

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!)

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St. Marx Ave., forever and always
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