a call Kim, tell him put the package up
Something is bout to happen and it's gone to be corrupt
I made a couple bucks, but I'm making more now
Shit wanna flip the game, Pastor Troy a show you how
See I can make a vow, cause the grind was my dad
The more I think about it, the more it make me mad

Hook: 4x

Verse 3: Lil' Pete

I started selling coke when I was sixteen
The hard butter crunked it up for them dope fiends
It's none other than the one they call Little Pete
Yeah ya know me, that small nigga from baller street
Pay what you owe me, slowly I came up
From dust to dawn buddy, now my folks ain't having
fun
We out here grinding, diming, serving, dirty from
hustling
But when I get clean like Cinderella it's a dream
That means never, its eighteen's or better
My dash is leather and I pack a Beretta
Whatever you wanna do we can do
Before you do, go find yo muthafucking crew

Verse 4: MGD

I'm blazing trees on the look out for my enemies
The dirty cheese and them broads that work on they
knees
Better stay at home, better stay off the streets
Pastor Troy, Little Peter, and MGD

Hook to end

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