

Forever Eva

Future

I get that cash forever, ever
I blow that money forever, ever
Ride in that coupe forever, ever
Hang out the brain forever, ever
Fuck all the fame forever, ever
I get them racks forever, ever
I get them racks forever, ever
I rob them racks forever, ever
Maison Margiela forever, ever
I'm in designer forever, ever
I'm in designer forever, ever
Hell yeah forever, ever
I sell them birds forever, ever
I rep the hood forever, ever
I rep the city forever, ever
I rep my city forever, ever, yeah!
Forever, ever, ever, ever
Forever, ever, ever, ever
Yeah, that's my bitch forever, ever
The love that we got is forever, ever
I got ya back forever, ever I hit the lot with them racks on me
I went to court with that pack on me
I had that weed and that molly on me
I pour that lean by the gallon gallon
I got some rings and they metal yellow
Put 25 bitches in Margiela
My heart in the ghetto, it's permanent
I'm stuck in the trenches, it's permanent
I swear I be hearing my grand daddy talk to me
Stack up the mills (?)
Ride for these niggas who loyal
They gave me away, I'm a orphan
Middle finger to my daddy, yeah
I had to get inside that paddy wagon
Pop a few shots on 'em, yeah, yeah
I lay 'n' play up in Bora Bora
I splurge Chanel on the strip for Ya
I know the ways of them people
I seen the doubt in they faces

Niggas ain't think I would make it
 I did this shit, no limitation
 I swear it be no hesitation
 I keep on moving that work, then I pull off in a spaceship I get that cash forever, ever
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 I get them racks forever, ever
 I rob them racks forever, ever
 Maison Margiela forever, ever
 Forever ever ever
 Forever ever ever Yeah, that's my bitch forever, ever
 The love that we got is forever, ever
 I got ya back forever, ever I had some dirt on my shoulder, I wiped it off like I was Jigga, mane
 That thrilla manilla, mane
 I grewed up with dealers, mane
 I worked in the cold with that pole on me
 And then I went straight to that bowl on me
 That yoppa right there on the stove
 Stuff all that guala in shoe boxes
 These bitches be loving my caterings
 I told her, "on top I'm an alien"
 Survive the trenches with wolves
 I got it and blew out the roof
 Put two dollars in change on the coupe
 Put change on your head and you're done
 I get you hit up with drug money
 Aggravated by the bullshit
 Told you I ain't have a conscience
 Fuck around and kill ya mama
 In them Maison's, I find Ya like Jason
 That's Maison Margiela, ya follow me?
 I be everywhere a dollar be
 I done made it out of poverty
 I can see 'em when they doubted me
 No, they should've never doubted me I get that cash forever, ever
 I blow that money forever, ever
 Ride in that coupe forever, ever
 Hang out the brain forever, ever
 Fuck all the fame forever, ever
 I get them racks forever, ever
 I get them racks forever, ever
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