

Kam Moye

"Forever Fresh"

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

[Kam Moye] Yeah, Kam Moye, Reform School No matter how much you change, some things just never leave you right? And rapping my ass off just seems to be a habit I can't kick, haha Let me resort back to my old ways for a minute Marco, let's rock man It's the street champion, I sleep, shit and breathe anthems Share the same home state as Anthony Hamilton I take southern rap and revamp it dog Rap ain't been this strong since lawsuit-free sampling Naysayers, they ain't proud of me, so what? My buzz grows louder, why doubt it? It's no luck But if you're feeling that strong about it, put dough up I'm what happens when a child prodigy grows up Revolutionary renegade, never been afraid Grind till I see the minimum wage of Dennis Quaid Or checks multiply, or debt disintegrate On any date I murder and wreck center stage I keep the crowd in unison when they swing hands The new royalty, your boy should be King Kam Get pounds from rap, seen fans in England Been fly but I'm now increasing my wingspan in rap, you lose when you try to revolve in it You drop jewels, fools tryna find flaws in it I write a hard sentence and master lines They said I'm past my prime like Marberry's offenses Hah, that's nothing more than potheads talking My arm's too strong to box with mere mortals So stop it, your logic is not that important You measure your success by a box of Air Jordans dog [Chorus] The rep stays the same, so why would you second guess? A new name, but I remain forever fresh Since some of y'all stuck in my old days I revert back to my old ways, I'm forever fresh I still rock crowds on the regular, forever fresh That ain't changed, just the same as it ever was, forever fresh I still put it down on the regular, forever fresh Ain't nothing changed, just the same as it ever was [Kam Moye] I'm bout to climb up from minor paper, my mind is made up Why sign with majors, their business dirty as Ronald Reagan's Politics and loose change is what I'll probably get I can swallow my pride but I don't feel fine behind an apron I'm saving, every quarter I make to feed the fam and support 'em, I'll do all that it takes Then maybe we can get the fuck up out of Waterford

Lakes Maybe a two-story place where my daughter is safe, hey Somewhere eastern time, I can find peace of mind Listen to tracks from Marco and let my feet recline Future redesigned, not feeling like they tryna stop my shine like sun rays through venetian blinds Weak minds can't fathom what I javel at 'em The underground ain't happy unless I'm battle rapping But when I speak, rap addicts scream "Tabernacle" The game's crossed like a broad with an Adam's apple See my martyrs better bounce cause your day's up I drive a hard bargain so promoters better pay up If not then stay up, DJs consider what I write audibles I make 'em switch what they play up Say what? Producers be chasing herbs to do an album Waiting on me, tryna curb the enthusiasm Hate or love, I appreciate both Sorry there's no instant replay mode, rewind it back nigga For real Kam Moya, forever fresh "Thank you very much ladies and gentlemen, you have been more than wonderful As an audience, all I can say is thank you, thank you, thank you"

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