Dip-set Forever

Dipset

Forever
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
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
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
Forever, yeah yeah
Forever
Forever, yeah yeah
Forever
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

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