

Forever Beef

Lootpack

Trip

The other day I was mobbin to the store to get a snack
Then I heard something creeping from the back
I turned my cheek and took a real quick peek
And then I seen these fake MC's who wanted to beef eight deep
Last week at the mall when they got dissed from the lyrics
Now they out for revenge and they are coming for revenge there's no sweat
Cause my automatic mic is strapped and this clips uzi rips easy weight in al
l black
So I dip hit the corner turned around and then I blasted
Hit one but the mother fake MC was still coming
Then I stab to the lab just to gather up the weapons
Put a J in my ear
Grab my ear and now I'm stepping in full combat
Plus my nickel plated piece
Someone slippin at the park open fires shells release
Hit three
Then I have to hurry up and shake the spot
To avoid all these cops
Plus I almost got got
With the hollow point rhyme
Headed straight right past my dome
Barely missed me by an inch
Then it blasted in the pay phone
Then I jet to the west to get my bulletproof vest
From Madlib
A void rhyme entering my chest
Walking down town new islands by the gas station
Spotted them
Four of them fillin up they black surbaban
Creeped to the other side tryin not to be seen
I'm tryin to end this mess if you know what I mean
Did it clean but this time I was like straight trippin
I was high
And I seen em fly right through the sentence
Enter in the bass
Then I quickly left the place
Never heard from them again
But there wasn't no defeat
At least I got my crew on my side
Forever beef

A couple of days ago I was just chillin at the pad
of crate diggers pile of laboratory in it like I was mentally mad
So I proceed to head to j dude's crib
A yo recall 4 lil nigga's bumpin like they be the ish
So cut em off with the high speed chase
I ran em off the road on top of that
Yo they ride explode
I put the metal to the floor and now I'm up here
Brother left out of there before so I be trapped in my atmosphere
Head back to the studio put on my back beats
Some sucker's looking like coolio that be strapped
Mac 10's in their hands
So I proceed to hit the corners
I'm the thing cause I'm thinking yo I'm kinda like a sniper
Reclining the seat

Turn the radio on cause I be hyped up
See them again
Forgive my sins
I try to blend with the other cars
Got out my seat
And hide the gauge under my trench coat
Came up and called rampage
Now I'm in this hot predicament I'm sick of this
Plus the beef I live with, this lyricist got me pissed so I start to dash
Running down the bike lane
Hopping to go fast
Where ven police circling around my path
All this cause the shrooms got me lift and creep
Upon the night into the deep then I'll despite the next
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