

# Always-N-Forever

## Freeway

Uh huh (hey)  
Hip-hop (hey), hip-hop, uh huh, yeah  
Free, uh huh (hey), I feel marvelous, ha, uh (hey)  
Okay

They yellin can you please bring that Philly rap, East coast back?  
We need a neat look, rebook, fit in ya bag, yeah  
Grind harder than I did in the past  
Mind like Einstein, I'm the shit in the lab  
The feces in the booth need to shit in the Jag  
Trust, your transgression will shit in the bag, yeahhh!  
Might I add  
Although they often duplicate it, I'm the shit with the ad libs  
Freezer clean y'all whack rappers up like bad kids  
Pampers, forget the hamper, throw the shit in the trash  
What I'm tryin to say, is I'm the shit, y'all ass  
I'm a full bowel movement, you just passin gas  
You need some Pepto-Bismol, some chicken and Crisco grease  
A colon cleanser from the chicks on the Ave, yeah  
You can try me but you ain't gonna last  
Ain't a chicken I desire that I ain't gonna have, yeah

Free, spray things for the cheddar  
I'm, on point, always and forever  
I, work hard just to make my money  
Ya whole firing squad couldn't take my money, from me

Y'all dummies, y'all can take these dummies from me  
And y'all can hear them dummies hummin  
Comin at ya, sorry that I had to gat ya  
But y'all motherfuckin dummies had it comin  
When I'm rappin, this is facts, it's not fiction  
I got the clearance to crush ya with McLarens  
Old heads say I remind 'em of Aaron Torres  
I rock white gold, Rolies and send they young'ns on errands  
Keep the young'ns with me, take 'em out on the road  
Get 'em clothed and send 'em home with more dough than they parents  
Now the Maybach roof transparent  
I'm from where the roof was damaged, water leaked on the floor  
And the hole got bigger, water leaked on the bed  
I couldn't sleep on the bed, I had to sleep on the floor  
And my mother used to wonder why I stayed on the go  
Now my mother got a house, four baths, six beds, yeah

Free, spray things for the cheddar  
I'm, on point, always and forever  
I, work hard just to make my paper  
A whole firing squad couldn't take my paper, ya know

Free, spray things for the cheddar  
I'm, on point, always and forever  
I, work hard just to make my money  
Ya whole firing squad couldn't take my money, from me

Let the horns rock  
Let that chick talk  
(Hey) okay, (hey) okay

This that real shit, hip-hop  
Y'all know (hey), Freezer!  
(Hey), Jake One