Forever, yeah yeah

Listen, I been coppin' them pieces
Maybe that's part of the reason
I feel like a boxer, bobbin' and weavin'
But I'm gettin' head, she's bobbin and weavin'

I'm grabbin' her neck to stop her from breathin'
I'ma wild out till I part with my breathin'
Till I'm sparked out and leakin' part of the cement
I need something pure, like from the Garden of Eden

Wouldn't mind making her part of my achievements
'Cause when music discourage my pride
Zeke, the only one with courage to ride
The ride's so dirty inside seems like we were playin' in mud

Hazin' it up, grams gave us the snub, who ill? A check for two mill And a cheap case, defaced, blue still, true stills
I got stories that my soul can sing
Flip water like Poland Spring and I'ma hold them things

Forever, yeah yeah

Look, my fella said you been coppin' a lot Latest caper, propellers on top of the drop But fuck it, who ever thought I would rock at the Roc? Top a top on top of the top but yo, nothing definite

I chop up the rocks and I stop up the drop, Blocka Blocka the block Hello mate, yellow tape, helicopter your spot What you wanted is not what you got And I pop up them cops 'cause dogg, it ain't about Cam

I got a son homeboy, it's about Cam It's about being 'bout It If you're not, you're ass backwards My mathematics 'cause cash matters

Little niggaz need to sit up and read If the town's too hot, get up and leave Niggaz always got a trick up their sleeve Nigga like me, I always got A brick up my sleeve and that's forever

Forever, yeah yeah

Shit, I was two blocks from coppin' dust, I used to hop the bus Now look dogg, ain't nobody hot as us Girls, they gotta rush, shit, they gotta blush Wanna go in the mall just to shop with us

To how they piss and bitch, how they ran a mile Fuck Killa Cam, they in love with Cameron Giles Damn, I gotta smile, hundred grand, I demand it Got dammit the boy done, done it child and that's forever man

Forever, yeah yeah Forever, yeah yeah Forever Forever, yeah yeah Forever, yeah yeah

Columbus, Holla
Chicago, you have your own Kanye West on the track
Harlem, you know who the fuck I am, Killa
We just want you to know Diplomats is here
We ain't going nowhere
Holla at the boy, boy, let's ride out, man