

They said it couldn't be forever
Wouldn't be forever
The grain ain't enough
Ya gotta mix it with the leather
Your grind ain't enough
Ya gotta mix it with the hate
When it's all over watch what I say
4eva n a day, day, day, day, day, day
4eva n a day, day, day, day, day, day
4eva n a day, day, day, day, day, day
4eva n a day, watch what I say
4eva n a day

My momma say what's up bitch, how ya feel
I dedicate this to them haters that's in my grill
Them doubters and them non believers that said I
wouldn't
And them A&Rs when I spit them bars that said I
couldn't
And them bougie broads that wasn't fuckin' when I was
broke
Now they squeeze by to the V-I so I can jump down they
throat
I put it on the line and do what I love and above all
have hope
If it was meant for me and it was meant to be
Then it'll pay off like it's s'posed

They tryin' to say that I switched up
But most of them niggas done bitched up
If you ain't bout your own people
What you gon' raise your fists for?
Old school with them Kickers
Like karate feet, my money stretch like pilates be
If you never been to the top it's something that you
gotta see
Somewhere that you gotta be
I never dealt with the lames
Knock on wood but I'm hella good in this candy paint
No time to waste, keep my pace, forever steering
Worry about you and how you livin'
I did it big, I hurt they feelings

I dedicate this third verse to all the candy coaters
and the slab riders
Record breakers that did mad favors when they knew no
one ever heard about us
And them playa pimps, Chevy donks that crank the thump
'til the trunk beat
Cross love from a bad broad that jump in cause she fuck
with me
In the hood sellin' CDs cause they showed love at the
Mom & Pops
'Til I sold 'em all even when my buzz was small they
still chose to cop
Fact remain that I'm still the same and I'll never
change except

Cause I ain't trippin' on mainstream cause love from
the underground, that's forever

[Hook]