

Freeway & Jake One

"Always-N-Forever"

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[Intro - Freeway - talking] Uh huh (hey) Hip-hop (hey), hip-hop, uh huh, yeah Free, uh huh (hey), I feel marvelous, ha, uh (hey) Okay [Verse 1 - Freeway] They yellin can you please bring that Philly rap, East coast back? We need a neat look, rebook, fit in ya bag, yeah Grind harder than I did in the past Mind like Einstein, I'm the shit in the lab The feces in the booth need to shit in the Jag Trust, your transgression will shit in the bag, yeahhh! Might I add Although they often duplicate it, I'm the shit with the ad libs Freezer clean y'all whack rappers up like bad kids Pampers, forget the hamper, throw the shit in the trash What I'm tryin to say, is I'm the shit, y'all ass I'm a full bowel movement, you just passin gas You need some Pepto-Bismol, some chicken and Crisco grease A colon cleanser from the chicks on the Ave, yeah You can try me but you ain't gonna last Ain't a chicken I desire that I ain't gonna have, yeah [Chorus - Freeway] Free, spray things for the cheddar I'm, on point, always and forever I, work hard just to make my money Ya whole firing squad couldn't take my money, from me [Verse 2 - Freeway] Y'all dummies, y'all can take these dummies from me And y'all can hear them dummies hummin Comin at ya, sorry that I had to gat ya But y'all motherfuckin dummies had it comin When I'm rappin, this is facts, it's not fiction I got the clearance to crush ya with McLarens Old heads say I remind 'em of Aaron Torres I rock white gold, Rolies and send they young'ns on errands Keep the young'ns with me, take 'em out on the road Get 'em clothed and send 'em home with more dough than they parents Now the Maybach roof transparent I'm from where the roof was damaged, water leaked on the floor And the hole got bigger, water leaked on the bed I couldn't sleep on the bed, I had to sleep on the floor And my mother used to wonder why I stayed on the go Now my mother got a house, four baths, six beds, yeah [Chorus - Freeway] Free, spray things for the cheddar I'm, on point, always and forever I, work hard just to make my paper A whole firing squad couldn't take my paper, ya know Free, spray things for the cheddar I'm, on point, always and

forever I, work hard just to make my money Ya whole
firing squad couldn't take my money, from me [Outro -
Freeway - talking] Let the horns rock Let that chick talk
(Hey) okay, (hey) okay This that real shit, hip-hop Y'all
know (hey), Freezer! (Hey), Jake One

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