

Never Forget (feat. Eddie Fontaine)

Crooked I

I'm broke than a bitch and I'm sick and tired
I'm feelin' like I'm walkin' in fire
I'm feeling like I'm jojo dancer before I expire
In long beach them bullets wiz by ya
Clappa ain't a rapper still it spit fire
In ain't no jobs nobody gets hired
So to escape it junkies get higher
6 in the morning hustling on the corner
Tryin' to get out that abyss
I was born and switch me with form
And rumble in the jungle piss me your gonna get
Mixed with no warning
Piss poor got my school clothes from the thrift store
Just a ghetto boy like the 5th ward
So I dropped out thinkin' this war
Nigga get yours
Cash over bitches true religion
You see what's going on through the kitchen
We steppin' on crack same drug broke
Your mothers back like the superstition
Me and the boys is sellin' poison
Like we three members of new edition
You said we'll die or get threw in prison
If I make a song about it who would listen
I'm walkin' down the street nigga broke as fuck
Lookin' for a deuce tryin' to patch up
But the change is lose so as we sit down, no doubt
I was walkin' down the street with my nigga Skinny Kinny
On my side, bitches passing by
Niggas won't let a nigga rise so he stuck
I'm walkin' down the street tryin' to catch the bus
Just to catch the train headed to Lyon
Tryin' to do my thing cause I just can't stop, I can't stop
And it's real as real it gets
I struggled for years just to breathe in this bitch
Some of us die some got threw in prison
I wanna ride for a new position
I wanna make an album about my life but in this music business tell me who would listen
Whatchu' wanna hear truth or fiction

Petty niggas talkin' about they movin' shipments
Like UPS but you BS
so your birds wouldn't know what to do with pigeons
Keep it hunnid every time I rock a beat
And I done it deep from the heart I sleep with a gun
I dream about peace but not the one under the pillow motherfucker
Glock 9 rather rock mics put a stop sign
On the block life slingin' hot lines
Over rock pipes then I got signed
I'm in the spotlight
CL600 silver Benz makin' love to my dividends
Gettin' calls from relatives I never knew at all
And niggas that never been my friends
Niggas that never been my friends
You niggas changed the way you treat me
Ridin' down the street with my top down
Got a bad bitch sittin' on my side rubbin' on my thigh
Wondering why I'm so motherfuckin' fly and I smile
I drop her off pick up one more everyday that's how it goes
In every way that's how it goes
I'm ridin' down the street with my nigga Skinny Kinny on my side
In that black on back 'lac sittin' on them 6's
Man this money shit is addictive
And its real as real as it gets
It's funny how shit flips so fuck you and that bitch
I'll never forget man
How you niggas gonna hate on me
I'm a top rhyming, section A
Spraying raid on roaches nigga man
You niggas should be inspired by me
A'right, that's real motherfucker talk dog
When I lay that GT coupe on the boulevard
Nigga it came from nothing
You nigga supposed to be inspired right now
You just a looter nigga like me

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