

## Forever III

Hopsin

Niggas wishin' I fell o-o-off  
But I'm forever ill, that's by law  
These commercial niggas keep jockin', killing's my only option  
Ask about me boy, I get shit popping  
(Yeah, yeah, Pound Syndrome)  
My mind's telling me kill all these niggas  
(Pound Syndrome)  
There is no limit to my madness  
I'mma smash it, smash it, smash it

Bitch, FV is the Voltron crew  
Talkin' that shit, we gon' roll on you  
The game ain't nuttin' but a mothafuckin'  
Battlefield and we killers so don't run through  
Man there isn't much hope ya can hold onto  
I'm up in the mix like pulp orange juice  
Nigga you cannot walk in my sewn-on shoes  
You thought I was quittin', the joke's on you  
(Nigga laugh out loud)  
Got the crown, I can't pass mine down  
Demons in me, can't cast mine out  
You can't forget me with the slashed eyebrows  
Please excuse me when I'm at my pals  
You might get trampled  
The day'll never come up when I get handled  
When the fire's lit then don't bite the candle  
Your future's dim, I've got psychic channeling  
And you know this man, this territory is vulture land  
Y'all say he ain't shit until he became rich and bitch niggas, I wrote this  
plan  
Sure that it's obvious now  
Any struggle, I'mma body ya \*blaow\* (c'mon)  
Don't you ever try to copy my style  
Little nigga, ain't no jockin' allowed  
I pop out the blue like a Crip with a rag  
I got the juice, watch you listen to Chance  
I'm in the booth on a mission to smash  
Pocket the loot, I be gettin' this cash  
Hop is the truth that's why niggas is mad  
I came to bruise with a pen and a pad  
As of lately, I've been itching to smash  
So here is my ass, you can kiss in advance

Niggas wishin' I fell o-o-off  
But I'm forever ill, that's by law  
These commercial niggas keep jockin', killing's my only option  
Ask about me boy, I get shit popping  
(Yeah, yeah, Pound Syndrome)  
My mind's telling me kill all these niggas  
(Pound Syndrome)  
There is no limit to my madness  
I'mma smash it, smash it, smash it

Movin' on to the second segment  
I spit shit like I got chest congestions  
You shoulda known to never neglect the reckless  
Time to myself was the best suggestion

Sex before bed and sex for breakfast  
The sound that you're hearin' is the stress digested  
You ever tell me, a little less aggression  
You'd better get ghost 'fore your head get pressed in (back up)  
You rap niggas just a facade  
You only do ten-percent of your job  
Your producer is the only reason that they bumpin' your shit while they sit  
up and nod  
Who the fuck you think you kiddin' bro?  
You think you're fly because you gettin' dough?  
If your label would stop paying radio stations to play you  
You think we would feel it? No  
That's just how it goes  
Please do not get close, this is not a joke  
Better be jottin' notes of my hottest quotes  
Till your pockets swole, puto vámonos (ay wey!)  
Shit I'm just talkin', don't mind me  
I guess it's my comical mind state  
The moment I came into the game  
I've been gettin' fame, I've been the hottest since MySpace  
I ain't even gotta try to amaze ya  
Mind been missing like a flight from Malaysia  
That I can do when it lies in my nature  
These are the bullshit rhymes I get paid from  
Yup, I done made a career  
Most niggas think my situation is weird  
But don't get it twisted, I know what I'm doing  
I've been had it locked, I'm just making it clear

Niggas wishin' I fell o-o-off  
But I'm forever ill, that's by law  
These commercial niggas keep jockin', killing's my only option  
Ask about me boy, I get shit popping  
(Yeah, yeah, Pound Syndrome)  
My mind's telling me kill all these niggas  
(Pound Syndrome)  
There is no limit to my madness  
I'mma smash it, smash it, smash it

Yeah, ain't shit changed, been off the chain, can't kill off the flame  
My nigga you'd better (ask about me boy, I get shit popping)  
That's right, that's right, bring it back, come on  
Ain't shit changed, been off the chain, can't kill off the flame  
My nigga you'd better (ask about me boy, I get shit popping)  
That's right, that's right, bring it in Hoppa  
\*Scratches\* Ask about me boy, I get shit popping  
\*Scratches\* Ask about me boy, I get shit popping

Niggas wishin' I fell o-o-off  
But I'm forever ill, that's by law  
These commercial niggas keep jockin', killing's my only option  
Ask about me boy, I get shit popping  
(Yeah, yeah, Pound Syndrome)  
My mind's telling me kill all these niggas  
(Pound Syndrome)  
There is no limit to my madness  
I'mma smash it, smash it, smash it