

Forever Ill

Hopsin

Niggas wishin' I fell o-o-off
But I'm forever ill, that's by law
These commercial niggas keep jockin', killing's my only option
Ask about me boy, I get shit popping
(Yeah, yeah, Pound Syndrome)
My mind's telling me kill all these niggas
(Pound Syndrome)
There is no limit to my madness
I'mma smash it, smash it, smash it
Bitch, FV is the Voltron crew
Talkin' that shit, we gon' roll on you
The game ain't nuttin' but a mothafuckin'
Battlefield and we killers so don't run through
Man there isn't much hope ya can hold onto
I'm up in the mix like pulp orange juice
Nigga you can not walk in my sewn on shoes
You thought I was quittin', the joke's on you
(Nigga laugh out loud)
Got the crown, I can't pass mine down
Demons in me, can't cast mine out
You can't forget me with the slashed eyebrows
Please excuse me when I'm at my pals
You might get trampled
The day'll never come up when I get handled
When the fire's lit then don't bite the candle
Your future's dim, I've got psychic channeling
And you know this man, this territory is vulture land
Y'all say he ain't shit until he became rich and bitch niggas, I wrote this plan
Sure that it's obvious now
Any struggle, I'mma body ya *blaow* (c'mon)
Don't you ever try to copy my style
Little nigga, ain't no jockin' allowed
I pop out the blue like a Crip with a rag
I got the juice, watch you listen to Chance
I'm in the booth on a mission to smash
Pocket the loot, I be gettin' this cash
Hop is the truth that's why niggas is mad
I came to bruise with a pen and a pad
As of lately, I've been itching to smash
So here is my ass, you can kiss in advance
Niggas wishin' I fell o-o-off
But I'm forever ill, that's by law

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My mind's telling me kill all these niggas
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There is no limit to my madness
I'mma smash it, smash it, smash it Movin' on to the second segment
I spit shit like I got chest congestions
You shoulda known to never neglect the reckless
Time to myself was the best suggestion
Sex before bed and sex for breakfast
The sound that you're hearin' is the stress digested
You ever tell me, a little less aggression
You'd better get ghost 'fore your head get pressed in (back up)
You rap niggas just a facade
You only do ten-percent of your job
Your producer is the only reason that they bumpin' your shit while they sit up and nod
Who the fuck you think you kiddin' bro?
You think you're fly because you gettin' dough?
If your label would stop paying radio stations to play you
You think we would feel it? No
That's just how it goes
Please do not get close, this is not a joke
Better be jottin' notes of my hottest quotes
Till your pockets swole, puto vámonos (ay wey!)
Shit I'm just talkin', don't mind me
I guess it's my comical mind state
The moment I came into the game
I've been gettin' fame, I've been the hottest since MySpace
I ain't even gotta try to amaze ya
Mind been missing like a flight from Malaysia
That I can do when it lies in my nature
These are the bullshit rhymes I get paid from
Yup, I done made a career
Most niggas think my situation is weird
But don't get it twisted, I know what I'm doing
I've been had it locked, I'm just making it clear Niggas wishin' I fell o-o-off
But I'm forever ill, that's by law
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Ask about me boy, I get shit popping
(Yeah, yeah, Pound Syndrome)
My mind's telling me kill all these niggas
(Pound Syndrome)
There is no limit to my madness
I'mma smash it, smash it, smash it Yeah, ain't shit changed, been off the chain, can't kill off the
flame
My nigga you'd better (ask about me boy, I get shit popping)
That's right, that's right, bring it back, come on
Ain't shit changed, been off the chain, can't kill off the flame

My nigga you'd better (ask about me boy, I get shit popping)
That's right, that's right, bring it in Hoppa
Scratches Ask about me boy, I get shit popping
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>