

# Forever

## 8Ball & MJG

(feat. Lloyd)

Ooh la la bangladesh..

Heyyy...

*[Hook - Lloyd]*

See a nigga like me gonna get money til I get rich

Ride with a couple hundred G's in a biscuit

Stay down for whatever forever hustle with my misfit homes

And soon you gonna see just how crunk this shit be once we get rich

Til then its back to hustlin with my misfits

Deep, on a creep, fifty songs tucked under the prone..

Fifty songs tucked under the prone

*[MJG]*

I keep a big old nigga beater heater

Its in the trunk of my four-door and my two seater

Im make them say skeeter skeeter

Keep up and grab the ball back just like I'm Derek Jeter

I know you want to fuck my hoe but you too scared to meet her

See you aint got enough bread to even start to treat her

The way a pimp did, and in the bed I'm even sweeter

I hustle, I got more Franklins in me than Aretha  
If I had Oprah Winfrey I would marry her and keep her  
I spit as much knowlege as preachers and teachers  
Just as long as the message reach us we all fill up the bleachers  
I'm the MJG, I get in yo' shit  
I aint trying to run yo' clique, that be your friend so quick  
Come on, where my money, let me hit the stage  
Fuck them long interviews, just give us the front page  
Black G apostrophe S us, forever bust  
Them lyrics that make the people say that he got nuts

*[Hook]*

*[Eightball]*

Yeah man..

Sticky weed kickin in, big Ball steppin in  
Straight flying when I hustle, thats how I represent  
Bounce, if you feelin what I'm spitting up in your ear hole  
I been rocking mics since I was 17 years old  
Smoking up, drinking up, kicking dust, and fucking up  
Everybody want a piece and we ain't got enough for us  
Yeah, I touched a brick or two, pounds I done smoked a few  
Got my bread and didn't do what the fuck I was supposed to do  
Money blinds players, turns them into evil spirits  
Niggaz die trying to live out these old rap lyrics

I try to give it to them just how it come to me

Real and unedited, not like it be on T.V

Be myself and dont be what those haters want me to be

Take the good the bad hit my knees set me free

Make the bad good, put that on my leather and wood

Cinderella with my fellas deep off in the hood

Nigga

*[Hook]*

*[MJG]*

You need to stop sticking your hand out and trying to fold it

Turn around the broom handle and trying to hold it

It's plenty dirt to be swept, and leaves to be raked

Now you need to leave from my face, take heed to mistake

That you just made, thinking a player could get played

Thinking that a rapper could get wrapped and phone tapped

My whole life I learned the hard way to spot liars

And it seems like its usually the ones thats right by ya

FIRE!

*[Eightball]*

Jumping up out the tip with pistols sittin up

Fuck me? Watch my gun skeet like its bussing nuts

'Cept when it hit your cheek it burn then it split your cheek

Then come out the back of your head, now your just a memory

Graphic how I got it illustrated, rated triple X

Niggaz want to be the king, I dont give a fuck who's best

Just watch your mouth, talkin down in the south

I'm gonna let my nuts hang and start punching clowns out

*[Hook]*

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>