

Ghetto Qu'ran

50 Cent

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Southside, what y'all niggas know about the dirty south?
One time

Lord forgive me, for I've sinned
Over and over again, just to stay on top
I recall memories, filled with sin
Over and over again, and again

Yo, when you hear talk of the Southside, you hear talk of the team
See niggas feared Prince and respected Preme
For all you slow muthafuckas I'm a break it down iller
See Preme was a business man and Prince was the killer
Remember, he used to push the bulletproof BM, uh huh
This here get ya seasick, I sat back and peeped shit
The roll with Easy Rider and they ain't get blunted
Had the whole projects workin for fifty on five-hundred
As a youth, all I ever did was sell crack
I used to idolize Cat
Hurt me in my heart to hear that nigga snitched on Pat, how he go out like that?
Rumors in the hood was ?? was snitchin
I ain't believe that, pa, he helped me cop my first GSX-R
Had the four-runner, the Z, the 5 and the 3
Used to drive his truck through the hood draggin jet skis
From Gerald Wallace to Baby Wise, don't be surprised
Of how freely I thought of names of games who dealt with pies
Like L-A-N-Y's, L got shot in the neck, then told us connect
Them niggas who shot 'em got 'em for ten bricks
Fuckin Dominicans, turned around and gave 'em more bricks

Lord forgive me, for I've sinned
Over and over again, just to stay on top
I recall memories, filled with sin
Over and over again, and again

That first verse is just a dose of the shit that I'm on
Consider this the first chapter in the ghetto's Quran
I know a lot of niggas that get dough like Remmy and Joe
And Prince and Righteous from Hillside with the mole on his nose
Throughout my struggles through the hood, I started learnin
Life's a bitch, with a pretty face, but she burnin
Man I'm a get cheese like Chaz then run through wips like Cigar
Gamble all the time like country-curly head Prince and Tata
Po-po under pressure too, they know what they facin
Go against crews like B-Bo and killers like Pappy Mason
A lotta niggas I know been corrupted since birth
Enticed to rob nuns for fun, for everything they worth
I know some cats that hail at old complexes like Cooley Wall
Together niggas stand and divided they fall
Round here, shook niggas they keep it in motion
Come around here with your rollie you can get robbed like Ocean
Lord knows, Tommy had loved and sold
Helicopters, Rolls Royces with Louie VaTonne interior
Might sound like I'm fantasizin, but son I'm dead serious
Montanna was no dummy, brought Benice to watch the money
Had money out the ass, he politic like the Asian

FEDs couldn't catch him dirty so settled for tax evasion

Lord forgive me, for I've sinned
Over and over again, just to stay on top
I recall memories, filled with sin
Over and over again, and again

Yo, rest in peace to Rich and Ron, money what they was about yo
The twins was some queens but got crazy cream with Alpo
Throughout my time I heard tales of Himey, Frenchy, Jamaican Pauly, Ducky
Cally
Rodney Bump and Chick, shit
A lot a niggas flow the way I flow
but ain't been in the game all their life so don't know who I know
Writin rhymes is the best way I express how I feel
If I ain't rich by twenty-six, I'll be dead or in jail
Comin up I heard sippin to much booze'll leave you confused
And if you watch the news you see playas in this game that lose
I'm forgettin Lefty and Jazz, Pretty Tony and Lance
Head Lou, Mel son, Troy and E Money Bags
And a conversation over shrimp and lobster
And Benny Hiners heard Chico stopped boxin, and started robbin diners
Shout out to Clanvis and Clutch, Bob Dre, Black Will
If the flow don't kill you the Mac will

Lord forgive me, for I've sinned
Over and over again, just to stay on top
I recall memories, filled with sin
Over and over again, and again