

# Forever & Always

M.O.P.

Fuck 'em! Yeah  
This for all them motherfuckers that forgot about the Mo' Peez  
I'ma tell you this  
(Think of me, I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm lonely)  
I'm still in the hood, come find me nigga  
Y'all niggaz need to (come and see me some ti-time, time)  
It's your boy Fame y'all (it's-it's-it's ea-syyyyyy)  
Sing it to 'em bitch! (you pushed me, right out of your mind)  
Show off! Show off!

I'm still Mo' Peez to the death, forever and always  
To Saratoga Ave., forever and always  
(Fo' main Western picks) that'll usually remind me  
of them pissy ass lobbies and hallways  
Psssssss, I was left in the hood  
with a dusty-ass .38, increase the murder rate  
(BLAOW!) I'm still down to catch a homi'  
My childhood friends gone, body after body  
(DAMN!) But in the hood is where you find me  
hangin on like a kid to his mommy in tsunami  
With hip-hop dreams, waitin for a nigga to sign me  
Last of the Mo'Picans, new kids grimy grimy  
Nobody to trust besides me  
Butter roll for breakfast, my dinner's corner store hero from Olly  
(This story is no pretense) that's what they named me y'all  
I ain't crazy y'all, it's Brownsville baby pah, but yo

Think of me, I'm-I'm-I'm-I'm lonely  
Come and see me some ti-time, time  
It's-it's-it's ea-syyyyyy  
to push me, right out of your mind

YEAH! Uhh  
Brooklyn, New York, forever and always  
As a child I never thought I'd come out of the hallways  
To focus and become a commodity someday  
While stricken by poverty, sittin in gunplay  
(Forever and always) perfectin the grind  
while tryin to become one of those expected to shine  
And that's a small percentage, it's vintage  
for niggaz to get into some shit, that have life-threatening endings  
To show us they air force, they sendin a prayer for us  
The day of the death sentence, they ain't there for us  
(NO!) They don't care for us (NO!) it's in the air for us  
Yeah we do what we do, but somehow it's there for it  
Here's the fatal attraction, they got us caged in  
They offered us magnums and asked not to blaze 'em  
Tell 'em I ain't sendin for 'em no more  
I'll sin if I gotta sin but I'm more into winnin the war

(SHOW OFF! SHOW OFF!)

It's still Mo' Peez to the death, forever and always  
St. Marx Ave., forever and always  
(1-5-fo'-5) Statik Selektah, this beat remind me  
of them old times back in the hallways  
With the radio bumpin EPMD's (You a Customer)

My nigga momma bought a block of cheese from a customer  
Back when, I went to kindergarten with Smoothe Da Hustler  
Before FIFTHS, before MACS, before TECS WITH MUFFLERS

The days before your boy Lazy Laze put his trust in us  
Before dudes, from other crews was lovin us  
Way before them people in Japan was discussin us  
And like now, back then, niggaz wasn't touchin us  
Niggaz wasn't budgin us, niggaz couldn't fuck with us  
The only way to get it done was pursuin the cover up  
(You can have whatever you like) just don't play ball  
with them St. Marx niggaz at all, they too raw

(SHOW OFF! SHOW OFF!)

It's still Mo' Peez to the death, forever and always  
St. Marx Ave., forever and always  
(1-5-fo'-5) Statik Selektah, this beat remind me  
of them old times back in the hallways  
With the radio bumpin EPMD's...